HOME WORDS

FOR
HEART & HEARTH

CULLOMPTON
PARISH MAGAZINE

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING PLACE
BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME

F Willey

A Present from
my Dear mother
July 1906
at Cullompton

After me it
must go to my
Oldest Son Charley

HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,
FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;
EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.
AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

* * *

THE free, fair Homes of England!
  Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
  To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
  And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
  Its country and its God.

MRS. HEMANS.

* * *

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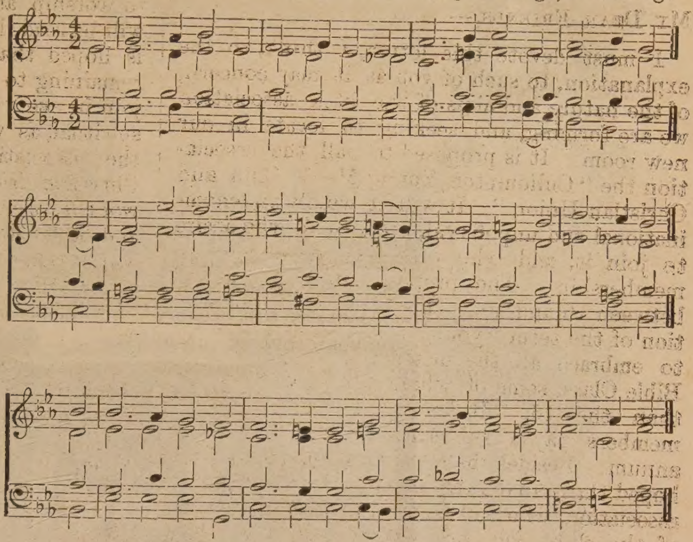
A New Year's Hymn.

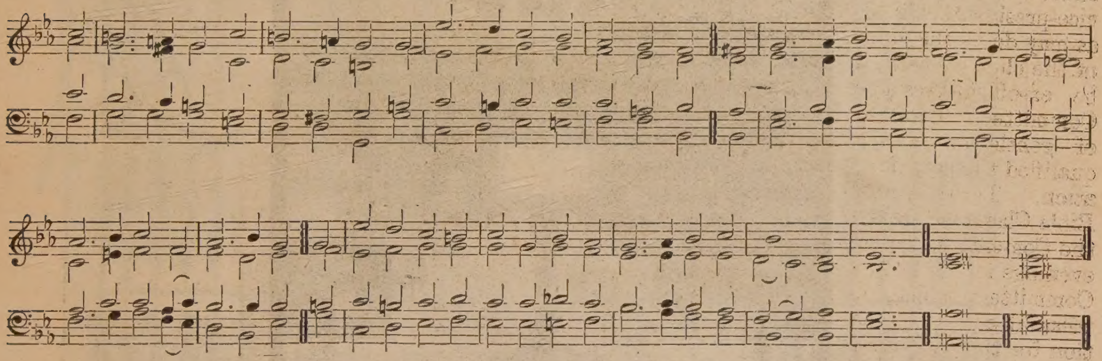
Words by Professor Harald Williams,
Author of "Matin Bells," etc.

Music by Dr. Mann,
Organist of King's College, Cambridge.

Photo by] [J. P. Clarke.

A. H. MANN, MUS. DOC.,
Organist of King's College, Cambridge.





I KNOW not what before me lies,
I do not care to question much
The future and those mysteries,
When God decrees they shall be such.
It is enough to feel the way
Is ordered by His mighty Love,
And if I duly watch and pray,
Each step will lift me more above.
I would not ask for larger light,
While conscience sounds its Sabbath bell
Clear in the trouble of the night—
I am assured that all is well.

I know not what may now befal
This fragile body in the path,
Nor care what perils may appal
A heart that only fears God's wrath.
It is enough, though skies wax dim,
To look up in a Father's face;
And lean my every care on Him
Who gathers earth in His embrace.
I will not murmur at the shade,
Nor if the waters rise and swell,
Which He in mercy thus has made—
I am assured that all is well.

I know not how the coming year
Will open on my life or end:
I care not, if Christ draweth near,
And is my Comforter and Friend.
It is enough, should sickness pain,
To suffer with Him and be still;
And though He sifts me sore again,
To rest within His wiser will.
I cannot doubt His care for me,
And when the darkness falls that fell
Across my road, I may not flee—
I am assured that all is well.

I know not why He sometimes seems
To hide from me a little space:
I care not greatly if He deems
To bring me closer thus to Grace.
It is enough to let Him hold
My weakness, and go bravely on;
And do the duty I am told,
As unto victory He has gone.
I need no other strength than this,
He will not bid me lonely dwell,
Who ere the sorrow sends the kiss—
I am assured that all is well.

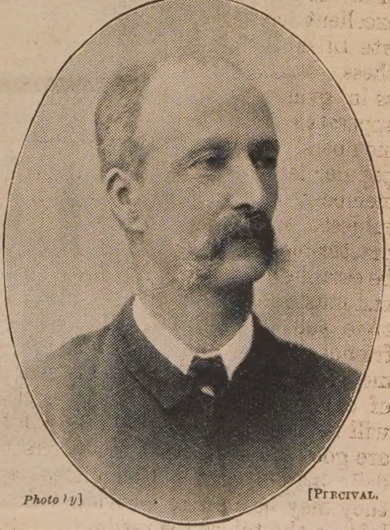
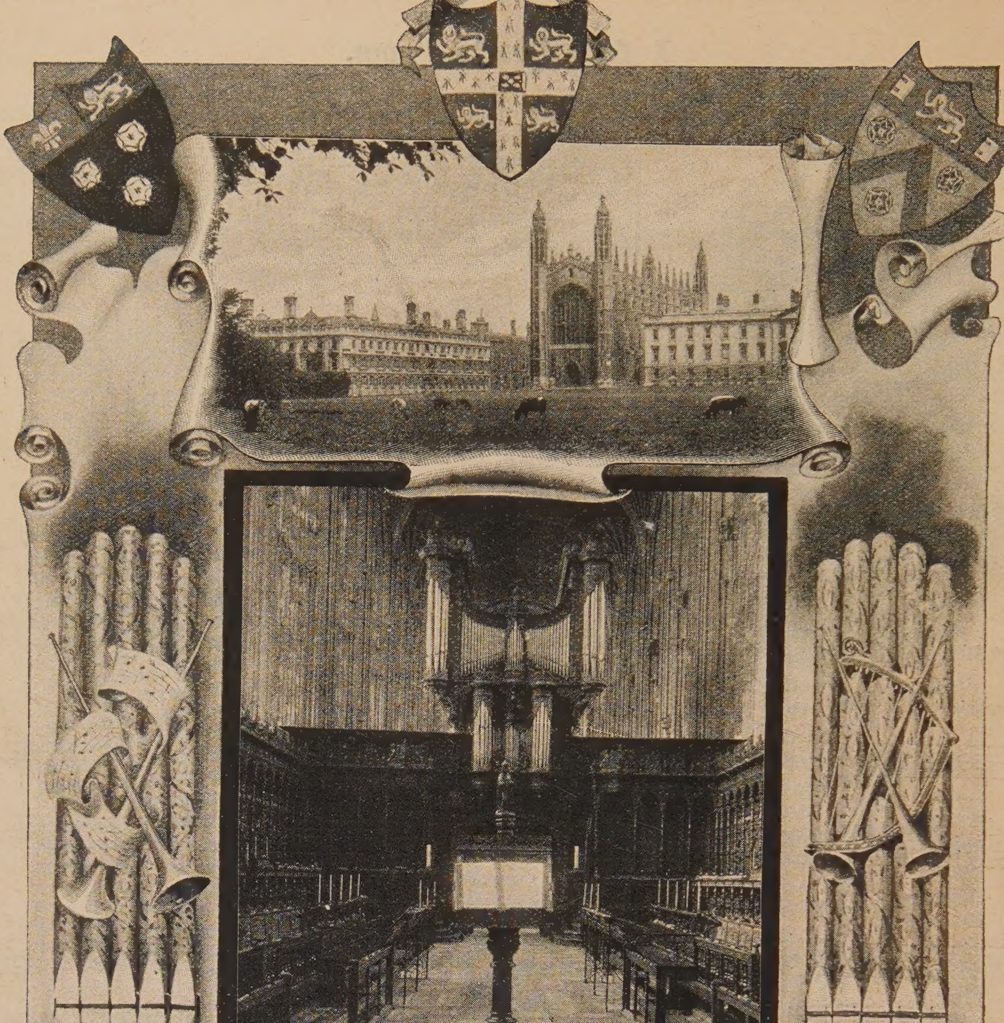


Photo by] [Percival.

PROFESSOR HARALD WILLIAMS.



Photos by] THE HOME OF CAMBRIDGE MUSIC. [STEARN BROS., *Cambridge*.

(1) King's College from the Backs. (2) The Organ. (3) King's College Chapel from Trumpington Street.

HOME WORDS
FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER I.

A BAD SEASON.

"I DUNNO for my part, that I don't, how ever we're to get along through next year. It's all very fine to say a body hadn't ought to look forrard. I'm made that sort that always does look forrard; and the forrader I look, the worse things do seem."

"Well, well, mother!" the young man said, in a soothing tone.

"Ay, that's always your way. It's 'Well, well, this,' and 'Well, well, that!' And there you'll sit, biting of a straw, and never caring if the whole world goes to rack and ruin. So long as you and Lil can have things smooth, you don't werry."

"The worrying don't do much good, seems to me," observed the young fellow.

"Nor sittin' still and saying nothin' don't matter don't do no good neither," retorted she energetically. "Things is all gone wrong, as you know as well as I do. There isn't a crop that don't show signs of comin' short."

"The weather's mended a lot this week. Shouldn't wonder if we'd a fair enough harvest in the end."

"We shan't, though. I know better. And if we did, that wouldn't do you nor me much good. There's the hay—*that's* good for nought. Never knowed a worse hay crop since I were married. We'll have to buy a lot of hay next winter; and we can't afford it. And the price 'll be high. It's goin' to be a reg'lar bad year all round. I don't see what's the good o' folks' prayers, if they can't bring rain and fine when it's wanted. When I was religious I used to think a deal o' praying. I'm not religious now. I've had a lot too much trouble in life, and I can't think o' nothin' but my troubles. O deary me!"

"There now, mother, you needn't cry. Other folks has troubles as well as you."

"They've not had such bad troubles as me. Nobody hasn't."

"Well, but last year we'd the best yield o' strawberries ever seen, and you know it."

"We'd a deal too many. The fruit went so cheap, it just didn't pay for the pickin'. That isn't the sort o' crop *I* want. Enough to sell to everybody at a good price, an' to make a good profit. That's what *I* want."

"Most people like the same. I s'pose we can't have everything just as we'd choose." The young man laughed. "And a poor year is only like to follow on a special good one." He stood up slowly, to walk across the wide room, with its queer old oaken wainscoting half way up the walls, and heavy beams in the low ceiling, and small latticed windows.

"Wherever are you going?" she demanded querulously, as she sat near the aged fireplace, with its carved mantel above, reaching almost to the ceiling. She was a little woman, thin and bony, with sharp eyes, a sharp voice, fretful furrows on her forehead, and discontented lines about her mouth. Mrs. Forrest was, alas! a confirmed and systematic grumbler. In her little world everything went wrong; or, if it did not, she expected it to do so, which came to much the same thing.

Owen, her only son, was a big sinewy young fellow, somewhat slow in movement, and therein a contrast to his mother, who did what she did, whether well or ill, always in a hurry. Mrs. Forrest had striven her best to shake up her son into a masculine copy of herself, and she had striven in vain. He had developed after his own fashion, despite maternal efforts. Lily, the delicate-looking girl, with a deformed shoulder, working near one of the windows, was more after her type; though, but for weak health and incessant scoldings, Lily's would have been a happier temperament.

Mrs. Forrest lived under a delusion that every-

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body in the world, except herself, was hopelessly set against doing his or her duty, and that the only mode of meeting this condition of affairs was by ceaseless fault-findings. She was also under a delusion that the world, as a whole—including that which she vaguely understood by the term "Providence"—was leagued in deadly warfare against Mrs. Forrest of Ash Farm; and that, do what she might, she never could or would keep her head above water. During her husband's lifetime, she had been better off as to money than at the present; but she had grumbled just the same, had foretold coming evils just the same, had failed to be thankful for the good things in her life just the same. Now that he was dead, she looked back to the past, after the manner of her species, with never-ending regrets for that lost Paradise of happiness, which she had not counted to be Paradise or happiness while it lasted.

"He went to an old-fashioned bureau, close beside Lily."—*Page 4.*

Yet she had a good and dutiful son and daughter, both of whom tried to make her comfortable; and she loved them both in her heart, even while she grumbled at them.

Owen's strong nether limbs were encased in gaiters, dirty enough to show the manner of walk he had had. He was intending to stay with his mother for an hour: but, as often happened, her querulous mood drove him away. He went to an old-fashioned oak bureau, close beside Lily, and opened a drawer with some slight fuss of jingling keys. Mrs. Forrest's question remained unanswered. He took the opportunity to say in an undertone to his sister, "Come to me presently."

Lily glanced towards her mother. "I don't know if I can."

"Manage somehow. I want a word."

"Where are you goin'?" demanded Mrs. Forrest again. Being very slightly "hard of hearing," she missed this by-play.

"I've got things to see to, mother."

"You told me, when you came in, that you'd done out-o'-doors."

"I said the hay was all in—and good thing too! This fine weather won't last."

"It's such a poor crop. It isn't hardly worth gettin' in."

"We should be worse off if we'd none."

"You might just as well stop here." After her fashion she doted on this only son.

"I'm goin' to my den, to do a piece of carpentering — before I go out."

Owen walked to the door, cast a glance at Lily, and disappeared. Three minutes later Lily stood up.

"What are you after now, Lil?" Mrs. Forrest never could leave anybody alone. She did not mean to make herself disagreeable — people seldom do—but she attained that end.

"I'll be back directly. I'm going to get a reel of cotton, for one thing."

"I've got cotton here."

"Not the sort I want." Which was true. Lily, held out her work. "I want another reel to match this colour."

"Well, you just sit and go on with your sewing. I'll get the cotton. I'm dreadful dull to-day, and it'll rouse me to go upstairs."

Lily made no remonstrance. She waited till her mother had mounted a flight, then dropped her work, and ran at her best speed to the little "den," where Owen carried on the carpentering feats which were his chief recreation.

"I'm come," she panted; "but I can't stay. Mother'll be after me directly. What do you want?"

"Sit down a minute." He turned the key in the door. "I'm going round to Sutton Farm; and I don't want mother to know."

"Then whatever made you tell me? She's sure to ask."

Owen was silent. Lily tried to read his face, and failed.

"You'd much better tell mother yourself, straight out. It's no good trying to hide things. You're old enough to choose your own way. If I was a man, like you, I'd choose it; and I'd speak out plain. It's more like a man, *I* think! Only some of you men are not brave. I sometimes think *you're* not."

"I hate a fuss."

"Yes, I dare say. I hate a fuss too. But I'd sooner have one big fuss, and done with it, than no end of little fusses, and trying to keep things quiet that can't be kept quiet. I don't see what you wanted me here for."

"If I hadn't told you where I was going, you'd have asked me before mother. And I don't want her to know."

Lily felt uncomfortable. Had she shown herself so tactless? "I don't see why I should," she said.

"He turned the key in the door."—*Page* 5.

"Well, you do, Lil. Half the times, mother follows your lead. I don't mind—most times. But I don't want—just now—"

"Why? What difference can it make?"

"Mother runs ahead so with things. If I say I'm going to the Handfasts', she'll—you know what she'll say."

"She'll say what she's said before, that you are after Lavinia. And if she does—what then? I suppose it's true."

Silence again. Owen was slowly polishing a piece of wood.

"Can't tell you myself," he said at length. "That's just it. If I was sure of my own mind—why, I could go ahead. But I'm not sure—not by any means."

"Then what makes you go after Lavinia at all?"

"I'm going to speak to Mr. Handfast."

"And not to see Lavinia too?"

Owen was silent.

"You always did like Lavinia."

"Everybody likes her. She's a right good girl."

"Mother hates the thought of your marrying anybody, I know. She says that she and I would have to go into another house then—and I suppose we should."

Owen half said something, and checked himself.

"What? I didn't hear. But of course you'll marry some day. And mother would sooner you should marry Lavinia than anybody else, because Lavinia is nice to her, and because Lavinia will have some money."

"You put things plain, Lil, anyhow."

"It's no use pretending not to know what's true. And if you want to go after Lavinia, I don't see why you should make a secret of it."

"Because I'm not sure of what I want, that's why. And if once mother makes up her mind that I'm to marry Lavinia—supposin' Lavinia is willing—every single person in the place will hear of it. That isn't fair upon Lavinia, till I've made up my mind. I'll never have it said I was so mean as to play fast an' loose with a girl. I haven't gone after Lavinia yet, so as I couldn't rightly draw back. And I don't mean to—till I'm sure."

"If I was you, I'd keep away altogether from Sutton Farm till I was sure."

Owen opened his lips, shut them, opened them again, and said slowly, "I can't do that either."

"I don't see why. But you'll go your own way, of course. Anyhow, I won't say anything. I must go. Mother's calling me."

"Lily! Lily!" sounded in the distance. Then,

"He threw open the door."—*Page* 6.

near at hand, "Lily!" The handle was turned and shaken. "Where's Lily? Owen—Owen, I say—is Lily here?"

Owen was a patient man commonly, but in certain moods he could show vexation. He threw open the door.

"Yes, mother, Lily is here. She came because I told her to come. I wanted a word with her. Anything wrong?"

Mrs. Forrest knew the tone. She had learnt to know it in her husband's days. No man could be more good-humoured and yielding than Farmer John Forrest on ordinary occasions. But once and again the old Adam had been stirred up in him by his wife's ceaseless petulance; and when a certain tone had made itself heard in his voice, Mrs. Forrest had known that her turn for giving in had arrived.

She sat down promptly upon the nearest chair, and began to sob.

"Me, a poor widow—with nobody belonging—only a son an' daughter as turns against me. Nobody never had such troubles. Oh dear! Oh deary me! Well, well, I'm gettin' old fast, and I'll soon be in my grave — and nobody won't need to trouble no more about what *I* say—nor to try to get away from poor me——"

"Mother, do be sensible, and don't fancy things. There's no trying to get away from you. Lily isn't a child in pinafores, and you've got to remember it. She's twenty-five years old, for all she looks so young, and I'm a year older still. Just think of that. Now, then!" He stooped and kissed her kindly, yet with a touch of determination, to which she unconsciously yielded submission. "It's all right, and there's nothing to make a fuss about. Lil is going back with you, and I'm going out."

"What for? You said you'd done."

"I said the hay was all in. I didn't say there was nothing else for me to see to."

Mrs. Forrest asked no more. Lily, listening, understood why Owen had spoken to her privately. She knew enough of herself to be aware in that moment, that if Owen had not warned her she would have pressed the question which was dropped by Mrs. Forrest.

"Have I been so silly?" she asked; and she made a sage resolve never to act the part of meddler in the future.

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCIDENT ON THE LINE.

"I'M sure I don't know how in the world I'm going to manage," remarked Mrs. Handfast.

She did not say the words dolefully. Mrs. Handfast was in most respects a contrast to Mrs. Forrest, and dolefulness did not figure as a feature

"Owen walked in with the air of one very much at home."—*Page* 7.

of her character. She could be unhappy, of course, otherwise she had not been human; and she could weep, otherwise she had hardly been woman. But her wettest days held sunshine between the showers, and November fogs were unknown to her climate. She was large and plump, and placid of aspect, with a smooth comely unwrinkled face. Nobody was present except Fly, the house-dog, comfortably ensconced where, in theory, he had no business to be, before the kitchen fire, his big head resting on his big paws.

"Nobody was present except Fly, the house-dog."—*Page* 7.

"Yes, — good Fly. You'd do anything in the world for me. I'm sure you would. But I can't send you to the station, all alone, can I, Fly? And you couldn't find out and bring home a girl that you'd never seen before; could you, Fly?"

Fly wagged his tail.

"It's very provoking—your master away, and Lavinia with a bad cold. Anyhow, *I* can't be spared, Fly. Oh well, something will turn up. Who's coming now? Why, it's Owen Forrest."

"I wanted a word with your husband," Owen said, after first greetings.

"Then want must be your master," with a laugh. "My husband's away on business—for three nights. Sir Stephen wanted him to do some business for him at North Ashtead. So I'm busy, and I specially wanted to be free to-morrow to meet a niece of mine—Margot James—at Somers Station. And I thought it would seem more welcoming to meet her myself. But I can't—more's the pity. Lavinia too has got the very worst cold I ever knew her have—all sneezes and sniffles, poor dear!"

"Sorry for that!" Owen said absently.

"I'm afraid Margot has been spoilt," went on Mrs. Handfast. She was left an orphan only a year ago; and has been nursery-governess to six small children—all of them spoilt too. She's coming to us till she can hear of another situation? She's the child of my favourite sister; and she's only eighteen — doesn't know anything of life. Wants to find all nice and smooth, of course, as young things do. But we're glad enough to have her. I'll just have to send the boy—if only I could trust him not to over-drive the old horse. He's a rascal, that boy! But he's true. He never deceives me. If he does go too fast, he'll come and tell me after, and say he's sorry. I wouldn't part with him for anything."

"Wait, Mrs. Handfast—if it's to-morrow I can help you. What time does the train come in?"

"The 3.9 p.m. from Bristol."

"Why, I shall be within ten minutes of the station just before three o'clock. I can bring your niece back in the dog-cart. Will that do?"

The arrangement was suggested with so simple and natural an air, that Mrs. Handfast suspected nothing, well as she knew the ways of Owen Forrest. It was only what she had cheerfully expected, that matters should fit in somehow.

(*To be continued.*)

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR HANDLEY MOULE, D.D.

O THOU that sittest on the throne, make all things within us new this New Year.

Renew our faith, and hope, and love. Renew our wills that we may serve Thee more gladly and watchfully than ever. Renew our delight in Thy Word and Thy worship. Renew our joy in Thy blessed Self.

Renew our longings that all may know Thee. Renew our desires and labours to serve others in the Lord.

And so take care of us Thy people, who embrace the Cross of Thy dear Son, and desire to walk in the light and power of Thy Spirit; now and evermore, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Thy Word is Truth."

I. OUR DAILY COMPANION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D., FORMERLY BISHOP OF OSSORY.

HOW often "the Voice of a Psalm" (xcviii. 5) would cheer us on our pilgrim way! What a happy resolve it would be for the New Year, to make the Book of Psalms our Daily Companion!

Praise is the keynote of the Book: and what life is so happy as the life of praise—praise from the heart, re-echoed in the life.

> "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed:
> I will sing and give praise" (lvii. 7).
> "Bless the Lord, O my soul,
> And forget not all His benefits."

The last five Psalms are an "endless Hallelujah." Every one of them begins and ends with a chant of praise, and all creation is summoned to join the chorus and the grand doxology:—

> "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

Then there are the "Voices of *Prayer*." The Book of Psalms is verily a Divine Prayer-Book. It breathes the spirit of ideal love and child-like confidence.

> "He shall cry unto Me, Thou art my Father,
> My God, and the Rock of my salvation" (lxxxix. 26).
> "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength."

"Waiting on the Lord" is the keynote of all the petitions:

> "My soul, wait thou only upon God,
> For my expectation is from Him" (lxii. 5).

All times are to the Psalmist times for prayer:

> "Evening, and morning, and at noon,
> Will I pray" (lv. 17).

The 4th Psalm is an Evening Prayer, when the Psalmist lays him "down in peace" to sleep. The 5th is a Morning one, when "early in the morning" he "directs his prayer unto God and looks up." In fine, the Psalter is a universal Liturgy, comprehending all wants for body and soul, and adapted to "all sorts and conditions of men." There is scarcely a petition in our all-embracing Litany which does not seem anticipated by the Book of Psalms. "We cannot," writes Bishop Perowne, "pray the Psalms without having our hearts opened, our affections enlarged, our thoughts drawn heavenward. He who can pray them best is nearest to God, knows most of the Spirit of Christ, and is ripest for Heaven."

But the Psalter contains more than Praise and Prayer. It is also full of "Voices of Instruction." It is

> "A lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path."

It is God Himself who is the Teacher and Speaker:—

> "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:
> I will guide thee with Mine eye."

The Psalter is full of teaching for all times and circumstances. Bishop Hall calls it "A Compendium of Theology." Bishop Doane describes it as "The Manna of the Church" for our daily food. Our Reformers described the wonderful 119th Psalm as "the A B C of godly love: the paradise of learning: the school of truth." Matthew Henry quaintly termed it "a chest of golden rings." William Wilberforce, the philanthropist and statesman, wrote in his diary, in a time of great political anxiety: "Walked from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the 119th Psalm in great comfort." Ruskin says: "Of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother taught me, the 119th Psalm has become the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love to the law of God." Hooker well asks: "What is there necessary for man to know which the Psalms are not able to teach?"

> "Lord, Thy Word abideth, and our footsteps guideth:
> Who its truth believeth, light and joy receiveth."

"The Voices of the Psalms" are, in short, inexhaustible to the listening ear. There are "Voices of Creation," "Voices of History," "Voices of Immortality," "Voices of the Sanctuary," "Voices of the Shepherd," "Voices of the Penitent," "Voices of the Pilgrim"; and deeper voices still—wondrous "Voices of the Coming Messiah"—words "written in the Psalms concerning Me" (St. Luke xxiv. 44)—"Voices of the Prophet, Priest, and King," "Voices of Redemption," "Voices of the Mission Field," "Voices of the Spiritual Life," and "Voices of Benediction" from the Author of them all—"the God of Blessing."

A year devoted to the prayerful study of the Book of Psalms would be indeed a well-spent year. No wealth of millionaire can compare with the wealth of the Psalms. Happy the man who in penitence of heart can say of the 51st Psalm, with Dr. Chalmers, "This is the Psalm that suits me best." Happy the man whose spiritual life is an expression of the Psalmist's words:—

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

And whose spiritual desire is ever this:—

"O set me up upon the Rock that is higher than I."
"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?"

Such aspirations as these stretch onward and upward to the Jerusalem above:—

"As for me, I will behold Thy Face in righteousness:
I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

An old writer has said: "The Psalms begin where we all hope to end, and that is with 'blessedness.'" But it is more than blessedness: for, as Luther tells us, the opening word in the 1st Psalm is really plural—it is "blessednesses," and the Psalmist really wrote:—

"O the blessednesses of the man!"

And if the Psalter begins with benediction, we might almost say that, like our Lord's life on earth, it ends with one too: "It came to pass that while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven": and so in the great Hallelujah Psalms which close the whole volume we meet the words:—

"*Blessed* is he that hath the God of Jacob for his Help,
And whose hope is in the Lord his God" (cxlvi. 4).

And thus we are reminded of the important truth that the blessing of God and the true happiness of man go hand in hand: in a word, that the blessed life is the happy life.

May every reader of HOME WORDS realize in his experience throughout the New Year this truly happy life.

Where is Home?

BY THE MOST REV. W. SAUMAREZ SMITH, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY, PRIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.

WHERE love is found without alloy,
And sorrows never come
To interrupt the course of joy—
There, there is Home.

Where friends are met in union,
And foes can never come
To mar the sweet communion—
There, there is Home.

Where purity and peace are found,
And sin can never come
To stain with guilt the holy ground—
There, there is Home.

O wanderers in a world of pain
And sorrow and unrest,
Why seek for *passing* joys and gain—
A useless quest?

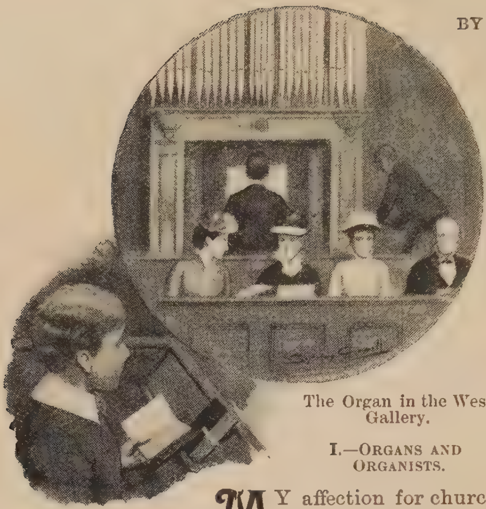
Join those who seek a better rest,
And riches that will last,
Who, *hopeful* here, are *fully* blest
When life is past.

Home is not here, nor here is joy;
No longer idly roam;
Your pleasures bring you but annoy
Whilst far from Home.

But seek the Land which knows not woe;
Come with us Heavenwards, come;
Earth may not hinder us—and so,
God bring us Home!

Church Organs.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."



The Organ in the West Gallery.

I.—ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

MY affection for church organs is almost lifelong. At one time that affection verged on a passion, and I went to church after church to look at organs, and, if possible, to try them. To this day my fingers itch to play on the organ whenever I visit a strange church. Not that I can play much beyond a hymn tune: but I am writing of my feelings rather than of my powers. The former are strong, the latter weak. I mention the desire to touch the organ as a proof of affection. I think I really must be fond of organs for another reason. When I hear a fine organ I have "the shivers" down my back. That is a good sign. It is a proof of musical susceptibility. At least, so I have been told, and so I like to believe.

For these two reasons—an interest on my part in organs, and the effect of organs on me—I take upon myself to put down some thoughts on these old friends.

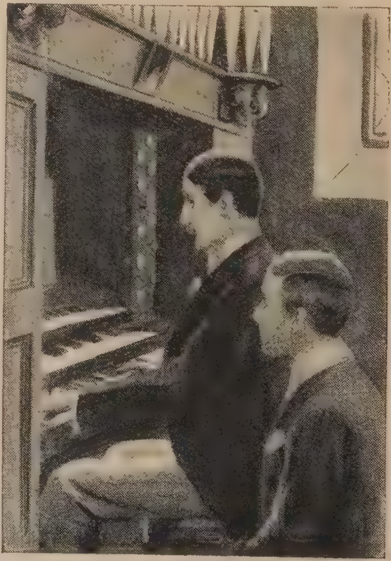
My earliest recollection of an organ is during service in church. It was the first time I was taken to church. As my eye roved over the congregation it was arrested by the gallery at the west end. In that gallery was the organ—not a very noble instrument. At the organ sat the organist. I was interested, but not aroused. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a figure at the back of the organ. It was the figure of a man. I observed him. His movements were wonderful to behold. I became absorbed in those movements, and henceforward I had no eyes but for him. He swayed backwards and forwards, now up and now down. It was evidently hard work, but I longed to join him. My reader, he was the organ-blower—and my hero. I would have given him the Victoria Cross if I had had one to give. He was a noble fellow—of that I felt sure. As I trotted off to church on following Sundays I rejoiced at the prospect of seeing him, and when he took up his accustomed place my happy little heart throbbed with delight.

I put him high. Above the clergyman who stood up in the pulpit—above the beadle who kept the boys in order with a cane if they misbehaved in their seats—above the men who collected money in the plates. Yes, above all these stood that dim, mysterious, but beloved figure at the back of the organ. And I said to myself, "I, too, will be an organ-blower!"

My next distinct recollection of a growth in organ interest was some three years later. It came about thus. The organist asked me to sit with him in the organ loft one Sunday afternoon during the children's service. It was not the organist of the first church. We had left the North and come to one of the largest churches in London. The organ was a huge, old-fashioned "three-decker," and there were two organ-blowers. Of them I recked little: I had soared above organ-blowers.

The organist was a kindly, pleasant young man, and I felt drawn to him. He had honoured me by his invitation to sit with him. It was the first time I had come face to face with an uncovered organ. The manuals looked perplexing, and the rows of stops were marvellous. I watched proceedings with interest. I think the *pedals* struck me as most entrancing; but what I remember distinctly is the organist turning round to me and saying, "I am going to play this tune over on the trumpet." I fell all of a heap, as the washerwomen say. Wonderful man! Fancy being able to play a tune on the trumpet at a moment's notice. What a grand man! How I should like to do the same! There and then I resolved that I would be an organist.

I dreamed of this for a long while, but it has not been my lot. God has called me to work for Him in another profession—a profession I prize above gold and precious stones. It has happened, however, that sometimes I have had to play on an organ, though I doubt if I ever played a tune over on a trumpet stop—I am not quite equal to that. Still, the old interest in the trumpet stop survives. I never go into a church without examining the organ. I think an organist—a real one—is a great man, and can do a great work for God. To lead the praises of God in church in such a manner that the spirit of



"There and then I resolved that I would be an organist."

The beautiful Organ Case in Ely Cathedral.
(*From a Photo by* Messrs. Frith & Co.)

praise which fills, or ought to fill, the heart of the player, communicates itself to clergy, choir, and worshippers—this is an organist's opportunity, and surely it is one of the highest opportunities that a man can have.

But I am beginning to preach, and this is not what I set out to do.

I was talking to an old clergyman the other day about the thrilling effect of the organ. He was curate at a little church in Suffolk. I forbear to give its name. There was an organ in the church, but it was a barrel organ. It played six tunes. One was a common metre, another a long metre, another a short metre, and there were two peculiar metres. The extra was the "Old Hundredth."

At an afternoon service one day they were singing the "Old Hundredth" before sermon: and when the congregation had finished, and the parson was waiting for silence to say a prayer, the organ began again. The organist, who was the clerk, could not stop it. At last, in despair, he shouldered the instrument, took it outside, and placed it against a tombstone in the churchyard. It ran on till the works ran down, still playing the "Old Hundredth." My friend remarked that it was not easy to begin a sermon while distant mutterings of the "Old Hundredth" came through the church windows. "'Tis an ill wind blows nobody any good," and the long-winded barrel was not without a blessing. It fairly roused the congregation, and they got a real organ in its place.

I hope if any of my readers are contemplating a new organ, they will put in a *real* organ in their church, however small it may be. There is no dignity of tone like a real organ, and any substitute is feeble. I remember a capital little organ at St. Martin's, Canterbury, where there was but little space, and yet it was most cleverly fixed, and it was a real organ. Be sure and get a bourdon on your pedals. Sacrifice the case, however pretty, but don't have an organ without a pedal stop. Occasionally I come across organs in country churches which are just worthless because they are without real pedal pipes. You are told that the space is too small. Don't give in, my brother vicar, but, however small, have a genuine organ.

Talking of cases, I quite allow they are great additions to the *looks* of an organ, and, when you can afford it, a rich case is to be desired. A rich case is not tone, however. I think of organ cases I have admired Ely Cathedral stands first. It is one of the most beautiful cases in England. So is the organ case at York Minster, and I always have a fondness for the case at King's College, Cambridge.

A Cambridge man, of course, thinks there is no music to equal the service at King's College Chapel, and he is not far wrong. The organ tone is lovely, and so are the voices of the choir. There is every opportunity for the voices and for the organ to sound well in that grand chapel. Nothing impedes, or spoils, the sound. Allow me to suggest that if you want your organ to sound well, it is not wisdom to box it up. For years it has been the fashion in modern churches to shut up the organ in a low cramped, and damp chamber. The organ-builder wrings his hands and weeps copiously, but all is of no use. His organ is shut up where it cannot be properly heard, and then the congregation, with the vicar at its head, rate the organ-builder, and say, "Do you call that an organ? You ought to be ashamed of yourself for giving us such an instrument."

There are signs of better times for organ-builders. At last architects are waking up to see their evil deeds. Our forefathers knew better than we did, and they put their organs where they could be heard.

Shall we have organs in another life? Who knows? Music we shall have. Some people have thought that music will be the speech of heaven. There are to be "harpers harping with their harps," and whatever the figure may turn out to be, the reality must be something grander than earth's grandest organ. Heaven will surpass earth's dreams. Yet the grandest music will surely be the song of the redeemed voices as they chant before the throne their worship, adoration, and love, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing" (Rev. v. 12).

The Organ in York Minster.

OTHER FOLKS PARISHES

A FISHERMAN'S PARISH.—I.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

A FISHERMAN'S Parish — such is the title of this paper. The question at once arises, What kind of a fisherman's parish shall we deal with? Shall we betake ourselves to Dundee, whose fishermen set themselves to catch big fishes indeed, namely whales; or seek the haunts of the fur seal, whose fishers ply their craft on dry land and knock down their prey instead of hooking them? Or, if the fishermen are to catch real fish, and not warm-blooded animals like the whale and the seal, shall we take such a parish as Yarmouth, with its herrings; or Brixham, noted for trawlers; or St. Ives, redolent of pilchards; or some parish whose inhabitants earn their living by capturing, in divers manners, fish small and great, and crabs and lobsters, which, strictly speaking, are not fish at all? As I know most about parishes of the last type, I naturally select one of them.

The parish I have in my mind looks out on the Cornish sea: its shores are battered by the thunderous waves of the Atlantic. Most of these shores are cliffs, with great granite blocks piled up, as if placed in position by giants, and beautified by lichens, grey, green, black, and orange. Northward of the last towering headland nestles the Cove, the home of the fisher population. Twenty-five miles westward a line on the horizon marks the scattered and rocky isles of Scilly, and beyond are a thousand leagues of sea. The Cove scarcely deserves the name, for it is only the corner of a sandy bay, and all the shelter from the waves is furnished by a tiny breakwater of roughly piled up stones, and by a reef of outlying rocks, covered at high tide.

The boats in use are large and heavy, and need men of fine physique and alert intellects to force and direct them through wave and current, by headland and sunken reef. The weak, the dull and the timid are automatically weeded out by the stern forces of nature, leaving only the shrewd and the strong.

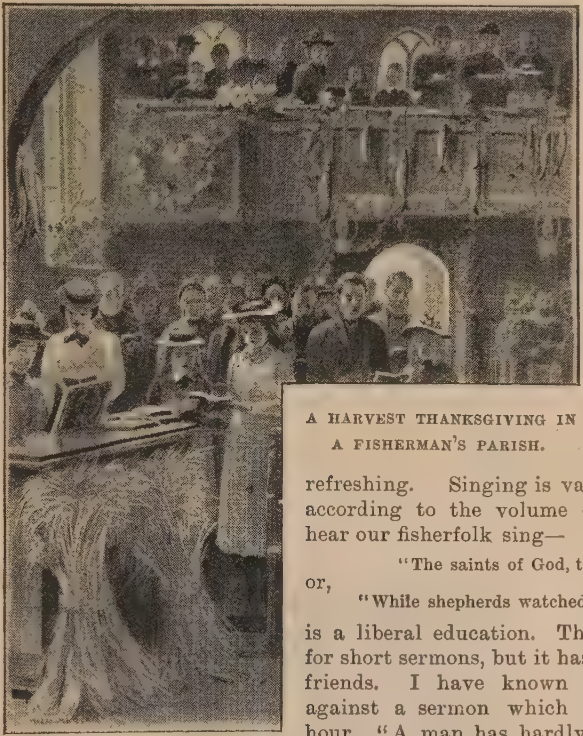
Look at that group of fishermen standing, as is their custom, under the shelter of the life-boat house. Their stalwart frames would not disgrace even the sons of Anak, and the keen glances of the eyes peering out from those furrowed, weather-beaten faces tell of daring and sagacity.

On one memorable day, when the boats were at anchor off the Cove and their crews on shore, a furious storm burst upon them. The men made their way on board and endeavoured to bring the boats to land and haul them up before the sea made landing impossible. They were caught as in a trap, being neither able to land nor put to sea. The boats which had no men on board were soon swamped by the waves, while those reached by their crews were only kept afloat by vigorous baling. Meanwhile a characteristic scene was being enacted on shore. Mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, screamed and lamented in heart-rending Celtic fashion to see, as they thought, their menkind drowning before their eyes without possibility of rescue. The life-boat, which, under ordinary circumstances, might have easily saved a dozen fishermen, could not now help even one of eight dozen; for the very men needed to launch and to work her were themselves in peril. Happily they weathered the storm, and the tears of the women were wiped away when their kinsfolk stepped again on dry land.

But at intervals actual disasters take place. A boat is capsized and two brothers are drowned together. A young fellow, helping to carry stores to the lighthouse, is washed off the rock while his friends are talking to the light-keepers a few feet away. A boat is capsized by a wave inside a sunken reef, and the seven men on board are flung into the sea. Six are saved by the heroism of two other fishermen, but the seventh is seen no more alive.

Fogs often cover our Atlantic parish and the sea which encircles half its borders, increasing the danger and multiplying the deaths. Almost every rock on the coast has pierced the sides of some unhappy ship, and brought near to death, if not to death itself, its bewildered crew. Such names as The Wolf and The Shark's Fin attached to rocks witness to the nature of their history. This constant danger and variety of romantic incident, together with the Celtic descent of the fishermen, produce a type of character, brave, resourceful, and vigorous, but withal tinged with a strong element of the superstitious. Once, I remember, a drowned girl was placed for a day or two before burial in the little Mission Room close to the sea, at the end of which were the apartments occupied by Uncle Peter, the care taker. Some one threw a big stone on to the wooden roof during the night, which so terrified Uncle Peter that he straightway sought other sleeping quarters.

But, although so much afraid of the dead, they are scrupulous to show it all proper respect. A long funeral procession is a kind of guarantee of respectability. The relative positions of the mourners are fixed by rigid etiquette. A hymn is "given out" at the door of the house, usually in fragments of two lines only, to obviate the lack of hymn books; and other hymns are "wailed" on the way to the churchyard. The mourners, however distantly related to the departed, are not allowed by custom to join in the melancholy music; and I have known a long string of fifteen couples to stand mute outside the church gate, while three devoted brothers sang five verses, dismally out of tune.


A HARVEST THANKSGIVING IN A FISHERMAN'S PARISH.

The sense of incongruity which often strikes an outsider arises to a large extent, doubtless, from looking at things from another standpoint. For instance, satisfaction with a preacher's utterances is not usually expressed by groans in the middle of a sermon. In our Fisherman's Parish a deep groan tells the preacher that his hearers are deriving much comfort from his remarks. When Uncle Peter, again, in his prayer at the Mission Room service, makes pathetic allusion to the leaky roof of the building, and expresses a wish that he may soon be in heaven, where there are no "lakey ruffs," no fisherman laughs: it is perfectly natural to those present. Uncle Peter may err in describing himself as "a *crumbler* of the ground," and another brother in saying that the Almighty cares for the "meanest *pheasant* in the land," may not mean quite what he says, but both are understood, which is the essential point. The sexton's recommendation, "If the devil do come botherin' you, give him a dab in the faace with a whitewash brush," sounds grotesque, if not flippant, but it is really only his picturesque way of expressing the Scriptural injunction, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." There is a downright spirit manifested in their religious exercises which is quite refreshing. Singing is valued to a large extent according to the volume of sound produced. To hear our fisherfolk sing—

"The saints of God, their warfare past,"

or,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

is a liberal education. There is a craze nowadays for short sermons, but it has not yet extended to our friends. I have known a fisherman to protest against a sermon which lasted a quarter of an hour. "A man has hardly time to warm his seat before it is over," he exclaimed indignantly. His ideal sermon is long and loud, and a text often suggested to me before it was actually used was,—"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet."

(*To be continued.*)

CHARITY.

Archbishop Magee would often tell the following story, and say it was the best lesson about charity he ever had in his life.

"It was when my father was Vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda, Ireland. One day I met a ragged, miserable child who was begging for help. Touched by his wretchedness, I made my way to my father's study, and told him about the boy, and asked him to give me something for him. Looking up from his books and papers, he said: 'Indeed, I cannot. I have all our own poor to help, and I really cannot do anything for the lad.'

"However, as I turned crestfallen to the door, he called after me, 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, and to give it to the boy, you may; and go and ask your mother to find some old things to clothe him in.'

"Off I went, delighted, and gave the lad my dinner. And now, when I hear of large sums given in so-called charity, I think of my father's words: 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, you may give it to the lad.'"

THE ARCHBISHOP'S MOTHER.

All noble boys who have become truly great, because good, men treasure above all things the memory of a good mother. Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, is one of these. Speaking at a very large Church Missionary Meeting, he said he had been connected with the Society since he was twelve years of age. "I have never," he continued, "lost sight of that connexion, nor have I ever failed to pray, *as my mother bade me*, for the prosperity of the work which this Society is doing."

We cannot all be archbishops, but we can all obey our mothers. Happy mothers who never forget that Christ would have His Gospel of love and grace preached to every creature, and teach and win their children to pray "Thy kingdom come!" C. B.

How the Answer Came.

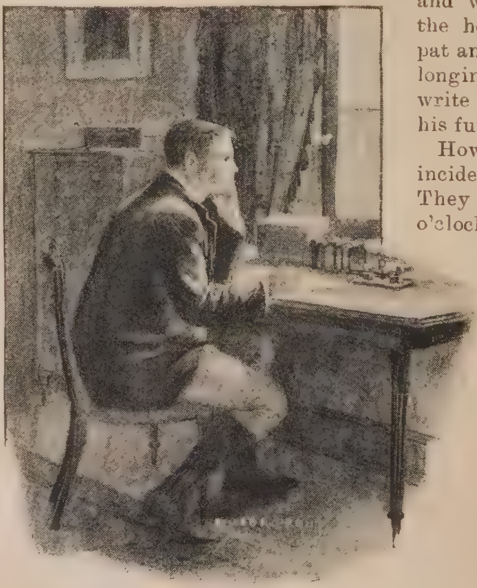
BY SARAH DOUDNEY. ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PROUT.

CHAP. I.—JOHN'S LOVE LETTER.

JOHN BERRY, owner of Field Farm and squire of the village, stood leaning on the fence looking down into his field of clover. It was evening, and he had finished a good day's work; but it was not the work that had wearied him. His arms rested heavily on the top rail, and his straw hat was pulled low upon his forehead, as if he wanted to hide the sad look in his honest eyes.

"If she'd only sent me a line or two, I could have gone on better!" he said to himself. "It's the silence that tries me. Silence may mean anything,—contempt, perhaps;—she sometimes had a way of looking over my head. And yet there was always something sweet in her face when I came near."

The bees had gone home; the swallows circled and darted about their nests under the broad eaves of the barn. John and the clover had the place all to themselves; merely the faintest breath of wind stirred the white and purple tassels among the clustering trefoils, and the air was sweet with their perfume. If the girl he loved had been standing here by his side, this corner of the old farm would have been to him an earthly paradise.



"Once a white butterfly flitted in."—*Page* 15

He bent his head down upon his two hands joined together on the rail, and prayed with all his might.

"Give me an answer, O God. Lay not this burden of silence upon me too long. Let something speak to me,—some kind voice from Thy great unseen world. Thou art Love, and Thou dost not despise the poor human love of the weak creatures Thou hast made. Yea or nay,—yea or nay;—all that I ask is an answer!"

The wind slept, and the clover blossoms were still. But when he lifted up his face a drop of dew came down through the quiet twilight, and fell gently upon his weary brow.

That was all. There was nothing wonderful in the fall of an evening dew-drop; yet to John it seemed to be a foretaste of satisfaction to come. He was a man of simple tastes, living a quiet country life, not ashamed of believing in a God who manifests Himself in little things; and he turned away from the field with a sense of rest and comfort in his soul.

His father and mother were dead, and his grandmother had reigned as mistress of Field Farm for many a year. People often wondered what would become of old Mrs. Berry if John married. She was the kind of woman who never would submit to take a second place. First she had always been: first with her husband; first with her son; first with her grandson. And when John had opened his heart, and revealed his love for Annie Stratton, the old lady was sadly distressed and put out. Of course Annie Stratton was the very last girl she would have chosen for John's wife!

"A stuck-up miss!" cried she. "Let her stay in London, and help her brother in the slums;—that kind of work is all that she's fit for. She wouldn't do any good here."

"She would do a great deal of good here," John had answered with some spirit. "There's an empty place in my life, and she will fill it."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted Granny, changing from white to red. "Your life's as full of good things as my big bed is of feathers. She'll make a hole in it, and let the goodness out, that's all."

But John had taken up his hat, and gone out to his farming with his resolution as firm as ever. He had not expected that Granny would be pleased; she was seldom pleased with any arrangement that she did not make herself; but he was scarcely prepared for such an outburst. Not a single duty was neglected that morning; the men found him as wise and watchful as usual; not one of the horses missed the customary pat and cheery word. Yet he was longing all the time for leisure to write the letter that should decide his future.

How well he could recall every incident of that long spring day! They sat down to dinner at one o'clock, and Granny's face reminded him of the sea after a storm. She was gracious, however, and made no reference to their conversation after breakfast.

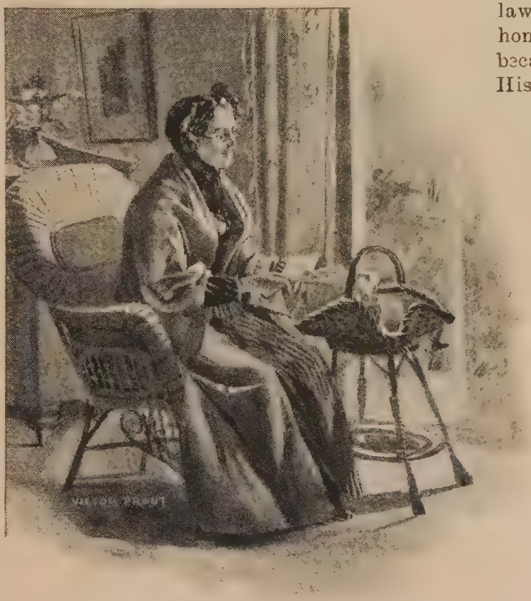
John left her to her afternoon nap, and went up to his own room to write in peace. The windows opened upon a rosy mass of apple blossoms; birds were singing, bees humming, all the fresh sweetness of May seemed to flow into that pleasant room. He was not a stupid man by any means, but it is not an easy thing to write a first love-letter. First he was afraid of saying too little—then of saying too much. But the birds helped him; many an encouraging chirp came from the thick ivy round the window: and once a white butterfly flitted in, and hovered over the table. Now a white butterfly is the sign of hope, and John took courage, and began his letter again.

It was written at last, and he carried it to the village post-office with his own hands.

Then it was the first of May; now it was the last day of June, and he had never had an answer.

When the Rev. Robert Stratton had been appointed to the rectory of Gatefield, his sister Annie had come to live and work with him. The rector's sermons and Bible-classes awakened many a slumbering soul; and Annie possessed that gift of tact which is one of the secrets of success.

While all Gatefield was singing the praises of the rector's sister, Mrs. Berry's voice was the discordant note. She refused to like Miss Stratton, and always received her with stiff civility when she called at Field Farm. These calls were not frequent; Annie soon saw that she was not wanted, and was careful not to force herself on the old lady. But she accepted this antagonism quietly, and tried to shut her ears when Mrs. Berry's disagreeable words floated about the parish, as such words are sure to do. But there was one speech that stung her to the quick, and brought tears to her eyes.



"And took out a letter which had lain hidden under the heap."—*Page* 16.

"Robert," said she to her brother, "I wish old Mrs. Berry would be kind enough to leave me alone. She says that I am only working hard because I want to be first. Now, is not that a very hard thing to say?"

"Hard people always say hard things," Robert answered. "Mrs. Berry's mind is set upon being first herself, and she thinks that all other minds are occupied with the same endeavour. It is a sort of craze, and you must not make a trouble of it."

"I hope Mr. Berry doesn't agree with his grandmother!"

The words slipped involuntarily from Annie's lips, and then she flushed slightly. Her brother gave her a quick look.

"I am sure he doesn't," said he. "John Berry is one of the best men I ever met."

But the Strattons did not stay long at Gatefield, and Granny rejoiced exceedingly at their departure. Robert Stratton accepted a living in a London slum, and Annie went away cheerfully to begin work in a new sphere. When hard pressed by some of her favourite girls she admitted that she loved her country home, but she did not say that she was sorry to leave it. Yet she was more than sorry; and after a time there were rumours that her health was suffering for lack of pure air. Poor Annie, she toiled on uncomplainingly: but the faithful souls in Gatefield knew that she was going beyond her strength.

When the Strattons left the place, they gave their beloved poodle, Don, to John Berry. He was a frisky young dog, not steady enough for London life, and there was plenty of room for him at the farm. Mrs. Berry was so glad to receive a dog instead of a daughter-in-law that she made him at home at once, and really became attached to him. His wildest pranks failed to arouse her anger; she was never tired of showing off his tricks. And as he spent the greater part of his life on his hind legs, and always wanted to carry everything for everybody, there was a good deal of fun to be got out of him.

Over-politeness was, perhaps, one of Don's chief faults. If he met any one with a parcel, he snatched it from him and gambolled off, holding it in his mouth; nor did he return it until it was well munched. Strangers failed to appreciate his little ways, when they saw their property disappearing. An occasional whipping had no effect whatever; Don submitted to the chastisement cheerfully, and then frisked away to pester the first passer-by. But with all his peccadilloes his master loved him, and he returned that love with the unwavering doggy devotion which has comforted many a lonely human heart.

CHAPTER II.—"THE LAST FIRST."

WHEN John at last lifted his arms from the fence, he saw a shaggy black head at his side, and a long red tongue wagging merrily. Don was waiting to take him in to supper; but he seemed at once to understand that something was amiss, and contented himself with quiet demonstrations of affection.

So full was John of his own sorrow that he did not see the anxious glances which Granny cast upon him as they sat at supper. The old lady was ill at ease; her grandson's sad face troubled her exceedingly. John was growing thin, and looking older than his years; if he went on fretting secretly in this fashion, he would bring on an illness.

She slept badly that night, and came down to breakfast later than usual. John had finished his meal, and had gone out to his daily duties. But Mrs. Berry, herself, felt oddly disinclined to do the things she always did, and decided to sit quietly in her summer chair by the open glass door, with her big work-basket on the table at her side, and give herself up to reflection. The room was as quiet as a church. Far away in the meadows she could hear the swish of the scythes, where men were cutting the long grass in the old fashion. Swallows' wings glanced in the sunlight; bees hummed busily over the roses and mignonette: but Granny felt no pleasure to-day in the familiar beauty of the garden. There were no eyes to see her when she lifted the top things in her basket and took out a letter which had lain hidden under the heap.

That letter had never been opened; it was addressed to her grandson, and bore a London post-mark. She knew that it contained the answer to John's question, but she could not tell what the answer was. One morning, now several weeks ago, John had been suddenly called into the farm-yard to see a lad who was hurt, and she had received the letters from the postman herself. And then an evil impulse had prompted her to slip that letter into her pocket.

"But the letter was gone: Don had got it!"—*Page* 16.

How well she remembered his eager look when he came indoors, and she handed him one or two other letters with an unconcerned face! She did not know what she meant to do with the hidden letter; she had made no plans at all. There was only one thought ruling her mind—the selfish thought that her reign was nearly over: for John was the heir, and his marriage would, of course, place his wife at the head of the household. Oh, if she could only be mistress of the farm to the end of her life!

"Always first," she murmured to herself as she sat with the unopened letter in her hand, gazing down the long green alley of the garden. "First in father's house, after mother died, and left me the only child. First when I came here a bride of twenty, and managed the servants and the dairy and the poultry in my own way. Still first when my husband died, and my son married poor Mary, who never had a head to manage, and looked to me for everything. Still first after her death; and can I ever forget that she died in my arms, leaving little John to my care? Two years later my son followed Mary, and John and I were left in the old house alone together. Surely a good grandmother has been better for him than a dozen wives. Let people talk as they will about me for keeping silly girls away!" She sighed, and tears twinkled in her eyes.

"That girl, Annie Stratton, is a new woman, if ever there was one. And yet my poor John fancies her, and he's just fretting himself ill for her sake. And now, how am I to give him this letter without telling him how and why I kept it back so long?"

She sat upright in her chair, holding the letter between her finger and thumb, regarding it with a troubled gaze. There was a rustle—a rush through the green garden alley—and Don burst in upon her musings. In the next instant came a jump and a quick snatch; Granny remained sitting with her finger and thumb upraised, but the letter was gone. Don had got it, and was off with it down the garden. She sank back, after the first moment of surprise. What could she do? Recover the letter? No, that was impossible; by now it must be torn to shreds. Anyhow, she had really meant to give it to its owner, and Don was to blame for its disappearance. But what ought she to do now? Her head felt quite dizzy with worry and thought.

Her heart had begun to beat more quietly, though her poor old nerves were quite unstrung, when there was another shock. This time it was John who entered, flushed and excited, with Don following close at his heels.

"This dog is very nearly an angel!" he began, and then paused for breath; while Don, sooty black, and showing a good deal of red tongue, hardly justified the flattering description. "He has picked up this letter somewhere, and brought it straight to me, just as if he could read the address. I ought to have had it weeks ago! The postman must have dropped it in the road."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said Granny feebly from her chair.

"And it tells me just what I longed to know. It's made me the happiest man alive!" continued John rapturously. "Annie is going to marry me; and I do hope, grandmother, that you'll be pleasant to her for my sake."

"Yes—yes—John; I'll be pleasant to her for your sake; but, John——"

Then followed a faltering confession from the jealous old lady; she could not keep back the secret that had gnawed at her heart so many days. The postman was not to blame; Don was not to blame; she had kept back the letter because she wanted to keep John and the farm all to herself!

Never had John had such an opportunity to deal gently, and he did not miss it. In a moment he realized Granny's temptation, and his own thoughtlessness in not breaking the news of the possible change more tenderly to her. In moments of joy one can forgive much.

Granny had learned just the lesson she needed. Jealousy blinds many eyes, and it had blinded hers. Miss Stratton began to appear to her quite another person. She might still have her faults—who has not? But it makes a world of difference when, in our dealings with others, we are "to their virtues ever kind," and "to their faults a *little blind*."

Everything went very happily after that memorable day. Granny prepared to give up her position with surprising meekness; but she was never willing to see another in her place. Before the wedding-day was settled she passed away peacefully in her sleep.

One night she seemed more than usually tired, and said she would go early to her room. She got as far as the door of the old parlour, and then tottered back to kiss her grandson once more.

"John," she said, "I've been thinking again all day about that text Mr. Stratton preached from—'So the last shall be first, and the first last.' He said there were some people who expected to be first, even in the Father's House: and he wondered how it would be if they really got there. I remember thinking blindly that I shouldn't like to be one of the last even there! Tell Mr. Stratton it's all right now, if I get *just inside*. How glad I shall be to take the lowest place when He welcomes the poor, jealous old woman who always wanted to be first."

"And then tottered back to kiss her grandson once more."
—*Page* 17.

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

We purpose to gather together, in the present and a few succeeding papers, some illustrative and explanatory notes on the Book of Common Prayer. Our aim will be to deepen the intelligent attachment of our readers to their Prayer-Book, and to prompt them to its spiritual use. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth."

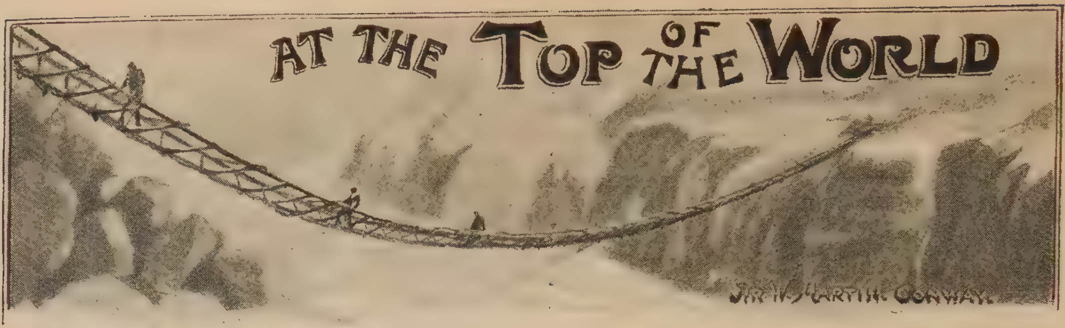
"*Common Prayer*."—That is, common to all. All are to share in it. It is not a service done *for* us, but *by* us. People and ministers unite together; rich and poor, learned and unlearned; parents and children—all take their part. Everything is to be in the common tongue, "understanded of the people." The first prayer, morning and evening—the prayer of "common" confession to God—is "to be said *of the whole congregation after the minister*"; and no prayer is complete till the congregation unite in the Apostolic "*Amen*" (1 Cor. xiv. 16). How all hearts are united in the closest bonds of Christian union, when the prayer of greeting—"The Lord be with you," prompts the hearty prayer of response—"And with Thy Spirit!" What a happy New Year's mutual salutation!—*C. B.*

The Written Word.—Every one attending the Sunday services of our Church hears, or reads, fifteen passages out of the Bible. It has been said, "If you were to take out of the Prayer-Book everything that is Scriptural or a paraphrase of Scripture, you would have little left but the covers."—*The Rev. Dyson Hague.*

The Value of a Liturgy.—A remark was once made by the Rev. Charles Simeon, to the effect, that "Until all ministers can pray at all times, as some ministers can sometimes, the advantages of a Scriptural Liturgy would lead him greatly to prefer it to what is termed [wrongly so unless absence of previous thought and preparation is implied] *extemporary* prayer." Only let us see to it that our Church prayers are "heart prayers," and we shall duly understand and feel the value of a Liturgy.

Let.—"We are sore *let* . . . in running the race set before us." This word was formerly used to signify hindrance and obstruction. Several instances occur in our translation in the Bible. (*See* Num. xxii. 16; Isa. xliii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 7.)

AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD



SIR MARTIN CONWAY'S ASCENT OF PIONEER PEAK, 23,000 FEET HIGH.

I SUPPOSE that no boy is quite happy till he has climbed all the trees in the garden of his home. Why he wants to climb them he cannot tell, and it is just as hard to explain why men want to climb mountains; but for some reason or another mountain-climbing is very attractive. The Emperor Trajan climbed Etna to see the sun rise, and Petrarch climbed Mont Ventoux to see what being on the top of a hill felt like.

It is only in recent years that people have made a regular recreation of climbing; and whenever a man begins he generally goes on. We learned to climb amongst snow and ice in the Alps, and now we want to climb all the big mountains everywhere. Even Everest will be climbed some day, and every climber wants to be first on the top.

Once I spent six months amongst the great mountains of Asia, on the north edge of Kashmir. There are more very big mountains together in that part of the world than anywhere else, though the highest of them is not so high as Everest. I took a Swiss guide with me to do the hard work of cutting steps in the ice, and the Indian government lent me some Gurkha soldiers to help carry our things.

The Gurkhas are the brightest people in Asia; they are all short and fat, and they laugh all the time. They come from the hills of Nepal, and for some reason they are always great friends with Scotchmen.

At first they did not see the fun of climbing; but one day, when we were very high up, an avalanche of snow fell near us, and killed and carried down some wild goats with big horns, called ibex. The Gurkhas wanted to get the goats to eat; so one of them started sliding down after them. It looked so easy to slide; but he soon found himself going through the air like a tumbling stone, and he could not stop.

When he had gone about a quarter of a mile he was happily thrown into a heap of soft snow, where he stuck. We found him there laughing, and he said it was because all the ends of his fingers were scraped off, and the red tips looked so funny! After that the Gurkhas thought climbing was worth while.

The same day, when we were going along a flat ice level, at the foot of a steep slope, a great avalanche came down it toward us, and we had to run for our lives from it. It brought down a cloud of snow-dust about half a mile wide, and made a strong wind. We passed the body of the avalanche safely, but the wind blew us flat on to our faces, and the snow-dust wetted us to the skin. This made the Gurkhas laugh again, so that they had to sit down and roll about.

Mont Blanc in the Alps is over fifteen thousand feet high, and takes only two days to climb; but in the Himalayas it takes perhaps a month to climb a big mountain, and no one has yet climbed to more than twenty-three thousand feet. Everest is twenty-nine thousand feet high, and it will be a long time before men climb so high as that.

The longest pass over snow in Switzerland can be crossed in a day, but we took a fortnight to cross the Hispar Pass, which is the longest glacier pass in the world.

We went up one long glacier, forty miles long, to the snow-field, and we then found another which took us down the other side. There was nothing living or growing near it, and no one had been there before. There were tremendous snow mountains on both sides, and great needles of rock standing up out of them.

We hired a number of natives to go with us, and carry our tents and food, and wood for cooking. They were so frightened, as we got far into the snow, that we had to watch them day and night, lest they

ON A GLACIER.

should run away. Snow fell often, and we had to find our way through clouds; but when the sun shone it was so terribly hot that we were scorched. After crossing the pass it took us a week to descend that glacier to a village called Askole, where we could buy sheep and flour.

From Askole we started up another valley, and in five days reached the foot of another great glacier, called the Baltoro glacier.

We had to cross a river in this valley, by means of a rope bridge. Rope bridges are very unpleasant things to cross. The ropes are made of twisted birch-twigs; there is one rope to walk along, and one rope to hold with each hand. Here and there the ropes are tied together by cross-bars of wood, over which one has to step.

The bridge sometimes is as high as a church steeple above the swiftly-running river. Such bridges are a hundred yards long or more, and they are very steep at the ends.

When we had gone some distance up the Baltoro glacier we came in sight of the great mountains, over twenty-six thousand feet high. One evening the clouds parted and showed us the white tower of Masherbrum, with the sunset flashing from its icy crest and its base all pale in the shadows below. Next day other giants appeared, most of them nameless.

THE SUMMIT OF A PEAK.

No one had ever seen these grand peaks from so near before. The largest of all, which has no name, but is called K_2 on the map, is believed to be the second highest mountain in the world. No one had ever reached its foot or seen it save from afar off.

We pitched our tents at a height greater than that of the top of Mont Blanc, and there we waited till a fine day should come. But the weather seemed to get worse and worse; our camp was buried deep in snow, which fell steadily. We could not light a fire. Everything was cold and miserable.

After five days the clouds broke, and there the great peak was,—a huge mass of rock with snow patched all over it,—the mightiest rock tower in the world, for Everest is a great snowy mound, and not a tower.

We went farther up the Baltoro glacier, till we found another great mountain that filled the head of the valley. This we determined to climb. None of the natives could come here with us except two of the Gurkhas. My friend, Lieutenant Bruce, the Swiss guide, and I, made up the party. We climbed for a week from where we left the porters. We had to cut our way first up a kind of frozen cascade, an ice-fall—where the ice-river is bit by bit tumbled over a precipice, or rather down a steep slope of rock. It might be called an ice-rapid.

Above this we came to gentler snow-slopes, which were cut across by huge crevasses, hundreds of feet deep. We had to find snow-bridges over them, and these often broke; but we were roped together, so one pulled the other out.

Thus we reached the foot of an icy ridge, quite sharp at the edge and with steep slopes on both sides, down which if a man fell he must be dashed to pieces. We had to cut steps all the way up this ridge. It is hard work cutting steps in ice anywhere, but at a height of from twenty thousand to twenty-three thousand feet it is terribly laborious, for the thin air makes a man gasp for breath, almost like a fish out of water.

At the same time the heart beats too fast, and yet too feebly to keep the blood in full circulation, so that one loses the sense of feeling in one's legs. The cold is great by night, and by day the heat on the snow and ice is terrible.

The pain, however, is rewarded by the most wonderful sights. Bigger mountains stood up all around us, white, solemn-looking, and lonely. There was no trace anywhere of man or animals, and nothing green. All was snow, ice, precipices of rock, or rocky needles piercing the sky.

There was no wind, and not a sound to be heard. We could look away to incredible distances, where there were multitudes of mountains, one behind another, till they faded out of sight into blue. We were about twenty-three thousand feet above the sea.

It took us ten days to come down to the highest village from our peak, which we called Pioneer Peak.

I do not think any of us were glad to leave the great mountains and the tents, and to reach roads and houses again. We were very happy in the hills. But of course we were glad to meet our friends again. Besides, we were on our way home, and coming home is always the happiest thing of all.

SUNDAY AFLOAT

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT'," ETC.

ON board the perfectly ordered vessels of Her Majesty's Navy, Sunday at sea falls into its appointed groove in common with all the other set seasons for performing certain duties. Divine Service is part and parcel of Naval discipline, no more to be neglected than big gun drill or "Man and arm boats." And with that confusion of mind respecting the vast gap dividing the conditions in the Royal Navy from those in the Mercantile Marine that obtains with the majority of shore folk, the subject of Sunday at sea in the latter service is doubtless generally supposed to be on the same well-ordered plane as in the former. Unhappily nothing could well be farther from the truth. Sunday at sea in the Merchant Service, in which I have passed fifteen years of my life, is entirely subject to the personal idiosyncrasies of the captain, or master, as his title really is, tempered somewhat by the character of his crew.

In British ships, thank God, the law prevents any master, *while at sea*, no matter how godless he may be, from keeping his crew at work on Sunday, excepting so far as the exigencies of sea life may demand. By the terms embodied in the Articles of Agreement, too, a seaman is liable to a small fine for refusing to attend Divine Service. But both of these good laws are only of service where officers and men are minded to obey them—as a matter of fact they are broken with the utmost impunity. In these hurrying days of steam, Sunday is too often a working day, while in foreign ports, in order that the time-table allotted to the ship may be observed, and men refusing to work would find themselves in evil case. But where a master is a good man he is able so to order matters that even under the most severe stress of competitive conditions his crew may have their Sunday rest, even though it may not be possible to hold Divine Service. Many masters, determined to uphold the worship of God wherever they may be, have enrolled themselves under the Bethel Flag, pledging themselves to have Divine Service on board their ships at sea and in harbour. When the blue pennant with the white letters BETHEL on it is seen flying at a ship's mainmost head in port, it means that all sailors are invited to attend Divine Service, although it often happens that the earnest master has to face many difficulties in carrying out his determination.

Sunday in the Navy.

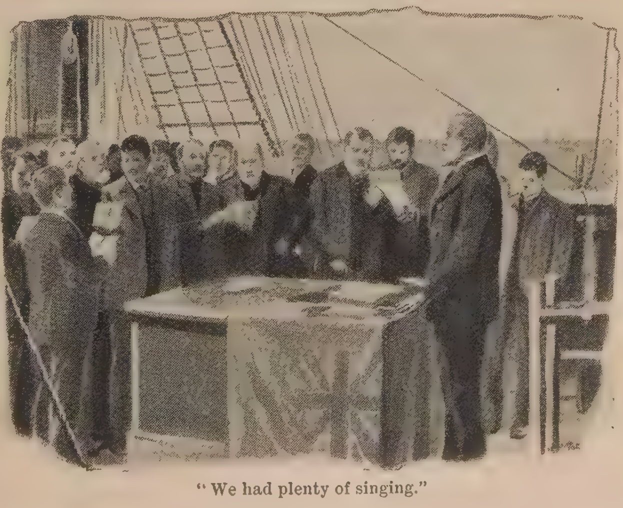
I well remember once being in Hong Kong as a seaman on board a London ship while another London ship, the *Sydenham*, also lay there. Her master flew the Bethel flag, and the courtesy of a merchant ashore placed a steam-launch at the disposal of any seaman on board the various merchantmen in the harbour who wished to attend service on board the Bethel ship on Sunday morning. I went once. On that occasion about twenty of us arrived on board the *Sydenham* at about five minutes to eleven a.m. We stood, as seamen always stand on board a strange ship, looking shy and irresolute,

"The Skipper read the lessons and a sermon."

which feelings were heightened by the fact that no preparation seemed to have been made. Presently an unkempt-looking second mate shambled forward, with a sleepy scowl upon his face, bellowing as he came, "Lay aft an' rig th' church." One by one the crew emerged from the fo'c'sle, a listless, filthy dozen of wastrels, whose bruised faces and blood-besmeared rags told an eloquent tale of yesterday's "liberty." Silently we stood in our uncomfortable shore-going rig until they had draped a space on the quarter-deck with flags, placed a rostrum for the speaker, and some seats, improvised from hencoops, planks, buckets, etc., for the congregation. As soon as possible they retreated to their lair again, not one of them putting in an appearance any more. We had a very pleasant hour's service, the skipper reading the lessons and a sermon, but a feeling of pity for him and shame for my fellow-seamen prevented me most effectually from fully enjoying it.

Herein is one of the greatest drawbacks to the proper observance of Sunday in the Merchant Service. If a skipper be a Christian man, and endeavours to live accordingly, nine-tenths of the crews he gets will exhaust every wile known to seamen in order to "get to windward of him," as the sea phrase goes. He has no means of enforcing discipline at the best of times, but he learns from bitter experience that the average scalawag he gets for a foremast hand considers that a Christian man and a soft fool are synonymous terms. I could fill many pages with my experiences in this direction, not, be it noted, from the officer's point of view, but from the seaman's. For while I was barely four years an officer I spent eleven in the fo'c'sle.

My space being so limited, I cannot but feel that this big subject is being treated in a scrappy and unsatisfactory manner, but I would not like to leave it giving the impression that Sunday afloat in the vast Mercantile Marine is necessarily always a godless, miserable time. I made a long voyage once in a Liverpool barque of 1,100 tons burden, the *West York*, whose master, an elderly Cornishman, was a good Christian, a good seaman, and withal a man whom it was unsafe to play monkey tricks upon. Our Sunday routine at sea never varied. At 6 a.m. the running gear was tightened up where necessary, the decks wetted down (having been extra well scrubbed on Saturday morning), and all ropes neatly coiled up. Saturday was always a half-holiday, so that there was no excuse for any of us washing or mending clothes on Sunday. At four bells, ten a.m., one of the apprentices gave a very fair imitation of a church bell by striking the little bell on the poop at sedate intervals, and dressed in our best we trooped aft into the saloon in cold weather, on the quarter deck in the tropics. The skipper read the Church Service and a short sermon out of a book; and we had plenty of singing out of Sankey's hymn book, for I knew most of the tunes, and once started, the rest could generally join in by the second verse. We were not all in earnest, but we all enjoyed the sweet and gentle break in the week's rough duty, and it is, I think, a significant fact that our morning service was never once interrupted by bad weather. We did not hold evening service, except a short prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings; but all hands grew so fond of Sankey that, although we had no instrument of any kind, we had a regular sacred concert forrard nearly every Sunday night. The *West York* was the happiest ship I was ever in; but it was only because, the "old man" impressed all hands with the fact that although a godly man, any attempt to impose upon him would be unsafe.



"We had plenty of singing."

From a Photograph] [*by* R. C. Ryan.

OUR NEW YEAR'S MOTTO: "KEEP SMILING."

A Gander's Wooing.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM RIDLEY, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.

THE vagaries of wild geese in captivity are comical.

The latest instance that has come under my notice is very absurd.

Three goslings, unable to fly, were caught and brought here about three years ago. They grew up, and, to keep them from flying away, their wings were clipped. After moulting they were so much attached to their surroundings that they were not again clipped, and therefore were at liberty to fly away. They did no such thing, but stayed at home. They waddled about the gardens and the seashore, swam freely on the sea, and took long flights. This year a pair mated, which left the odd gander out in the cold. He wandered about disconsolately, trying to call a mate from the wild geese that passed overhead.

Then appeared on the scene a huge puppy, a cross between a mastiff and bloodhound. She is twenty-eight inches in height at the shoulder, and weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. She is a shy, good-tempered creature, full of rollicking fun, but scutties off in haste from dogs that snarl or show fight.

Almost before she could become attached to her owner, an Indian, the gander adopted her! They are now inseparable. But the gander has a dreadful time of it. His unwieldy charge is a greater care than ducklings to a mother hen. Of course she must gambol with other puppy dogs, great and small, and the mimic fights put the gander into an agony. He tries to defend; and if pecking does not drive away the playful assailants of his protégé, he flies viciously at them, and generally drives them away. The puppy looks ashamed of this kind of tutelage, and often turns round and pretends to bite the gander, her great jaws enclosing his back, but she invariably makes it up by giving him a few licks, when the gander croons over her, and puts his neck into all sorts of shapes, so much as to say, "My dear, my dear, I am so glad you are not hurt; do be careful and keep away from those horrid dogs." Then she drops on the ground to rest after the tussle with fellow-dogs, and the gander cuddles up to her, strokes her with his bill, and utters soft notes of sweet delight at having her all to himself. Then doggie takes it into her stupid head to roll, picks herself up, and shakes off the dust with the usual doggish shudder. Poor gander! he is bewildered, and hurries around his charge with doleful notes and much sorrow in his eyes.

Off gallops the dog. The gander's short legs being unequal to the chase, he takes to his wings and soon overtakes the wayward puppy. Then follow fondlings, especially if they think nobody sees them.

Of course the gander must have a swim sometimes. But how can he venture to leave his charge? He is 'cute. It is plain they understand each other, stupid as the puppy is. Whenever, for business or pleasure, the dog runs toward the beach, the gander coaxes her along. He walks out into the shallow water, she with him. He swims: she walks out until her chest is touched by the waves: and there she stands watching the gander swimming in deeper water. Tired of this, she wades back and shakes herself. This, which the gander considers a sign of pain, brings him to the rescue. Off rushes the dog to get rid of the shivers, and away flies the gander, lamenting as he goes, until they meet, and he bows a hundred times, and she licks him in penitence and love.

"The mimic fights put the gander into an agony."

At night they sleep together in the kennel. But on moonlight nights some cur starts an alarm. Out rushes the puppy from her kennel to enquire what the row is, and to increase it. But above all the dogs the voice of the gander is heard to complain, until he can bring back his mate to her kennel, when he steps inside with her and reads her a curtain lecture, to which she never ventures a response, but ends it all by giving him a good licking.

Three nights ago the fire bell was rung at two in the morning. Fire ladder, buckets, and axes were soon at work, but not as soon as the dog and gander. It is a rare time for the puppies when the flames flash high, and roofs fall in, and firemen flit about.

It was a night of woe to the sympathetic gander. Once or twice he took to his wings in chasing his wayward mate, and even darted to leeward of the fire, where the heat must have been scorching, all to keep his love in sight, and guard her from her stupid folly of assisting at such night horrors.

He is perfectly content if some human being pets the dog, feeling sure a fellow-biped will have a common pity on a senseless quadruped. Let the biped depart, however softly, out comes the weary head, and the loving eyes watch the dog with satisfaction until she makes off, when away follows her faithful friend and defender.

"She stands watching the gander swimming in deeper water."

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. DID God ever change the beginning of the year?
2. Who said, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten?"
3. What is the first recorded prayer?
4. What is life compared to in the Bible? There are more than twenty comparisons. Give as many as you can of these.
5. What was the earliest thing promised by God to man?
6. Why did our Blessed Lord hunger?
7. What three things did God do for us before the Creation?
8. Who is said to have been "full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith"?

ANSWERS (See NOVEMBER NO., 1899, p. 263).

1. St. John xxi. 18. 2. St. Luke x. 30. 3. St. John vi. 67.
4. St. John x. 30. 5. Josh. iii. 1; vi. 12; vii. 16.
6. Acts xiv. 27; 1 Cor. xvi. 9; 2 Cor. ii. 12.
7. St. Luke v. 31. 8. 1 Thess. iii. 1; 2 Tim. iv. 11.

HOME. SWEET HOME.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER

AUTHOR OF "KING BABY."

I. ON CHOOSING A HOME.

WE cannot all live exactly where we like. The circumstances of our own or our husband's occupation must be considered. But the artizan's or mechanic's wife has one advantage over her more wealthy sister. The latter has generally to live in a family mansion—or abiding place. The former, by force of circumstances, is often called upon to change her dwelling-place, and can exercise choice in the matter. Knowledge of how to choose a healthful home is, then, a very useful thing. How to keep it so is no less important, but is matter for another paper.

The first essential for health in our home is **Light.**

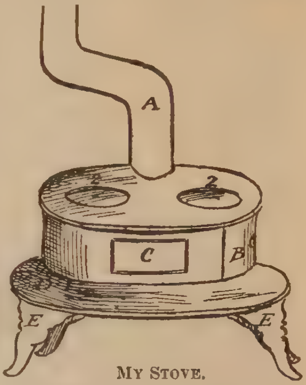
In choosing a new house, or even a single room in which to live, we must give due importance to its *aspect.* "Where the sun never comes, the doctor comes often" should be a guiding proverb, urging us to secure a home looking towards the south. Sixpence a week means a good deal to some of us. Apothecaries' drugs mean infinitely more. If two shillings a week secures a house with a northerly situation, and one at half a crown would give us any other, by all means spend the extra pence. *No house is cheap if it be dark.* Increased rent is more than made up by decrease in doctors' bills. It has truly been said, "It *is* poor economy to pinch the rent to pay the doctor." If we want our children to grow up as young plants, we must give them a large amount of sunlight; and, as many hours of each day are spent under a roof, we should see that sunshine is not excluded from our homes.

Air is another necessity. Do not be so much taken up with Queen Anne casements, or bay windows, as to omit to see that they open and shut properly. If a window swings on hinges instead of cords, so much the better. Cords so often go out of order. It is easier to regulate a current of air by means of an iron flange. In order that a *sweet* Home may be ours, a bit of these windows should be open day and night. If possible, then, choose rooms where they do not face a doorway or fireplace. One side of a chamber should always be free from draught. Then bed, or couch, or armchair can be arranged for safely. Have a blank wall, securing exemption from draught, and a current of air always possible from door to fireplace.

Warmth is a third requisite in foggy Albion. I should recommend our nomadic sisters (whether they be workmen or officers' wives) to invest in a small stove and carry it about with them. A very nice, close one can be bought for 10*s.*, fitted with an elbow pipe to run up any chimney and a piece of tin to nail across any opening. A wonderful saving in fuel is secured by the use of a stove, and cooking operations are greatly facilitated. I had one for many years. It could be moved from place to place; it used a spoonful of coal as contrasted with a fireplace, and gave out a maximum of heat for a minimum of expenditure. If a stove be considered too bulky to carry, see that the grate in every room is scientifically planned. If it be a yawning cavern, spend a few pence in fire-bricks and lay them at back and sides. These reduce our coal bills materially, and give out *more* heat than live fuel. In order to make a slow combustion grate out of an ordinary one, get a sheet of block tin, cut it with a pair of strong scissors or shears to fit the bottom of the grate, and lay it in place. Our fires will be more trouble to light if we adopt this plan, but will burn twice as long.

One more bit of advice about choosing a dwelling-place. If possible have no drainage from it. People nowadays speak disrespectfully of any sanitary system except a modern one. Now I have proved that modern drainage, unless perfectly carried out, is a most deadly thing. In a cheap, jerry-built house ill-fitting pipes are used, leaky cisterns, bad cocks set. Hence typhoid and other kindred fevers rage in our smaller streets to a dreadful extent. In the country clay and mould serve as a wonderful deodorizer. As quaint old Fuller put it, "To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body." Water simply holds matter in solution, and, unless thoroughly drained away, sets up disease as a matter of course.

In conclusion, common sense, coupled with a little knowledge of what constitutes a healthy house, must guide us in selecting even a temporary home. Air, light, warmth, are the *positive* essentials for securing such; an absence of drainage inside a negative necessity.



MY STOVE.

A. *Elbow pipe to go up chimney.*
2. *Openings for kettles and pots.*
B. *Small oven.* C. *Grating, showing fire.* D. *Ledge for keeping things warm and for holding flat irons.* E. *Legs.*

To Our Readers and all Our Hearty Helpers.

AT our Thirtieth Milestone—January, 1900. We again heartily invite our readers to continue their co-operation with us in our effort to utilize the Press as a help to Home happiness. More than ever we feel the Press is "the Church's second pulpit." And the true remedy for *printed poison* is health-giving mental *food.* Let this displace the "penny and the sixpenny dreadfuls."

Threepence a Month.—Our readers can do much to extend the already marvellous circulation of *Home Words* publications, for which we cannot be too thankful. A few shillings, or a few pence, expended on our *January Numbers* will place our Magazines in tens of thousands of new homes—no doubt for the entire year. We especially want *The Day of Days* and *Hand and Heart* to go wherever *Home Words* goes. Threepence a month will supply about seventy pages, of a thousand words each, to brighten the home fireside. All booksellers will obtain the magazines, or three penny stamps sent to the Publisher, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, will bring them post free to any home.

Our Annuals.—For friends at home or "across the sea" we would suggest nothing would be more acceptable for Christmas and New Year's gifts than our new Annuals, 2*s.* each, and our Christmas Numbers and Almanacks. Such gifts are always welcome.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

"When He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it."
"There they crucified Him."

"O LOVE most patient, give me grace,
Make all my soul athirst for Thee:
That parch'd, dry lip, that fading Face,
That thirst, were all for *me!*"

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND
HEARTH.

GOD'S GOLD.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

CHAPTER III.

THE GOING AWAY.

THE great fortunes—so-called—which had been secured in the middle of the century in the earlier Australian goldfields put public interest quickly on the alert, when a few years later attention was called to the final discovery of gold so long sought on the later-opened lands of Western Australia.

It was somewhere in this direction that Arthur Sands believed that his life might find its wider horizons. He had been very ready to reproach Lizzie Maxwell because she was not at once inclined to desert her plain path of contented duty and follow him, scarcely knowing why or where. He had been ready to feel that she would have done this "if she had loved him enough."

But Lizzie knew well that if she was ever to "requite" her grandfather by personal, loving service, she must remain in Crover while old Mr. Maxwell lived. For he could never leave it. His heart and spirit were young enough to have carried him to the ends of the earth, though, after he had got there, he might have sickened for the old places and the old faces. But at seventy-five, whatever be one's courage and love of adventure, one's body is so apt to be cranky! In winter the old man was often confined wholly to bed, and in summer he could never do more than dodder up and down on two sticks on the little levelled path outside the cottage door.

This cottage under the cliff was Lizzie's own. Her dead father, old Maxwell's son, had bought it in the year of Lizzie's birth. It was all the "property" she had. Her father had bought it for a mere song, meaning to rebuild and enlarge it. The twenty-five years which had gone by since his untimely death had certainly neither repaired nor improved it, save in the richer growth of its hardy creepers. It had no stairway—only three rooms and a little entry. Two windows were towards the front, one at each side of the door. The larger of these two rooms—the kitchen and general living room—had a second window to the side. The smaller room was "grandfather's" bedroom. There was a window to the back, lighting the narrow chamber that ran behind the entry, between the two other rooms. This was Lizzie's own sanctum. It did not get much sunshine, it was too close under the cliff; but it looked into a tiny patch of garden, wherein a few hardy plants did as well as they could under the circumstances. There was a little potato and vegetable patch at the west end of the cottage, with one or two flowering currant bushes and a lilac tree. A "Gloire de Dijon" was trained about the doorway and front windows, and, enjoying all the sunshine of the southern aspect, sent forth such a luxuriance of roses that most passers-by on the road below paused to admire. Many blooms were lingering yet, though their greatest beauty was over for the year. Lizzie had often wondered at their winning so much attention from an elderly, well-dressed man, whom she had lately often noticed passing on the road below, and always with an eye fixed on the little cottage. Lizzie did not know him. She supposed he was a belated summer lodger. He was the stranger who from the cliff-top had watched her and Arthur talking on the esplanade.

"She supposed he was a belated summer lodger."—*Page* 28.

The cottage served the Maxwells well enough for a home. Lizzie knew that if she wanted to sell it, it would bring in little indeed: for its uneven earthen floors, its bulging walls, its low pitched roof, its tiny diamond-paned windows, were all out-of-date. Lizzie had to carry in water from a well. Nobody indeed would buy the place except to pull down the house, and the site and situation were of infinitesimal value, being too close under the cliff, and yet exposed to all the south-east winds.

Lizzie had had her dreams about that little house; it had seemed to her that if she and Arthur married at once, he might, by utilizing some of the "savings" he had spoken about to her, add another chamber to it, and make a few simple repairs, so that when their day of promotion to the "overseer's cottage" should come, she might find a tenant for her dear old home. It meant a good deal to her, this broken-down little cottage. It was her father's effort for his child's welfare, and she wanted to make the most of it for his sake.

All these dreams must vanish now. She must go on doing her best for the present. If Arthur came back as rich as he hoped to do, then the little place was not likely to have much value in his eyes. Doubtless then he would want her to sell it and get rid of all bother!

Her eyes filled with tears at this thought. It seemed almost cruel that what her father (she could just remember him) had toiled so hard to win should in the end prove of no particular value to anybody. Lizzie loved her simple, quiet life, and was frightened at the thought of anything different.

She was thinking over these things a morning or two after her talk with Arthur. She was rather absently responding to her grandfather's comments on the news in the weekly paper, when a hand was laid on the latch, and Arthur himself came in.

He rarely appeared at the cottage at this hour, when he was generally in the quarry. Lizzie's heart beat quickly. She felt that something was coming.

She had to drop her needlework, her hands trembled so. Arthur sat silent for a while, twirling his hat, while Mr. Maxwell, all unconscious, resumed his previous conversation.

Suddenly Arthur spoke. He addressed Mr. Maxwell, and his words were few.

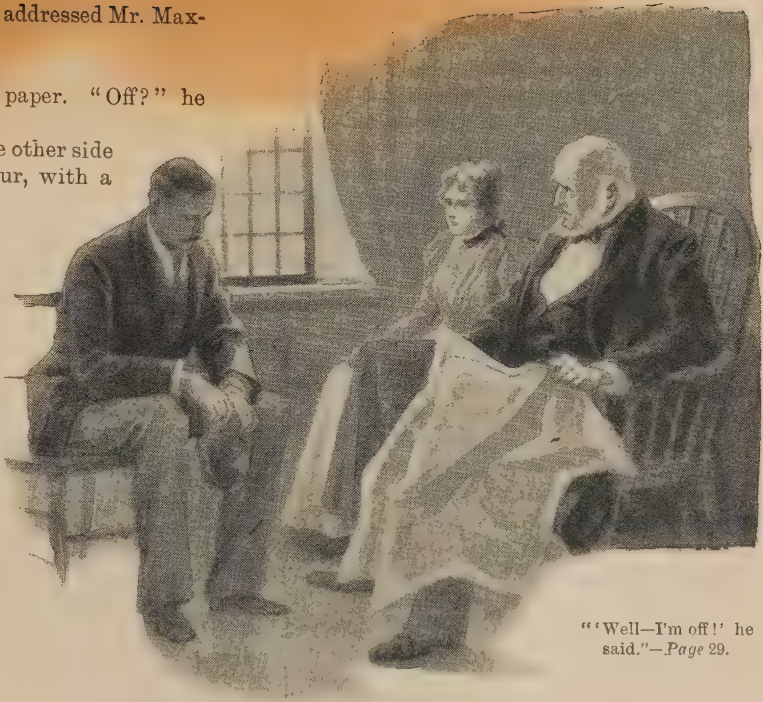
"Well—I'm off!" he said.

Mr. Maxwell put down his paper. "Off?" he echoed. "Where to?"

"To the new diggings, at the other side of the world," answered Arthur, with a side glance at Lizzie. "I know it's come sudden at last," he went on. "There's two other Crover men starting straight away. The governors have let me off at once, that I may go with them. They've behaved very well in that, I'll own. Of course, it's our dull season coming on, I own," he added, with another glance at Lizzie.

"When do you go?" Lizzie asked. Her voice did not seem at all like her own.

"The steamer sails early next week," he said, looking at her. "But I ought to join these chaps at Southampton two or three days before she starts. There are things to be done and got."



"'Well—I'm off!' he said."—*Page* 29.

"You'll want something of an outfit," Lizzie remarked, as soon as she could keep her voice steady.

"What I haven't got I'll have to buy ready-made," he answered.

"Let me see what you have, and I may be able to do something, short as the time is," said Lizzie. Her eyes were full now, and her lip trembled

"You oughtn't to trouble yourself—yet, if you like——" responded Arthur, and paused.

"Well," said old Mr. Maxwell, "I don't know much about these diggings, but I wish I could take the voyage with you! Why, time was when I might have earned you a free passage on a nice clean sailing ship, instead of you a-lying i' the bottom o' a kettle o' steam; but now here I am, laid up an old hulk. Yet I often say to myself, 'Old Maxwell, instead o' grumbling, oughtn't ye to up and thank God that ye earned your bread, boy and man, for more than fifty years, by doing work that you'd fain be a-doing still? You must have had a deal better time of it than the folks that have to get their bread by ways they like so little that they are all in a swither to be able to "retire."'"

There was a brief silence. At the sharp corners of our lives our words are seldom many, because no words can express our feelings.

"No, I don't know about those diggin's," persisted old Mr. Maxwell. "I was never nigh any myself. But I've had mates that were, an' they hadn't very good words for what they'd been through. Gold isn't often found i' the pretty places o' God's earth, I reckon; an' as far as ever I could hear, its finding doesn't make 'em any prettier. It's got to be brought away and turned into other things before you can put much vally on it."

"Ah, but gold will buy most things!" laughed Arthur.

Mr. Maxwell shook his head. "Ay," he said; "but there's better things than gold, and things gold can't buy. I saw a verse of poetry the other day as has stuck to me, 'cause I know it's so true:—

"'The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
The idle man never can bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.'"

"Well, I'm sure Arthur is not idle," exclaimed Lizzie, stung into defending him.

"Nay, nay, lass, for sure not!" said the old man soothingly. "Only somehow gold-digging always seems to me an idle man's work. Better be digging the ground for the food, or the iron, or the coal, that makes the vally o' gold. But I'm sure I wish Arthur well. And Lizzie shan't fret after you, man; she'll watch and wait, but she shan't fret. I'll tell her it's just the common lot o' woman.

"'Man must work and woman must weep,
And the harbour bar is moaning.'"

The old pilot's memory was stored with bits of poetry which had somehow touched his heart.

Lizzie stepped outside the cottage with her lover. As they looked into each other's eyes his eyes fell before the depths of hers.

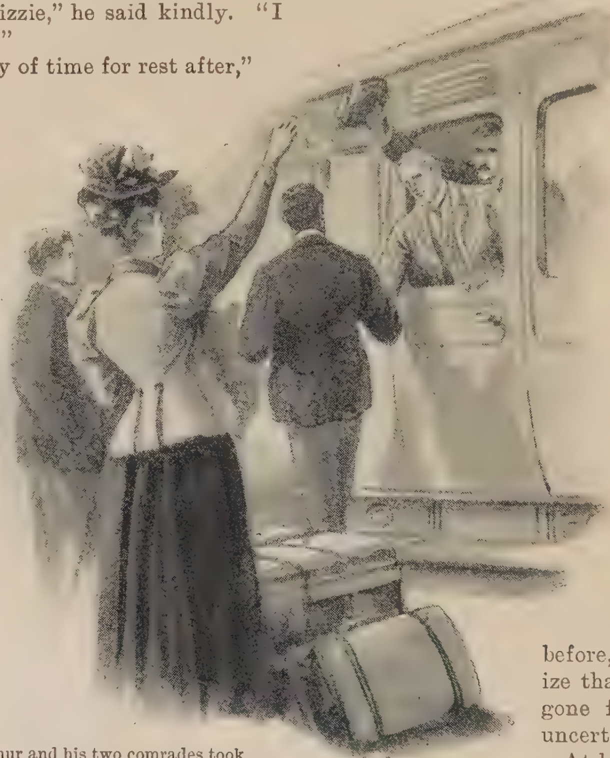
"When do you go?" she asked.

"This is Tuesday," he said; "I should start from Crover on Friday morning."

She thought for a moment. "I'll have two of everything you want ready for you. Those quite new—with what you have—may spare buying."

"You can't do it, Lizzie," he said kindly. "I can't have you slaving."

"There will be plenty of time for rest after," she interrupted. "I'll put away my lace-making till you're gone. There will be plenty of time for that, too, then."



"Arthur and his two comrades took their train for the seaport."—*Page* 30.

"You are not vexed with me, Lizzie?" he asked.

She put out her hand. "No, Arthur," she said, "I'm not vexed."

"I expect you'll have some rough times," she remarked presently.

"Oh no," he laughed, "and I shan't mind if I do. It's worth risking that to make a fortune."

"Who are the Crover men who are going?" she asked presently.

"One's the nephew of the hotel people—a young fellow you must have seen about. Bertie Chance they call him."

"That man!" Lizzie exclaimed. "Why, Arthur, he has never done a hand's turn of honest work. He just lives to eat and drink, and gamble and bet."

"He's turning over a new leaf," answered Arthur. "It's to be hoped a fellow is able to do that: and anyhow, Lizzie, that such a man is going doesn't look as if we were to be slaved or starved, now, does it? See some comfort in that."

"Who is the other?" asked Lizzie.

"Ben Crowder," returned Arthur, with a note of triumph in his voice. "You can't say he isn't hardworking and steady."

"He's all that," assented Lizzie. Yet her tone did not imply perfect satisfaction.

"Don't you like poor Ben?" asked Arthur.

"He's terribly set on money and getting on," answered Lizzie. She had reasons to believe that it was young Crowder who had stirred up Arthur's own ambitions.

That day and the following Wednesday and Thursday were a simple whirl. Lizzie had one pair of socks quite ready for Arthur and another pair half done; but she had to finish these and to make two sets of flannel underwear in the brief time at her disposal. This meant working wellnigh day and night. Arthur, already set free from the quarry, was constantly in and out of the cottage, as he had never been before, consulting her about this and that, and snatching meals with her and her grandfather. Seeing him thus more than ever before, made it hard to realize that he was soon to be gone far away, and for so uncertain a time.

At last Lizzie stood, dazed and almost dumb, on the Crover railway platform, while Arthur and his two comrades took their train for the seaport. She had put all her energy and all her emotion into the thousands of stitches she had wrought into his garments. Now she felt thoroughly worn-out, and drew into the background when Arthur was loudly greeted and surrounded by the showy, voluble hotel people making their farewells to Bertie Chance. They all kept calling on "Mr. Sands," who seemed to be put in charge not only of Bertie himself, but of all his belongings, down to a football! Lizzie said to herself that she ought to be proud that Arthur was so obliging and of so much importance. Nobody made any such claim on Ben Crowder. His mother and sister were there to see him off; but the three did

"She found her grandfather was talking to a visitor."—*Page* 31.

not seem to have many last words to say—perhaps they had said them all. Tears were coursing slowly down from old Mrs. Crowder's half-sightless eyes, and her daughter's face was set sternly with a sort of bitter expression.

Still, no gratification at Arthur's popularity could make it anything but hard for Lizzie to have him thus prematurely snatched from her, while he was still before her eyes. She began to calculate whether it might not be possible, after all, to make a great effort and run up to Southampton on Tuesday, so as to see the very last of her lover. It would mean a great strain on Lizzie's little economies and a good deal of courage on her part: for in all her life she had left Crover only twice, and on neither occasion had she been alone. But just now, to get a quiet last half-hour with Arthur seemed worth all the effort and all the cost. These people would not be there—these Chances would never put themselves to such trouble and expense over "Bertie."

Alas! poor Lizzie reckoned the trouble and expense from her own standpoint, and not from theirs. Arthur had turned from them to Lizzie for the last moment; they had wrung each other's hands, and he had lovingly kissed her; she had looked into his eyes with a smile, thinking of the pleasant surprise she meant to give him at Southampton, and he was actually seated in the moving train, when Muriel Chance called out:—

"Bye-bye, Bertie! So long! See you again at Southampton! Look out for all of us!"

Lizzie was right in feeling that the Chances would have put themselves to no trouble or self-denial merely over their relative. But then what would have been such an effort to her with her tiny purse would be but a pleasure excursion to them. That is the way of it—what costs sacrifice and self-denial to some comes to others as a mere gratification. Lizzie turned away sadly; it would be no use now for her to go to Southampton: and thus she had said her last word and taken her last look of Arthur, not knowing they were the last.

How tired she was! How her feet dragged as she climbed the little path to the cottage under the cliff!

As she came to the threshold she heard voices inside, and on entering found that her grandfather was talking to a visitor, even the well-dressed elderly stranger whose interest in the cottage she had noticed. A fancy flitted across her mind—"What if this should be Ted's father, poor Aunt Kate's unhappy husband?" For his death had never been ascertained. He had escaped from the convict settlement, had struck "up country," and simply been heard of no more.

(*To be continued.*)

"Come into the Sunshine!"

A MORNING THOUGHT.

"THE Sun is shining *everywhere*" — even though we don't see it! And the Gospel call is just this, "Oh! my fellow pilgrims, with your burdens of sin and sorrow, Come into the sunshine: for it shines on *you* and it shines on *me—because* it "shines upon the unjust"! It will take the sting from sin, and the bitterness from the cup of sorrow.

How we need the increase of faith to see "God's Sunshine," and to welcome even the "clouds" that sometimes hide it for a time, but break themselves at last in "blessings on our head."

Remember the "bright light" is always "*in*" —not *after*—" the cloud." C. B.

Lent and its Lessons.

I. PEACE AT THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

PEACE is *the Spirit's Gift* as well as the Saviour's purchase on the Atoning Cross. Or perhaps we should say the Spirit *Himself* is the Divine Gift of the Father's Love, which comes to us through the Atoning work of the Divine Son. The Gospel for sinners is thus the Gospel of the Trinity.

We should bear this constantly in mind in order to a right and spiritual observance of the season of Lent. Certainly the knowledge of sin and the Peace of pardon—the true Lenten experience—are inseparable from the Spirit's work in us. Light to reveal us to ourselves, and then Peace in the vision of God's Love, can only be realized or received by the ministry of the Holy Ghost. The Spirit's special office is to "take of the things of Christ," the things which Christ has done as our Peacemaker, "and show them to us."

The sum and substance of the Gospel is thus presented to us. By the Almighty agency and teaching of the Spirit the soul is first touched: the sinner is shown the evil of his own heart and ways; and penetrated with a sense of personal unworthiness, utters the first words of real repentance.

Then, as the Divine Interpreter of the love and power of Christ, the Spirit takes the scales from the blind eyes, and shows the Cross, with all the fulness of grace for the sinner which that Cross contained and sealed. As the Revealer of Grace He, by whose inspiration all Scripture was given, takes such texts as these, and shows them to the anxious soul:—"He that believeth is not condemned," "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God," "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Words like these, interpreted to the inner consciousness by Him who is the "Interpreter," become refreshment to the weary, and life to the dead in sin.

And so we see our fitting position, if we would attain true Christian experience in Lent, is on our knees. If we would possess as well as hear about "the Peace of God" which "passeth all" human "understanding"—the Peace of which the angels sang at Bethlehem, the Peace which Bunyan's Pilgrim realized when he found "Rest by His Sorrow, and Life by His Death"—the Divine Spirit must be our Teacher. He it is who bestows the heaven-sent gift of Faith—Justifying Faith, which brings "Peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." He it is who testifies within the believer: witnesses to his acceptance in the Beloved. And if the sweet assurance of our adoption as children be thus brought home to us, our Peace will flow as a river—"the Word" will indeed be "received with joy of the Holy Ghost."

II. SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY THE REV. F. J. CHAVASSE, M.A.

"EXCEPT a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." There is nothing fruitful but self-sacrifice. It is absolutely needful for the formation of a Christ-like character, and for the extension of the kingdom of God. All that is highest and best, all that most truly enriches and ennobles man's life, is only to be won by self-sacrifice—the sacrifice of ease, and inclination, and money, and time, and health, yea, of life itself. It must begin in the daily round of home life, in the apparently trivial and humble duties of our earthly calling. Nazareth came before Calvary. The training to self-denial in the home, in the workshop, as the Son and the Carpenter, led up to the self-surrender of the Garden and the self-sacrifice of the Cross. Otherwise, when the great occasion comes, the eye of the soul will be blinded and cannot see it, and the will paralysed and cannot grasp it.

Nothing stirs the world like self-sacrifice. In the last half-century the Church of England has not lacked men of light and leading, and they have done their work; but, after all, what has most moved the masses, what has proved mightier than power and dignity, than learning and eloquence, to sway hearts, and to solve doubts, and to win souls for God, has been the self-sacrifice which has glorified the life of many an obscure Christian.

Do we shudder and shrink back? Does the very word suggest suffering, and what is dreadful and unnatural? It does, it must, bring pain, and yet it brings also a wonderful joy. Does the mother grudge self-sacrifice in the nurture of her child? Does the true wife spare self-sacrifice in the care of her husband? Love transfigures it. The hard and painful duty is transformed into a glad privilege. Love for Christ and our fellow-men irradiates the self-sacrifice of the Christian. The devoted nurse in the Midland Hospital, roused from sleep by the peal of the night bell, sprang from her bed and hurried through cold and dimly-lighted corridors to face the case of sudden hæmorrhage, or to tend the sickening mass of torn and bleeding and bruised humanity, with the words on her lips, “The Master is come and calleth for thee.” She did it to the Lord. In the light of the Incarnation and of the Cross, in the consciousness that we are following the Lamb, we may go even to martyrdom with a song in our hearts. “If with gladness thou carriest thy Cross, it will carry thee.”

III. PRAYER AND PROMISE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

I REMEMBER asking a very old friend of mine, who, I think, as far as I have been permitted to know Christian men, was mightier with God than almost any man I ever met, “Do tell me the secret of your success in prayer.”

He said, “I will tell you what it is. I say to myself, ‘Is that which I am asking for *promised*? Is it according to the mind of God?’ If it is, I plant my foot upon it as upon a firm rock, and I never allow myself to doubt that my Father will give me according to my petition.”

I think that under every godly example set before us in Scripture there seems to lurk a command, “Go thou and do likewise”: and under every command I am quite sure there lurks a promise. God never mocks us when He commands us. If it is said to us who are parents that we are called to bring up our children in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” we may be quite sure that we shall have the grace needful for it if we ask for it.

I think we may learn a great deal from the directions of Moses to Israel, where he says, in Deuteronomy vi., “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.” Thou shalt *love*, and thou shalt *teach*. Now, I do think, if the teaching of our children is to be successful teaching, it must spring from overflowing love. May not we who are parents have a double assurance in coming to the throne of grace, when we ask our Father in heaven to fill our hearts with love, in order that by His grace we may be permitted to draw our children to the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ? What a wonderful prayer that is of the Apostle, “The Lord direct your heart into *God's love and into Christ's patience*”—as the words ought to be rendered.

Oh that God may fill our hearts with intense love for our children! What is God's promise? “I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thy offspring.” “The promise is unto you and to your children.” Let us follow my old friend's example, and say, “Now I plant my foot on these promises as upon a firm rock, and I never allow myself to doubt that my Father will give me according to my petitions.”

IV. CONFIRMATION COUNSEL.

“I will go in the strength of the Lord God.”—*Psalm* lxxi. 16.

Search the Scriptures daily.
Be diligent in thy calling.
Be much in secret prayer.
Neglect not self-examination.
Let thy words be few.
Keep thy conscience as the apple of thine eye.
Do all, “looking unto Jesus,” and resting on His grace.
Pray that thou may'st “daily increase in God's Holy Spirit more and more.”
“Be thou faithful unto death”
(saith the Lord Christ),
“And I will give thee
a Crown of Life.”

C. B.

“BUSINESS FIRST, PLEASURE SECOND!”

“If I were to compress into one sentence the whole of the experience I have had during an active and successful life,” said Nasmyth once, in giving counsel to young men, “and offer it to you as a rule and certain receipt for success in any station, it would be comprised in these words—‘Business first, pleasure second!’ From what I have seen of young men, and their after progress, I am satisfied that what is generally termed ‘bad fortune,’ ‘ill luck,’ and ‘misfortune,’ is, in nine cases out of ten, simply the result of *inverting* the above simple maxim. Such experience as I have had convinces me that absence of success arises, in the great majority of cases, from want of self-denial and want of common sense. The worst of all maxims is, ‘Pleasure first! Work and duty second!’”

A Sheffield Blade.

BY THE REV. W. ODOM, VICAR OF HEELEY, SHEFFIELD.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF ARCHDEACON BLAKENEY," ETC.

PART II.

"I'm Sheffield made, both haft and blade.
London, for thy life, produce me such a knife."

THESE words were etched on a knife sent many years ago to a London firm who desired its name to be stamped on the cutlery ordered from a Sheffield manufacturer. Sheffield is now the great centre for cutlery of every description, but it was not always so. Formerly, the best cutlery was produced in London. Quaint Thomas Fuller, writing of Yorkshire (1660) says:—"Nor must we forget, that though plain knife-making was very ancient in this county, yet Thomas Matthews, on Fleet Bridge, London, was the first Englishman who *quinto* Elizabethæ (1563) made fine knives."

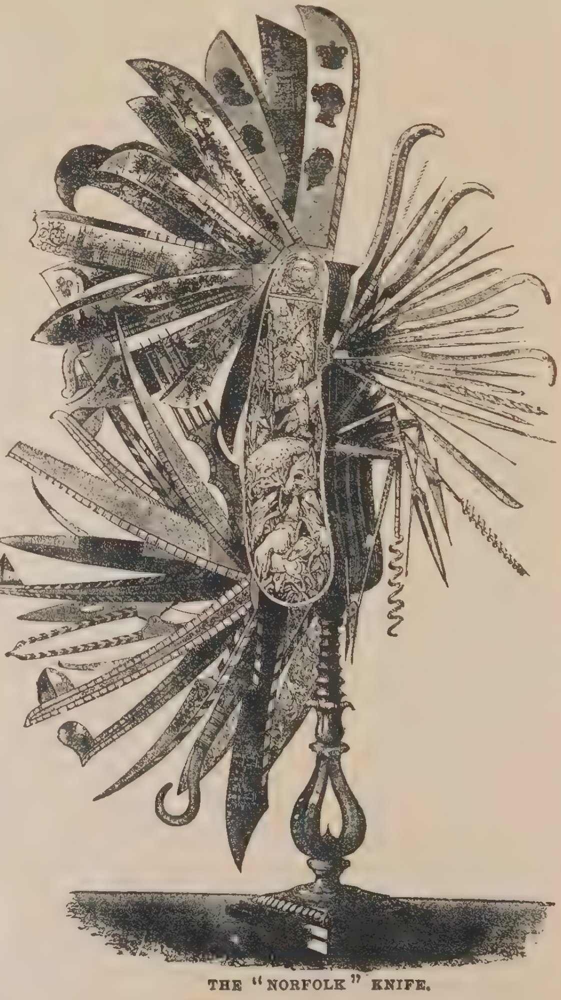
It is strange to read in a work published early in the present century of "*Salisbury*, long noted for its cutlery goods. In the articles of scissors, knives, and razors, the workmen of this city are justly famed." But the times have changed, and Salisbury, now justly famed for its beautiful cathedral, allows undisputed supremacy to Sheffield as the metropolis of cutlery.

Up to the middle of the last century the knives made in Sheffield were mostly of the cheaper kinds, intended, as an old chronicler says, "for the common use of the country people." Few knives then sold for so much as a shilling, and Fuller expressed surprise at seeing Sheffield knives offered at a penny! Little wonder that in 1615, when Sheffield numbered 2,207 inhabitants, 725 should be described as "begging poore," and the remainder, "mostly poor artificers with their families."

In olden days the Sheffield cutler would himself practically begin and complete the knife, frequently grinding the blade. The work would be done at home, or in a small adjoining shop. Dr. Gatty, the historian of "Hallamshire," says: "Master and apprentice not only worked together in the shop, but they lived under the same roof. . . . The apprentice had acquired by the time that his indentures had expired as much skill in his craft as the master who released him. With a few tools that he could sling over his shoulder, and possibly the master's daughter pledged to him as a wife, and possessing, in the adroit and supple use of his fingers, the certain means of future subsistence, he could set up at once his own small home and smithy, and become as good as his late employer in a day. No capital was required for his humble trade, no stock of goods had to be accumulated; on the spot were all the materials he needed—coal, iron, and charcoal."

The wares thus made were purchased by the chapman, or carried to country fairs, and, later on, taken up to London weekly by packhorses. But the old order has passed away, and with the removal of strange restrictive rules, the introduction of machinery, and the consequent division of labour, marvellous changes have taken place.

Let us walk through one of the large cutlery works and note the varied processes through which



THE "NORFOLK" KNIFE.

a knife passes. Different kinds of knives are made by different workmen. Those who make pen and pocket knife blades are a distinct class from the table blade forgers. To make the finest quality of spring knives requires years of careful training under a skilled master. The process of making the blade of an ordinary table knife is thus described: "From the end of a thin bar of steel, which has been carefully brought to a proper heat, the blade is roughly forged, cut off, and welded to a piece of iron for the 'tang' and shoulder. The latter, usually called the 'bolster,' is formed by crushing the hot iron between a pair of dies, and the tang drawn out by some strokes of the hammer. After re-heating, the blade is again hammered, and the maker's name and trade mark stamped upon it." Then follow the important processes of hardening, tempering, and grinding, when the blade passes into the hands of another class of workmen, who put on the hafts or handles, which have been already cut and prepared by the handle maker, after which it receives the polishing and finishing touches. The pocket knife, often with several blades, goes through a still greater number of hands.

A SHEFFIELD WORKMAN.

Every knife is carefully examined by a practised workman, and if any defect or flaw be detected, it is cast aside as a "waster." This expressive name is locally applied to workmen who fall into intemperate and idle habits. As a local rhymster puts it:

> "The blades they are forged—yet look on men's lives;
> You'll find there are *wasters* in more things than knives."

Two of the most remarkable specimens of cutlery in the world may be seen in the attractive show rooms of Messrs. Joseph Rodgers & Sons. Both are indications of the skill of the Sheffield artizan. One of these giant knives contains as many blades as the Christian era has years. There are now 1895 blades, and next year five more will be added. No two blades are alike, and each blade closes with a spring into its haft or socket. The other, known as the "Norfolk" knife (*see illustration*), was made at a cost of £900, and shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851. On the large mother-of-pearl haft are finely carved representations of a boar hunt and a stag hunt. From it springs 95 blades and instruments, each blade being beautifully etched, the subjects including Windsor Castle, Westminster, Chatsworth, etc.

As a rule the Sheffield artizan is a man of independent and self-reliant character, warm-hearted and quick-witted, often expressing himself very quaintly. One day a well-known Sheffield surgeon met a grinder, a patient, carrying his bag on his shoulders. Said the doctor, "Well, John, I see you're delivering your work?" "Yes, Mr. F——" was the reply, "I'm 'liverin' my wark." Shortly afterwards they met again, the doctor just returning from a funeral. "Well," exclaimed the grinder, "so you've been 'liverin' up your wark, Mester F——"

The city of Sheffield occupies a splendid position on the very edge of heather-clad moorlands, whence health-giving breezes are wafted over the homes of its busy workers, who are extremely fond of outdoor recreation. Cricket and other games have taken the place of bull-baiting and cock-fighting. Angling clubs are popular, and thousands of workmen are justly proud of their little garden plots, where leisure hours are pleasantly and profitably spent in cultivating vegetables and flowers.

(*To be continued.*)

THE REDMAN'S HOME.

Outposts of Our Church.

II. AMONG THE REDMEN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.

"REDMEN!" So the Indians are often called. In British Columbia, where they abound, the stupid white sometimes calls them *Siwash*, a corruption of *sauvage*, the French for savage. The Indian hates the word. He also wonders why we choose to call him an Indian. I don't think he knows we call him a Redman—or Copper-coloured. If he did, perhaps he would give us a lesson in colours. Our coast Indians are the colour of a much weatherbeaten Jack Tar, just home from the tropics. However clean he may really be, he looks like a dirty white man. He is stouter, but shorter. His head is round rather than long like ours; his hair black, even in old age; and if cut short, as it generally is on the men, no amount of pomatum will smooth it down. The women wear it very long and strong. Their eyes are smaller than ours and keener, and some show strong Mongolian characteristics. I have often seen girls dress as Chinese in their play, when a Chinaman would certainly claim cousinship. The Indians and Japanese are strikingly alike, the former distinguished chiefly by his larger dimensions and clearer skin.

It is a great mistake to imagine the Indian at home a stolid creature, devoid of humour, sympathy, or gratitude. He is a sphinx to strangers, but very communicative to those whom he has learnt to trust. One evening in camp, on the bank of the beautiful river Skeena, I was sitting with my Indian crew round the roaring fire we had heaped up after supper had been cooked, when suddenly I had my wool-gathering mind brought to attention. The youngest man was gesticulating strongly. Suddenly his oration proceeded on the soberest lines. All at once his tones again changed. The climax reached, he stopped, pulled off his coat, and perorated with power just like Mr. So-and-so, a missionary. When I called out, "Well done, Mr. C——," the missionary's name, he dropped on the ground as a boneless man, and all laughed aloud until the forest rang again. He had been imitating his teachers.

There is an impression at home that any earnest man, educated or ignorant, is fit for missions to Indians, but that to India only the very best scholars must go. No missionary ought to be ignorant. His work is too great for illiteracy. The true missionary cannot be ignorant of his duties. He will master them. Unsanctified learning is as little likely to succeed as ignorance. Both unfit a man for this vocation. The greatest scholars have not won the greatest successes, even among the philosophical Hindoos. The humble man who has cultivated God's gifts to the utmost according to his opportunities has wrought the miracles of modern days.

When the Redmen become Christians, their wants immediately increase, and to supply them they must be diligent in business, whatever that may be, to earn money. They become clean, so patronize the soap-maker; wear white man's clothes, so employ the looms and sewing machines; they swarm out of the huge enclosure, called a house by courtesy, to build small frame or log houses, in which family life begins.

All who manufacture articles to supply these new wants ought to subscribe liberally to missions, whose debtors they are. Musical instrument makers ought to head the list or stand next to the soap-makers. Music is a passion on this coast among the Indians. Where I am now writing there are two Indian brass bands, and the women are beginning to deform their faces by blowing into cornets and trombones.

Some young men are able to play three or four instruments. The violin is now coming into vogue. Few are the homes without some musical instrument and a sewing machine. Even fashion books come to a few of the young women by post, and numbers of boys take in monthly periodicals. I remember when it was a sign of progress to see men playing marbles instead of gambling. In those days flour, sugar, tea, and coffee were unknown; now every housewife has her American cooking-stove and bakes her own bread and pastry. A wedding feast then was dry salmon dipped in fish grease; now the bride, attired in white, wearing a lace veil and wreath, puts her plated knife into an ornamented bridecake, and blushes like bonny English girls.

A RED INDIAN CHIEF.

ANOTHER REDMAN.

Why, it may be asked, do not Indians rise to the level of the whites in civilization? Not because they have not the capacity, but because there are no incentives. At school they keep abreast of white children, but not so out in the world. The reason is not far to seek. As the white boy leaves school and faces the world he is at the bottom of the ladder. He is moved with the spirit of emulation, and sees prizes ahead for the successful man. Not so the Indian boy. He leaves school, and is at the top of the ladder; his seniors are beneath him in knowledge, and among his people there are no prizes to struggle for. He has no ambition, and soon begins to forget his school instruction. He must work, or hunt, or fish with illiterate men who can work, hunt, or fish as well as or better than the learned.

Thus the future has no large hope for him. Yet, as a community, the Christian Indians have made more progress during the last twenty years than any of the backward races I have seen or read about. Their religious and moral standards are higher than those of many whites, and their evangelistic zeal is wonderful.

Assuredly the Red Indians are a noble race, with noble possibilities. In the next century we may see the Indian missionaries going far and wide carrying the Gospel—the good news—and helping others "to rise and cope right bravely," in the upward life—

> "With all the beetling steeps that faith must climb
> To breathe the air of truth, and freedom find with
> safety."

A Little Black Cat

By Sarah Doudney

Illustrated by E. Woolmer

CHAPTER II.

THE MOTHER SADLY MISSED HER PET.

TED put an advertisement in the local papers, offering a reward of ten shillings for the lost kitten. The consequence was that the cottage door was besieged by dirty boys, carrying black cats of most lamentable aspect. Mrs. Delisle's heart was wrung by the mere sight of such pitiable objects; and Dorothy feared that their home would be turned into a cat asylum. So the advertisements were discontinued, and they tried to reconcile themselves to their loss.

It was quite clear that the mother sadly missed her pet. She was not just the woman that she had been before her troubles came; and the black kitten had evidently filled up some blank in her life. The merry, furry thing, who asked no questions and knew nothing about the past, had a gift of consolation which was all his own. Ted saw that she grew sadder as the days went on, and remarked on the change when he talked to Dorothy.

"There isn't much left to poor mother," said he. "The Father, whom you believe in, might have let her keep that funny little chap. If not a sparrow falls without His knowledge, He must surely know what becomes of a kitten."

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"And yet, after suffering enough to kill an ordinary woman, she mustn't even console herself with a four-footed creature," Ted went on. "Absurd as it would seem to most people, she really was getting a great deal of good from the cat. He seemed, somehow, to understand her needs better than we did. We sympathised with her in our ponderous human way; and he just gambolled, and turned himself heels over head. It was very queer, and we can't explain these things. Only, if there is an all-loving Father, why was Grig snatched away?"

"I suppose you'll think me very silly," Dorothy answered. "But I believe that Grig will come back. And if he doesn't, God will give mother something else."

"You believe in a heavenly Father who is always taking His gifts away from His children, and putting other things in their places," said Ted. "Now I call that caprice."

"Then what about Nature?" asked she. "You don't blame her when the lilacs wither, and the roses come into full bloom. And that law of taking away one thing, and giving another, does run through all our lives. You want to know why things are managed so. I can't tell; but I am certain it is the best way."

"I wish I had your faith," he replied with a faint sneer. "I think I should then, if I were you, pray vigorously for the return of Grig."

Then, seeing tears in his sister's eyes, he kissed her and went away.

While the three in Lilac Cottage were still bewailing his loss, the missing kitten had a good time on board the *Lucinda*. He took to a sea-faring life as cheerfully as if he had been rocked on the cradle of the deep from his birth. And Frank Atteridge, who was subject to fits of gloom, found a curious pleasure in his new possession, and made a constant companion of the little black cat.

Jerry Bond had presented the kitten to the skipper with a few lying words. One sin always leads to another. "A friend o' mine," he said, "had no further use for this little shaver. Maybe you'll accept him, sir, and," he added with a sailor's superstition, "may he bring you luck."

The weather was splendid, and the fine schooner behaved as well as she always did. But although everybody else was in good spirits, and the kitten

"'May he bring you luck.'"
—*Page* 38.

made sport for all the crew, Jerry Bond was downhearted from morning till night.

It was mid-day, and a sky blue as a turquoise smiled overhead. Jerry leaned heavily upon the bulwarks, and gazed out across the rippling sea-waste with eyes full of misery. Something in his face attracted the notice of the cabin-boy, a quick-witted lad, who had a strong liking for Bond.

"I'd like to know what ails you, Jerry," he said after a pause. "You're not the man you were, are you? Hope we're not going to have you on the sick-list."

"I've got a sick heart," grunted Jerry. "And it takes the life out o' me; that's all."

Young Bob Morrison pondered over the words, while he went about the usual duties of the day. He was a quiet boy, not given to interfering with other folk's affairs; but he felt sure it would go ill with Jerry if he did not get relief. For Jerry, although an able-bodied man, was growing old, and his life had not been a particularly easy one. Bob could not help fancying that the old fellow was on the look-out for disasters; but nothing happened during the voyage. Even in the Bay of Biscay they escaped the gale which vessels usually count on in that quarter of the seas. There was no reason to fear that the *Lucinda* would not come to port safe and sound; and yet Jerry was uneasy all the time.

When they were moored at Cadiz, Jerry Bond was plainly a sick man; and Bob had leave to wait upon him. The schooner would not remain there more than a week, and all hands were busy, shipping the cargo of dried fruits. So Bob had Jerry all to himself, and got him at last to ease his mind of its burden.

"I've caught a nasty chill," Jerry admitted with a groan. "But it's the sickly feeling inside that I can't stand. Bob, my boy, we don't know how low we may fall. I'd been an honest man all my life, till I clapped eyes on that little black cat a-caperin' among the wallflowers."

Bob was afraid that he was wandering. But he spoke more collectedly as he went on.

"My lad, I've had no comfortable sleep since we sailed from Northsea Wharf. Every minute I expected the *Lucinda* would go down with all hands. It's terrible unlucky to steal a cat and take it aboard ship."

"What can you mean, Jerry! You didn't steal Sooty, did you?" cried Bob aghast.

"Yes, I did. 'Twas on Sunday afternoon that I saw Sooty in the garden in front of a little house. He was a-caperin', as I told you, and when I called him he came as friendly as you please. Then I knocked at the door, and looked through the windows, but no one was at home. Lilac Cottage the place was called, and there was laylock bloomin' all round. Sooty had some red ribbon tied round his neck, but I took it off, and flung it away."

"'You didn't steal Sooty, did you?'"—*Page* 39.

"Why, Jerry!" cried Bob again, "there's a Mr. Delisle who lives at that cottage with his mother and sister! He isn't at all a bad sort. He's a clerk at Bunson and Jenning's, and my little brother's office-boy there. One day he sent Tom to his home with a message, and the ladies gave him tea and cake. Tom says they were jolly rich once, but they've come down in the world most distressin'. Whatever made you do such an 'orrid thing, Jerry?"

"'Twas a temptation," replied Jerry mournfully. "I'd made a vow to get a little black cat for the skipper; and nothin' but tabbies and carrotys turned up. It did seem as if Sooty come friskin' at me on purpose to be stole."

"It didn't ought to have seemed so," said Bob in a puzzled tone. "But there's only one thing to be done, Jerry. The cat must go back to Lilac Cottage as soon as we get safe to Northsea Wharf."

"Then the skipper 'll have to know." Jerry groaned.

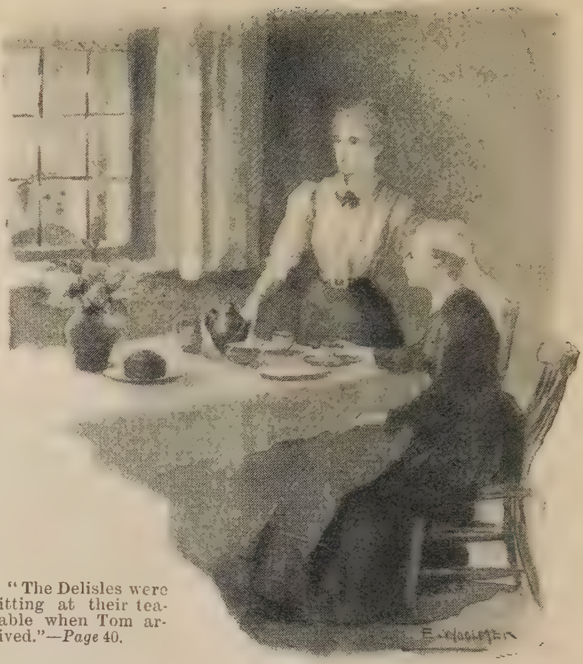
"Of course the skipper 'll have to know. Look here, Jerry, you make haste and get well, old man; and I'll tell him all about it. I'll ask if I may make so bold as to speak to him, and he isn't a man to choke off a poor boy."

Bob's confidence in the skipper of the *Lucinda* was not misplaced. Frank had taken note of the lad's quiet ways, and liked him. He was quite ready to listen patiently to the little story which Bob had to tell; and his knowledge of the minds of seafaring men helped him to understand the feelings of old Jerry. He knew that a battered salt, like Bond, is often a queer mixture of good and bad qualities, with a strong flavour of superstition pervading all.

"I shan't say a word about it to him, Bob, just now," said he. "As soon as we land at Northsea you must send your brother to the cottage to ask if a cat is missing."

He did not add that, strong man as he was, it would cost him a sharp pang to part with his furry plaything. He caressed the kitten in secret more than ever, and the faithless Grig responded as readily as if he had never known poor Mrs. Delisle's daily fondling. Old Jerry did not get well very fast. The feverish cold clung to him, and left him low and weak for many days. But when the good ship sailed out of Cadiz bay he revived a little, and told Bob he was right glad to be homeward bound.

Bob was glad too; he had a widowed mother in Northsea whose heart was always anxious about the boy at sea. It was on an afternoon in early June that they saw the sunshine sleeping upon the old chalk hills; and Jerry, now looking up a bit, chuckled admiringly over the skipper's seamanship. Gallantly handled, the *Lucinda* came safe to her moorings at the wharf; and there the first sight that met Bob's eyes was his brother Tom, whose round face was one big smile.



"The Delisles were sitting at their tea-table when Tom arrived."—*Page* 40.

The two boys greeted each other in the usual stolid British way. Bob's first question was about his mother, and when that was satisfactorily answered, he burst out with another inquiry at once.

"I say, Tom, do you know if that chap Delisle has lost a black kitten?"

"Lost a black kitten!" echoed Tom. "I should rather think he had. It was his mother's cat, and he's been advertisin' and worryin' like anything!"

"Then you just run off to Lilac Cottage, and say that the skipper's got it safe and sound," cried Bob, in high delight.

"How's that?" Tom asked doubtfully. "He couldn't have picked it up at sea."

"No; he picked it up before we sailed, stoopid. You do as you're told."

The doors and windows were open at Lilac Cottage, and the little house was sweet with roses and mignonette. The Delisles were sitting at their tea-table when Tom arrived, breathless, bringing the welcome message from his brother. Dorothy interviewed him in the porch before she returned to the parlour.

"Mother," said she, "here is little Tom Morrison. He says that Grig was picked up, and taken to Cadiz in the *Lucinda*. The skipper is going to bring him back to us."

"Oh, it can't be Grig!" cried Mrs. Delisle.

"Yes it is. A seaman found him just before they sailed. He had a red ribbon tied round his neck; so there can be no mistake," said Dorothy brightly.

Tom was rewarded with sixpence and a big slice of cake. And it gladdened Dorothy's heart to see the smile on her mother's face.

"You must have thought me very silly, dear," the widow said. "But I was always haunted by the notion that little Grig might be used cruelly. And—he had been quite a comforter in my solitude."

"Darling mother, it is such a pity that we have to leave you alone," Dorothy answered with a kiss. "But I think we have seen our worst days. I wonder what Ted will say when he finds that God does remember kittens as well as sparrows!"

"Dorothy, it has grieved me deeply to know that Ted was tempted to doubt Him," said Mrs. Delisle. "But life is made up of little things, isn't it? And a pebble may strike a giant if Heaven directs the sling."

(*To be continued*).

Nuts with Kernels.

THE Mysterious Card.—A touching little story is told of a student who at an examination was observed to take a piece of card from his pocket. Whenever a stiff bit of work was reached, out came this mysterious card, and after gazing at it earnestly for some moments, he would replace it, and go on writing with redoubled energy. The examiner thought he had caught him copying, and demanded to see the card, The young man blushed, but handed it to the examiner. It was the photograph of his sweetheart. He had been gaining inspiration from her dear sweet face.

In this way true and faithful love inspires young men and women to be and to do their best.

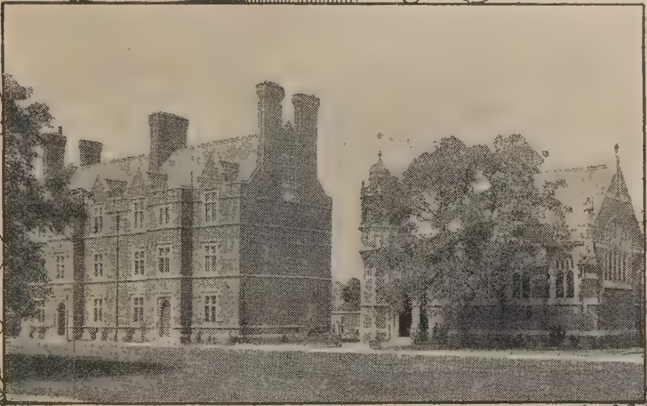
The Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D.,

PRINCIPAL OF RIDLEY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

The Revd HANDLEY C G MOULE D.D.

HANDLEY CARR GLYN MOULE, is one of the goodly number of sons of the late Rev. Henry Moule, of Fordington, Dorset. The father was eminent as a Bible student, and was deeply interested in scientific pursuits, especially in their bearing on practical life and on sanitary reform.

Handley Moule, who is now in middle life, took a high degree at Cambridge and obtained a fellowship at Trinity. He soon proved his practical powers by winning the university prize for poetry. He spent some time in pastoral work, and was also for several years dean of his college. This double experience, combined as it was with other gifts and with convictions of truth, qualified him in the highest degree for the great work with which his name will always be associated. When it was resolved to open a Theological Hall at Cambridge, it was natural that the Council should look to him as the first Principal. After some time for serious reflection he accepted the post, and has ever since proved himself worthy of the office. His work has been in all respects a success. He is a poet, a theologian, a teacher, a man of wide sympathies, a musician, a lover of good men, no striker, but an unflinching advocate of Evangelical doctrine. Ridley Hall was named after the Scholar and Bishop who laid down his life for the cause of Truth on October 16th, 1555, and who claimed Cambridge as his *alma mater*. The Principal of Ridley has not been called to do this, but he has devoted his great powers to the same holy cause. How he finds time to write so many and such instructive books amidst the engrossing duties of his position is a marvel, and why he has not been made a bishop is another marvel. He usually occupies the pulpit of Trinity Church on the Sunday evenings during Term, and is frequently heard in the university pulpit. His interest in the mission field, where many bearing his name are to be found, is specially shown in the fact that a considerable proportion of his students have become missionaries. It should be added that Dr. Moule owes much to Keswick, and has repaid it with interest.



RIDLEY HALL CHAPEL

Dr. Moule has exerted a wonderful influence on those who have come under his direct training at Ridley Hall, and Ridley men scattered over the country, engaged in pastoral work, or in the Foreign Mission-field, look back with feelings of affection and regard for their old Principal. If ever Dr. Moule should be called to leave Ridley for any other sphere, may a like-minded successor be found to carry on this most important work.

Dr MOULE preaching The Annual Sermon of the C.M.S. St. Brides ~ Fleet Street.

Amongst his writings should specially be mentioned his "Outlines of Christian Doctrine," a work very helpful to the student. His smaller devotional works are known everywhere. Dr. Moule is, as already mentioned, a warm-hearted supporter of the Church Missionary Society, and our illustration, specially drawn for *Home Words*, gives a life-like portrait when preaching the Annual Sermon of that Society, at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, on May 2nd, 1898.

R. B. G.

The Story of my First Voyage

By W. Clark Russell

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WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL MORGAN.

II.

I KNEW my bed-place by this token: to the bundle of bedding was attached a label bearing my name, "William Clark Russell, Midshipman, Ship *Duncan Dunbar*, E. I. D." But where was my chest—the chest that contained my clothes?

There were no chests in the berth, no place for such things—scarcely room, indeed, for a man's leg between the rows of bunks and the edge of the table. As I was going out, a very tall slim midshipman came in. His badge was dim, his buttons greenish. I, on the contrary, was most unhappily resplendent,—a brand-new sailor,—and this old stager knew me at sight.

"What are you cruising about down here after?" said he.

"They gave me a black eye up-stairs," said I.

"Up-stairs! Up-stairs!" he shouted. "There's no up-stairs at sea, stupid. Didn't you know that afore you shipped?"

"Didn't I know what?" said I innocently; for I did not understand him.

"Come here," said he. I approached him. He drew me close, and plucked three hairs from my head. The pain was not very sharp, but this did not render the action the less brutally mean and unnecessary.

"If you don't pay attention," said he, "to what's said to you, you'll be bald before we're out of soundings. What are you mousing about down here for?"

"I am looking for my sea-chest, sir," I answered, beginning to think this tall midshipman a great and important person aboard the ship.

Grasping me by the collar of my jacket and my trousers, he raised me high and strode with me, thus pillared, into the 'tween-decks.

"What's your name?" said he.

"Russell," said I.

"What a horrible name!" he exclaimed. "My name is Goole. How much better Goole sounds than Russell." He continued to hold me aloft. "What are your initials?" he asked.

"W. C. R."

"There you W. C. R., then!" said he; and he dumped me down, as though I had been a sailor's bundle, upon one of ten or a dozen sea-chests, moored in all sorts of places in the steerage.

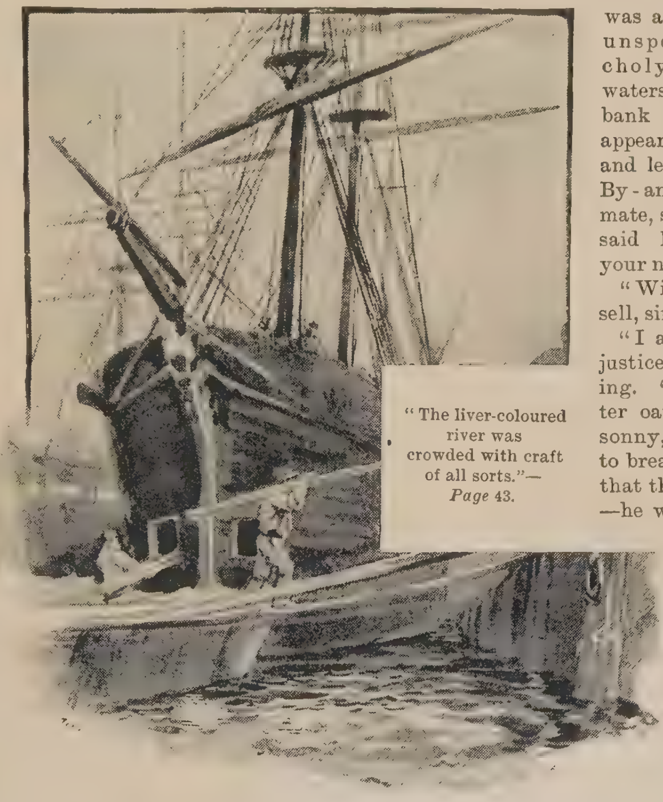
A midshipman's chest! It was called in my time "a hurrah's nest," because everything was always on top, and nothing at hand. When I lift the lid of that chest in memory, I am visited by a faint, close smell of marine soap. I still possess the Bible I took with me, and the volume, like my memory, is haunted with that dim smell of marine soap in bars, by the impulse and influence of which I am able to see the ship, the gloomy 'tween-decks, the midshipmen's berth, the patched figures of the emigrants, as vividly as though I was aboard that vanished craft again.

I lift the lid of my sea-chest, and what do I find? Some dozens of coloured shirts, all so ungovernably stiff that I feel as unhappy as a turtle till they have been soaked; a great quantity of drill trousers, hard as the shirts, which, had they been distended as the windsail is by the breeze, would have stood on end without a wearer.

"He dumped me down."—*Page* 42.

In that chest were brass-bound jackets and waistcoats, and black silk handkerchiefs for the making of streaming sailors' knots for the neck. In short, I was more ornamentally than usefully equipped; and before we were abreast of the Cape of Good Hope I should have been glad to exchange my finery for warm, homely pilot cloth, and the plain underwear of the forecastle.

Mr. Goole, who looked as long to my youthful gaze as the mizzenroyal-yard, is the marine ogre of my first voyage; and in those distant memories he goes on pulling my hair, tweaking my nose, twisting my ears, punching my head, and in many other ways making himself a terror to me. Having dumped me down on my sea-chest, he drove me up to the quarter-deck, and thence on to the poop. What now followed I cannot clearly remember. I recollect being greatly scorned by the younger midshipmen, and pitied and protected by the third mate. But whether I pulled at a rope or did anything except get in the way of useful people whilst we were towing down to Gravesend I do not know.



" The liver-coloured river was crowded with craft of all sorts."—*Page* 43.

It was a scene of enchantment, but not like something out of a fairy book, nor was it on the sweet side of magic. The liver-coloured river was crowded with craft of all sorts, stirring up chocolate-coloured froth as they drove aslant through the Reaches. Our yards towered to the dingy heavens of the Isle of Dogs; they were massive as a frigate's with the furled gear, and the ship looked like a frigate with her wide spread of shroud, large tops, and short royalmast-heads.

We anchored at Gravesend for the night; and all through that night I lay in my clothes in my bed, and slept as deeply as if I had been drugged. I was awakened by a terrifying commotion.

"Tumble up—out you come! All hands unmoor ship!" The third mate stood in the door roaring out these unintelligible syllables. Then, observing that I did not make haste to jump up, the long-legged ogre, Goole, dragged me out of my bed and ran me, capless and bootless, to the deck.

It was raining hard—a dark, sulky, sallow Thames morning. The crew were setting the topsails, and bellowing like terrified men at the halyards. The captain, looking over the break of the poop, seeing me bareheaded and gaping up at the sails, told me to run below and put on my boots, cap, and oilskins. I discovered my oilskins—after searching all about the steerage—under my mattress, but the leggings stuck to each other like cold wax, and I flung them down.

I put on the waterproof coat, and returned on deck smelling like an oil-can. But I do not think I did more, or was asked to do more, than stare about me. The ship was again in tow of the tug. She carried single topsails, and those three lofty breasts rose white as snow to the crosstrees.

The rain sometimes drove with us, and sometimes it sheered aslant. It was a weeping picture; unspeakably melancholy did the gray waters of the Thames bank sides and flats appear in that drenched and leaden atmosphere. By-and-by the third mate, stepping up to me, said kindly, "What's your name?"

"William Clark Russell, sir."

"I am not a court of justice," said he, laughing. "I don't administer oaths. Russell, my sonny, come along down to breakfast"; and with that the kindly creature —he was a shaggy Orkney Islander, a grand, active young seaman of twenty—gripping me with the hand of a bear, conveyed me below into the midshipmen's berth.

He took the head of the table. The "young gentlemen" sat upon the edges of their bunks on either side. An empty pickle-case, top-ended, served me for a seat.

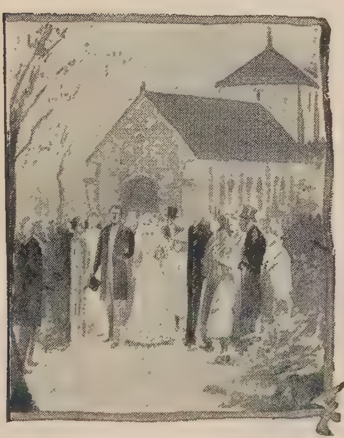
A boy put a great dish of huge brown steaks upon the table, and then brought pots of coffee, and loaves of bread, and salt butter. I began to feel that I was seeing life and going to be a man.

But all at once, the river having by this time opened into wide water, with the weight of the swell of the still distant North Sea beating like a delicate pulse in it, the ship slightly pitched. I dropped my knife and fork, and turned pale.

She pitched again, and this time I pitched with her. Happily there were three other "first voyagers," all of whom were quickly "taken worse."

MATRIMONIAL MEMORIES.

BY THE REV. G. ARTHUR SOWTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, BIRMINGHAM.



CHAPTER II.

SIGNING THE REGISTER.

TURNING to another matrimonial memory there seem to be far fewer illiterate weddings now than there used to be. The Elementary Education Act is doing its work, and under the benign influence of School Boards the rising generation are at least able to sign their names in the Marriage Register. True, the writing is not always as legible as it might be, and might be read from left to right, or, like the Hebrew, from right to left, with equal facility. But at any rate it is a genuine signature, and if it is occasionally undecipherable, it only shares that characteristic with the signatures of some of our greatest men. Genius and cacography seem to possess a natural affinity. If this rule had no exceptions, I should have married some of the greatest geniuses of the age. But however they write their names, the fact remains that the Corydons and Phyllises of to-day *do* write them, and "John Smith X his mark," is an inscription which is fast disappearing from our marriage registers.

A little natural tendency on the part of the bride to sign her *new* name instead of the old one is now and then discernible; but I have only known one bride who seriously disputed my ruling that she must still write her maiden name. "Was not the marriage over? Was she not Mrs. Blank now?" Yes, undoubtedly she was; but the register, as I reminded her, was a permanent record of the contract she had entered into in her maiden state, and therefore the maiden name was necessary. She did not, or would not, see the point, and seemed inclined to argue further. Now to argue with a lady is to court defeat. She has a way of reasoning which no one who is cramped by the restrictions of a syllogism or terrified by the perils of a fallacy can ever hope to understand. But to argue with a lady when that lady is a bride, would be the sheerest madness. So I gently conceded her contention, suggested that we could not help obeying the law,—although the law might be very foolish,—and finally won her over altogether, by reminding her that she would be free to write her new name all day long for ever afterwards if she only complied with the vexatiousness of the present restriction on her liberty. What would have happened if she had refused is a mystery, but like a Cabinet Minister, I am happily not obliged to answer hypothetical questions.

Perhaps the most curious mistake in signing the register which I have noticed is one in which not the bride, but the bride's mother was the culprit. The good lady had been telling us in the vestry that during all the thirty-odd years of her married life she had never once slipped into the mistake of signing her maiden name. One of the company ventured slyly to suggest that she had practised writing the new one so long beforehand that habit had grown into second nature with her; but she refused to own the soft impeachment. The particulars of the marriage were duly written down, and then signed by those present, and I sat down to complete the record by attaching my own signature. Judge of my surprise, not unmingled with a little amusement, to find that after her boasting, and after her thirty-odd years of conjugal existence, the estimable old lady had actually *signed her maiden name!* And she would scarcely be convinced that she had done so, even when we pointed her to the plain proof in black and white. It was a remarkable instance of the resurgent power of a long dead and buried habit.

Have any of my clerical brethren had to marry a bride who had lost "the fourth finger of her left hand?" I was never in quite so bad a predicament as that myself, but I once had to marry a one-armed bridegroom. It was a wholesale wedding—a kind of "sort yourselves afterwards" affair. We had seven or eight couples standing before the rails. Their hands and arms were partly hidden from sight in consequence. I had reached the fifth or sixth couple, and put the usual questions, "John Thomas, wilt thou have this woman?" "Mary Jane, wilt thou have this man?" and had received satisfactory answers. Then came the part of the ceremony in which the right hands play a prominent part. Taking the lady's hand I offered it to her faithful swain, bidding him clasp it in his right hand. To my astonishment, the *left* hand was tendered in response to the request. "No," I said, "I want your *right* hand." Still the left hand was held out. "Are you left-handed?" I asked. "No," was the laconic reply. "Then give her your right hand." There was a rustling on his "off" side, and to my consternation there appeared from its obscurity not a normal limb, but the stump of an arm, topped in place of fingers with a formidable-looking grappling-hook of steel! Here was an embarrassing position. What was to be done? Was I to disobey the rubric, and allow him to take the bride's extended palm with an honest hand of flesh and blood, albeit it was the left; or was I to allow him to clasp it with the miserable metal make-shift of a right hand which he proffered for service? Putting myself mentally in the bride's position, I felt I would rather feel the warm pressure of irrubrical fingers than be unsympathetically and unfeelingly hitched with a grappling-iron, and so I allowed him to tender the natural limb. I trust they are validly married, and have had thoughts of taking counsel's opinion on the subject. Indisputably the bride would have been safely "hooked" had I adopted the other course.

The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

I. LIGHT IN DARK DAYS.

NO history can be more deeply interesting than that of the Church of England. We have traced the early records of "Sunrise in Britain," the early Mission work which connects our land with almost Apostolic times, and the onward progress of light and truth. We have seen that the early British Church was not, indeed, free from errors any more than the Churches of Galatia and Colosse and the Seven Churches of Asia Minor: but it was certainly free from the main corruptions which later on characterized the Roman communion. There was no such thing as Divine worship in an unknown tongue. There was no unscriptural "forbidding to marry" in the case of the clergy. There was no withholding of the cup from the laity. There was no such thing as a confessional box. There was no such doctrine as transubstantiation, Mariolatry, the invocation of saints, or indulgences. The grand main facts which are the foundation of our faith—the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the power and presence of the Holy Ghost, and the worship of the Trinity, were firmly held, and the Scriptures were received as the One Rule of Faith.

Still it must be admitted the clouds of error soon began to gather. The "Sunrise" was more or less eclipsed. In the third, fourth, and fifth centuries—before Augustine came—forms and ceremonies significant of false doctrine were excluding the inward

ALDHELM'S CHURCH AT BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

realities of religion; the idea of merit was being substituted for simple Gospel faith and "the fruit of the Spirit"; and after Augustine's time the progress downward was more and more rapid.

In one special particular, however, the Church of England and the nation continued more or less distinctly Protestant. The papal claim to supremacy over the civil as well as the ecclesiastical law was constantly and decisively rejected. The claim indeed, in its extreme form, as well as all other Roman errors in doctrine, was long in gaining acceptance even in Rome itself. It may sound strange, but it may truly be said, no Church has ever shown itself to be so fallible as Rome. Instead of being founded on a "rock," Romanism has from the first rested on a shifting sand-bank. There has been constant change and variation in its testimony, and always in the wrong direction. Error after error has been introduced into the system—even Transubstantiation was not canonically defined till 1215—until the departure from Scriptural simplicity in many most important points has become so great that, in the absence of any possible Scriptural defence, the Pope not many years since practically declared such defence to be needless by the monstrous assertion of his own *absolute infallibility*. Henceforth there was to be no argument, and no appeal even to The Written Word. "The Pope has spoken," must be held to be decisive. As Archbishop Manning wrote, possessing infallibility, "There is no question of more or less."

In pursuing our sketches of "The Story of England's Church" during the present year, we shall trace the further gradual advance of Roman error. We shall meet with sad evidences of the perversion of truth, although there was always partial doctrinal light, in those dark days: and we shall find there was an unceasing resistance for a long period to the ecclesiastical usurpation of the Pope "over crowns, and thrones, and subjects."

On the first point of error in doctrine we may note that the canons adopted in Dunstan's day provided that there should be "an altar for mass," and "special mass vestments," with "holy water" and anointing oil. Later on, in A.D. 994, the canons of Ælfric established seven orders in the English Church, as in the Church of Rome, and seven canonical hours. Mass vestments were to be worn, oil provided for extreme unction, and the crucifix (the rood) was to be adored and kissed on Good Friday. During the early years of the next century Roman influence greatly increased. Foreign bishops swarmed in. The Pope claimed to consecrate our bishops, and even denied the consecration of a Bishop of London. Peter's pence were demanded, and the Church became "involved in complete subjection and vassalage to the Roman see." (Canon Perry, and Professor Freeman)

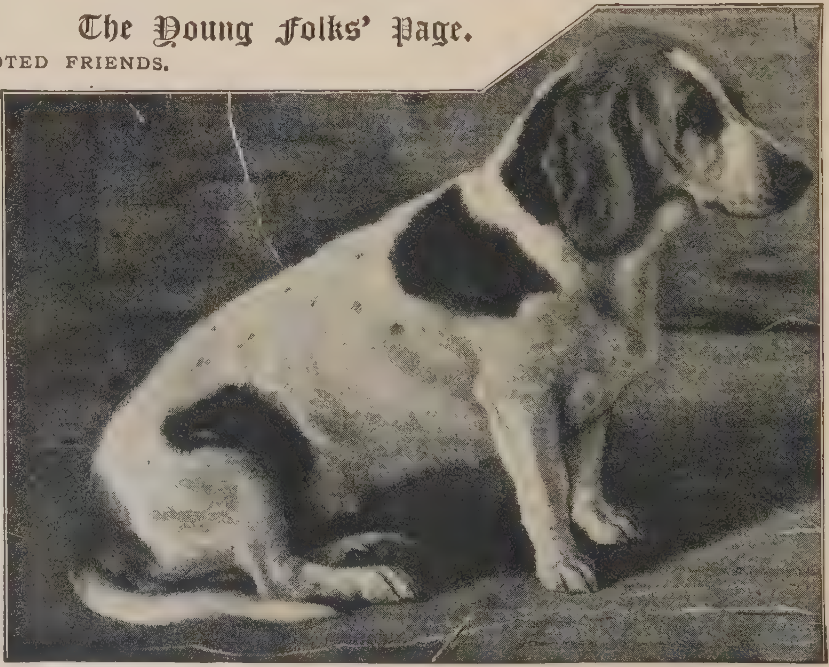
How the Norman Conquest and the masterful spirit of William I. affected and influenced the condition of our Church is a wide branch of our subject: and we must defer it till our next paper. But we may say that "it was as a Pope's man, and with the Pope's benediction, that he gained the English Crown." From the first he sought to depose the national bishops by securing more submissive ones from Rome. Many Normans and Italians were brought over, and the Pope's Legate called a synod of his own, at which he deposed and appointed bishops in the most despotic style. In less than five years from the Conquest only one Anglo-Saxon bishop was to be found in England!

The Young Folks' Page.

FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

MANY an artist has made his name by his "speaking" pictures of dogs; but before success is won the dog who sits for his picture has to be made a real friend. "How splendidly you have caught your dog's expression," said a lady to a well-known Academician. "How did you manage it?" "That is the way Jack looks at me when I come down in the morning," returned the artist. "He knows I love him."

Some of the greatest men have been noted for their affection for their four-footed friends. Dr. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, loved all animals, but dogs most of all. He had a pet collie, who rejoiced in the name of "Watch." It is on record that once when reading the last verse of the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel in Lambeth Chapel he slightly raised his voice, when the



From a Painting by] [V. T. GARLAND, ESQ.

⁂ *Our striking studies of dog-life are from the picture by Valentine T. Garland, Esq., reproduced by special permission of the artist.*

faithful dog, who was lying outside on the mat, slowly rose up, and, with sedate step, walked up the chapel aisle and lay down composedly at his master's feet.

Like the present Bishop of Ripon, the Archbishop was also very fond of his feathered friends. The swans at Addington were his special delight. Once during a long railway journey, when the snow lay deep on the ground, the Archbishop was seen busy breaking up the fragments of his dinner to feed the hungry birds. Assuredly it was true of him:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast."

R. S.

"MORE THAN CONQUERORS."

WE are soldiers doing battle,
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Each one with his own temptations
Striving in the Spirit's power.

Still that Spirit stronger groweth
In the hearts He holdeth fast:
He will help us, teach us, crown us,
More than conquerors at the last.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

A STEEL BIRD'S NEST.

IN the natural history museum at Soleure, in Switzerland, may be seen a bird's nest made wholly of steel wire. There is at Soleure a considerable number of watchmakers, and in their yards are pieces of cast-off or broken watch-springs. This *debris* a bird thought proper to use for the construction of its nest. One day a watchmaker observed in a tree in his yard a very queer-looking nest. He examined it closely, and saw that it had been made entirely out of watch-springs. It was more than a decimeter (2·5 in.) wide, and was perfectly adapted to its object. When the brood had been raised the nest was taken down and given to the museum, where it is a striking example of the adaptiveness of birds in taking advantage of circumstances in building their nests.

A THOUGHT FOR LENT.

BE kind to one another;
Not to the good alone:
E'en to the cold and selfish heart
Let deeds of love be shown.

So shall ye be His children,
Who rains His gifts on all,
And e'en upon the thankless ones
Bids His bright sunbeams fall.

A. L. WESTCOMBE.

MADE FRIENDS WITH THE HORSES.

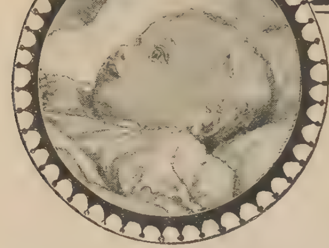
SOME months ago a farmer was ploughing, when suddenly before the end of the furrow, his horses stopped; he spoke to them to go on. But neither by word nor rein could they be induced to move ahead. The farmer went forward to find out what was wrong, when he was greatly astonished to see his little three-year-old daughter sitting on the edge of the furrow directly in front of the horses. She had "made friends" with them, and the faithful creatures remembered it.

THE LITTLE STAR.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright;
My silvery gleam doesn't travel far
Through the darkening mists of night.
But yet I'm part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can."

A LITTLE KINDNESS.

A PRACTICAL lesson for young people—and other people too—may be gathered from the following:—"An engineer on board one of the steamships plying between England and America paid great attention to an American passenger who was an invalid. The circumstance was quite forgotten by the engineer, but to his astonishment he received advice some time after that the invalid gentleman had left him £15,000.



King Baby

HIS CARE & CULTURE

By LINA ORMAN COOPER.

Author of We Wives.

II.

THE Royal Robe.—Our wee monarch is now ready for his first royal robe, which ought not to be a Robe—spelt with a capital letter—at all, but a simple monthly gown. Four out of the eight recommended are for night wear. These will take eight yards of fine cambric. They are thirty-two inches from neck to hem, and two breadth wide. Fold each length down the centre, and cut according to illustration below.

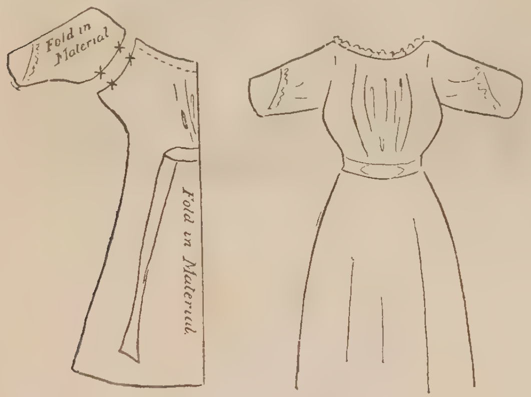


Diagram of how to cut Nightgown.

The pieces left in shaping ought to cut sleeves 10½ inches long.

Cuffs are included in this measurement, and are simply the ends hemmed and turned back with Cash's narrowest lace-edged frilling. The bosom of these monthly gowns may be simply gathered into the neckband and at the waist, or a breastplate of tiny tucks may be run, and daintily feather-stitched with crotchet cotton. This is a safeguard against dribbles and drips of food. A sash is attached with long ends, and should be tied with a bow in front.

The King's day-gowns are made of nainsook oı striped cambric, of muslin or tucked cambric. This latter can be bought by the yard ready to make up as above. Groups of three tiny tucks, divided with Valenciennes lace, look well. If this material is used, the bodice must be made of plain cambric, as it only measures 36 inches. Cut it by pattern given, and trim with hand-made lace or Valenciennes to match the skirt. Place the lace plastron fashion, and you have a charming frame for the wee face and an epaulet effect on the shoulders.

None of these frocks aspire to the dignity of a robe, but they are very dainty when well made. The robe proper I should advise being bought ready-made. They range in price from 5*s*· to £5 5*s*.

Our Baby King is nearly ready now. He only lacks the shoes of royalty and his crown. Both of these should be of web-like knitting, *not* crotchet, which shrinks and thickens in the wash. A shawl knit by granny's soft fingers is charming, so are flannel mitred squares. Baby must always wear something of the sort, for, like Uncle Joe, he will have no wool where the hair ought to grow.

Never attempt to make outdoor garments for King Baby. They are so inexpensive to buy, and need trained hands to turn them out properly. So do dribblers. In my next article I will treat of other accessories of Baby's toilette.

The Housewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

GOOD-NIGHT.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father—my mother loved me!" Nothing can take away that blessed heart-balm. Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

Keep Yourselves Warm.—No one knows, unless he has tried it, what a capital railway rug a big newspaper will make; and few people are aware what an excellent substitute for paucity of blankets can be contrived from a few of our daily penny papers. It is not generally known that a brown paper lining will make an ordinary coat as warm as a great coat, and that an under-waistcoat of the same material is equal in service and value to a flannel shirt. Cotton wadding can also be got in sheets for a few pence, and if quilted in between the lining and the cloth of our garments, we have something as good as the costliest furs to keep Jack Frost away.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS,	ANSWERS (See DECEMBER No., 1898, p. 283).
1. WHAT woman, whose name we do not know, are we told never to forget?	1. Acts vii. 56.
2. Who wrote twice to a person of high position to assure him of the truth of the Gospel?	2. Gen. xvi. 7.
3. "I fast twice in a week." How often was an Israelite commanded to fast?	3. Dan. i. 9.
4. Who said: "Fear not . . . the Lord will do great things?"	4. Barzillai. 2 Sam. xix. 35.
5. Who said: "I go the way of all the earth."	5. Jud. vi. 21.
6. Which is the only parable peculiar to St. Mark.	6. Jer. xlv. 5.
	7. Job xlii. 14.

"LORD shall we come?
Not thus alone,
At holy time or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light;
Come to the Throne of Grace, that we
In Faith, Hope, Love, confirmed may be."—Bishop Hinds.

CONFIRMATION.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

GOD'S GOLD.

By Edward Garrett.

CHAPTER IV.

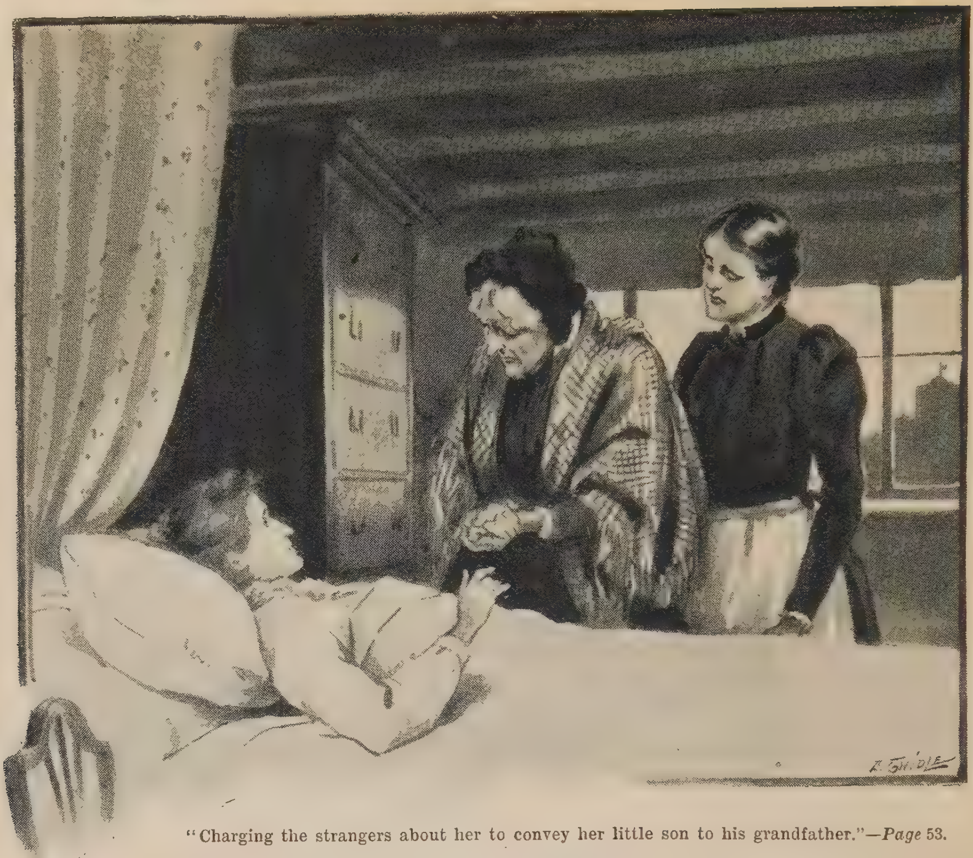
THE SECRETS OF THE HEART.

WHEN strangers had suddenly appeared on her path, Lizzie had often had this fancy about the unexpected return of Ted's father, but such notions had always been speedily dispelled — even as they were now. Old Mr. Maxwell hastened to explain. "He had seen this gentleman looking at the 'glories,' an' he couldn't help tellin' him he should ha' seen them at their best. An' then," he continued, "we fell a-talkin', an' at last I said it were a good step down to the hotel, and he'd better come in and take a rest. And since we've been sittin' together we've made out that the gentleman's father must ha' known me, at least, by eye-mark, as I had often been in that chandler's shop near Limehouse church, which he said had been in his family for four generations.

"So you've seen young Sands on his way," the old man went on, turning to his granddaughter. "I've been telling Mr. Latter (that's this gentleman's name) that it's a sore day for us; an' we've got to talking over the deep things o' this life an' o' God's ways with us. He's some'at for thinking trials are judgments—although he's seen a many himself—but I says no; God makes His blessed sun to shine and His blessed rain to fall on the just and on the unjust to win us all back to Himself; and didn't our Lord say, speaking o' them that were crushed under the falling tower o' Siloam, that when anything bad happens to folks we're not to think they've been sinners above all others."

"Not that I was speaking of this young man's going away as any such trial," observed Mr. Latter smoothly to Lizzie: "for a young man to seek to make his way is greatly to his credit. He couldn't do better. But, Mr. Maxwell," he continued, resuming their conversation, "according to you, where does judgment come in at all, and how can we be sure it's true that 'It's better being good than bad'?"

"Don't say that, sir," said the old man. "Why, take the very sunshine and rain! They fall alike on good carefully-tended ground, and on bad soil overrun with weeds. They're always ready to bless; the difference is in the way the earth is ready to take 'em. It's a man's own heart that makes a happening into a judgment. The same thing might have happened to his next neighbour, and he'd have seen it as a blessin' and thanked God for it. Among those folks that were killed at Siloam, perhaps there was one of them that had robbed the widow and the orphan and taken bribes against the innocent: and when he felt the stones a-fallin', all his sins would rise up against him, and he would feel in his bad heart, 'this is a judgment.' But maybe, beside him, there was some good old body like Simeon of the Temple, who had already said 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace': and when he saw the walls a-rockin' he would feel his prayer was answered, and he'd just say 'Into Thy Hand I commend my spirit'; and maybe, at the back, there might be crouched a poor leper, who had been saying, 'Lord, how long?' for years and years, a-waitin' for death instead o' death-in-life.



"Charging the strangers about her to convey her little son to his grandfather."—*Page* 53.

Where would be the judgment to him? Whatever the Lord permits is good—the difference is in the hands that take; that's the way of it," decided the old pilot.

"I know," he resumed presently, "that there's some who think that whatever happens to others is a judgment, but that what happens to themselves is the chastening the Lord gives to those He loves. They're wrong altogether, for the Lord loves 'like as a father' every living soul— only some don't love Him back. Where we know our guilt lies, here we do seem to get messages that others would not understand. I reckon we all do. And I'll not say now those messages mayn't be sent."

"Living so long in one place, you must get to know many interesting stories," observed Mr. Latter. "Although I suppose interesting stories are generally not finished where they begin. Interesting stories so often mean sin and shame on the part of somebody, and they generally set people a-wandering."

"Aye, they do," answered Mr. Maxwell sadly, his thoughts turning to his missing grandson. "I do think there'd be less evil in the world if folks would look ahead and remember that all the punishment don't fall on them only, but on some they'd wish other things for. The innocent children, how they feel the sins o' the fathers! But there, folk will not look ahead where they should—though they'll look ahead to worry and to goad themselves into wickedness. I've often thought it strange how sailors, now, trained to the look-out at sea, can't look ahead when they're on land, but go steering about the very streets and public-houses where the rocks lie thickest."

"If a man does a wicked thing, do you think he'll have to suffer for all the evil it may bring about?" asked Mr. Latter reflectively.

"Not exactly that," said old Maxwell stoutly, "any more than he will be blessed for any good that may somehow come through his ill-doing. It's just what he *is* and what he *did* that he's got to answer for. But I reckon the evil that may come out of it is a terrible punishment in itself, sir. I've known a man who in a drunken fit killed his favourite child. He didn't know what he'd done—couldn't remember a bit about it. He wasn't hanged, sir, 'cause there'd been no malice in his deed. But he had been drunk! And sure, he had a terrible punishment for his drunkenness. We were all sorry for him. An' he never looked up again."

"Do you think a man is always bound to confess evil that he has done?" asked Mr. Latter.

"Well, sir, he ought to make restitution as far as he can—for most sin means wronging somebody. And there's no full restitution without repentance, and it's a poor repentance without owning up. There's the Prodigal Son, you know. When he went home he put it plain, 'Father, I have sinned.' A many prodigals go home, leaving out that bit."

"But sometimes restitution isn't possible," said Mr. Latter.

"That's hard, sir. I know it's so. It is often so with words. We speak harsh to them we love. Perhaps some of our harsh words are pretty true, but they drive away those we'd wish to draw near. And maybe, when they come to need us and to believe we meant well, and even to own up that we were nearly right, yet they'll shrink from turning to us for help and comfort, and maybe they'll die without our getting any chance to tell 'em we loved 'em all the while."

Lizzie knew that her grandfather was speaking out of the one bitter pain of his own life. He had disliked Aunt Kate's marriage, and had done his best to prevent it; and when her husband had fallen into disgrace, and was sent, a convict, over seas, she had, in her fear of her father's anger, hidden from him, and had died in lonely sorrow, charging the strangers about her to convey her little son Ted to his old grandfather, and to say that "Kate" hoped the child would make up for the sorrow she had caused. To Lizzie—and to any one else who heard the story—it always seemed sufficient proof that the poor girl had known her father's heart all the while, and had been but too keenly conscious of the wound her wilfulness had given it. But Mr. Maxwell could never fully rest in that consolation. To him it seemed that he had made his "Kate" afraid of him; that possibly his strictures—which had been almost threats—had driven her the more precipitately into her sad lot. He was ready to blame himself for everything. Had he been more tolerant, he said, the marriage might not have come off, or if so, then he might have kept a hold on the unsatisfactory son-in-law, might even have helped him into a nobler manhood. His grandson Ted's disappearance had stirred all the old man's regrets into active anguish.

It was since then only that Lizzie had been admitted to his full confidence in this matter. He owned he was not responsible for all that had happened, but that he was responsible for the hot and hasty words by which he felt he had led his daughter to leave him. This gave him enough to grieve over. From time to time he would speak of it to Lizzie: and often in silence, she knew his thoughts about it were troubling him. It was a deep sorrow, which, humbly taken to heart, wrought neither sourness nor gloom. Its fruit was the dying away of what had been the good man's infirmity—the too hot and hasty expression of even sound and wholesome feelings. Lizzie knew what he meant when he often said, "Since any of us can see how hard our own faults struggle on, we need be patient with those that have faults which put them to public shame. It's a great thing when we ever get so far as to be somewhat shamed o' what we once were rather proud about."

While Mr. Maxwell had been speaking, Mr. Latter seemed scarcely to hear his words. He looked as one whose mind is suddenly absorbed in some habitual problem. At length he said,—

"You don't think, then, that a man is bound to confess a sin, unless his confession will do some good?"

"That's between God and his own soul," answered Mr. Maxwell: "but there may come a time when, though all others who might have been served are out of reach, open confession of wrong done is good for a man's self. I don't believe it's good for a man to pass among his neighbours as something different from what he really is; there's a sort of lie in it."

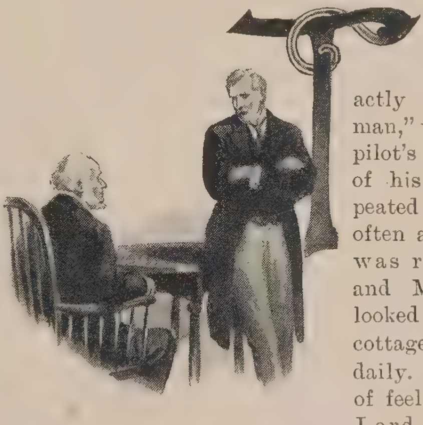
"Well, I'm sure we've had much to think about," said Mr. Latter, rising, "and I hope you'll let me look in on you again."

"Are you staying long in Crover?" asked old Maxwell.

"I can stay as long as I like," returned the other. "The London shop business can get along without me—and, as I told you, I'm a lonely man nowadays."

CHAPTER V.

NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.



THAT Mr. Latter isn't exactly a happy man," was the old pilot's summary of his guest, repeated almost as often as his visit was renewed—and Mr. Latter looked in at the cottage well nigh daily. "He kind of feels as if the Lord had a grudge against him. He tells me he lost his wife and both his boys when they were just grown up. Of course, that comes hard. But they all died in their own home, with everything done for 'em that could be, and no harsh words between 'em so far as I can make out."

"The closing words were hastily scribbled."—*Page* 54.

There the old man always paused: and Lizzie knew that he was thinking not only of his poor daughter Kate, but of his son, Lizzie's father, washed overboard in a gale off the Dogger Bank, and of his own wife, whose life the doctors said might have been prolonged had she been able to get advice and surgical help from a certain great specialist. Then he would go on,—

"But, you see, Mr. Latter's a rich man, and maybe it's not so easy for such to remember that those whom the Lord calls home are surely taken from much evil to come. When you've got a good deal to leave behind, it may be kind o' bitter to know there's nobody you particular care to leave it to."

"I always feel that Mr. Latter is thinking of something he doesn't speak right out," observed Lizzie: "and when I think that of anybody, I've often been right, and something has come out at last. I knew it was so with Arthur weeks before he owned he was wanting to get away."

Lizzie had had a brief note from her lover, written after he went on board the Australian steamer, and posted in Southampton. He was quite well, he said, and had made some good purchases. It was wonderful how money went. It was quite clear one could never get on in this world without plenty of it. The Chances had all come down to see the last of Bertie. They arrived at Southampton on Tuesday morning: and as the steamer did not start till evening, they hired a wagonette and took the three emigrants for a grand drive "all the way to Winchester." That seemed a fine old town, wrote Arthur, and he thought how nice it would have been if Lizzie and he could have had their last walk wandering over the Cathedral and among the quaint old houses. As it was, he and the Chances had only driven past the Cathedral to an hotel, where Mr. Chance had ordered a first-rate spread; and when the feast was over, it was time to drive back. Unhappily, Bertie had taken a little too much, and that upset his aunt and uncle. ("Why did they treat him with drink?" asked Lizzie as she read.) In the end, Mr. Chance had offered Arthur twenty pounds if he would change his steerage ticket for an intermediate, and so "be with Bertie." "Of course," wrote Arthur, "the twenty pounds doesn't pay up all the difference, but a very little more does; and considering the comfort and the better class of people one may get to know, I think what I have laid out in this way may be a good investment. Of course, Mr. Chance didn't offer another twenty pounds to poor old Crowder, so he stays in the steerage and seems huffed. Bertie Chance and I have got a berth to ourselves, and so I'll be able to keep him in order. I only wish you were here, dearest. But one lives and learns. Now I've seen what these big passenger steamers are, I see I was a donkey to think that I could take you with me in the steerage. And you see, Lizzie, I'm not spending more after all on my start-off than I should have done, if you hadn't had more sense than I had, and refused to come. Now good-bye," and the closing words were hastily scribbled, evidently under some great pressure, with two or three rude circles added at the last—symbols of "kisses," and intended to convey all the endearment which there was not time to express in words.

That was the last which Lizzie could hear of her lover for nearly three months. As the date of possible arrival drew near, Lizzie indulged herself with daily newspapers, and scanning these anxiously, she finally saw announced the safe arrival of the ship. That was something. That same evening Mrs. Chance at the hotel sent down a paper, with the telegram marked. It was an attention, the kindness of which Lizzie keenly appreciated: yet it made her somewhat uneasy, involving as it did grateful acknowledgment; while she felt—patient, quiet, thrifty little working bee as she was—that she had nothing in common with the flaunting fireflies of the Chance family, and that there could be little comfort or pleasure in any association between the two.

Lizzie herself took the news to the Crowders. It was quite new to them. "I've neither pence to pay for papers, nor time to go hunting through them," said sharp-faced Bell Crowder, "and mother can't see. It was kind of you to think of us, especially mother. I understand Ben—he's all for himself. But mother's heart's just set on him. She thinks—at least she says—that he's only gone away for her sake. 'For her sake,' I say, he should have stayed at home. She could get some comfort while he was here. Now, do what I may, everything is bare enough. If Ben makes his fine fortune, it'll come too late for mother. Better a little in time than a lot too late, I say."

"You'll feel for me, maybe, Lizzie Maxwell," Bell went on. "Your grandfather's got his own bit of money, and I reckon you understand it would be hard times for you if he hadn't. Aye, an' you've your own little house—you're quite well off. But we—we've nothing but what I earn, and six pounds a year to pay for this," and she looked scornfully round the dingy apartment. "Mother and me, we wrought hard to give Ben his schoolin' and his 'prenticeship. Now she's done. There's only me. An' I'm left to shift for us both. If Ben gets this gear that his heart's so set on, it'll all be for some wife he'll marry who wouldn't have looked at him while we were doing for him. Not that I'd ever seek aught from Ben. I know him too well. One's own earned crust is better than anybody's gifted cake, unless there's a deal o' love mixed in. That's my way of thinking. But there's mother. I'm real vexed about her. What Ben is spending tramping across creation would have kept her trig till the end. Then he could have done as he liked."

Bell paused. Then looking down at Lizzie, she added, "I don't suppose you like all this better than I do. But one may feel free to blame one's own brother; while when it's one's young man, one doesn't like to blame, 'cause if one did, folks would say, 'Then why don't you let him go?' an' that's not always so easy. The letting go is soon done, but a bit of one's own self goes too. I know that!"

Gentle little Lizzie looked up at the tall, grandly-built woman towering above her. She could see something beneath the strong features, the powerful muscles, and the ringing voice which all Crover knew. "Like a man," the neighbours called Bell Crowder. But at that moment Lizzie Maxwell could see the woman which Bell might have been. Some women—such as Lizzie herself—tread a straight and narrow path of duty which may make them but too meek and patient. Bell had not been made for quiet, pretty work such as Lizzie's lace-making; nor, if she had, could she have earned enough by it to supply the needs she had had to meet since her father died, leaving her a girl of fifteen, and Ben a child of five. She had had no leisure to indulge herself in the tender little duties with which Lizzie surrounded her grandfather. She had had to leave home early and return late, that her mother and little Ben might not lack bread. Perhaps Bell had lost the art of gentle ways, but at least she had lost it in hard service. She had had a lover "in her day." He had not been a Crover man. For her mother's sake and Ben's, she had "let him go," and her words to Lizzie were her first admission of the truth.

Bell read the comprehension and sympathy of Lizzie's glance, and received it characteristically. "Now, I'm an idiot to have said as much," she cried. "Don't you begin a pitying me, for I don't pity myself. I wouldn't be anything else but just what I am—leastways, unless other people were different from what they are. I don't want to be a bit more like 'em. There's another ten years of hard work in me, and I reckon that will last mother's time. That's all I ask. You're the right sort of little body, Lizzie Maxwell. Come up and tell us any news you get, for Ben is sparing of his pen."

(*To be continued.*)

"'I don't suppose you like all this better than I do.'"—*Page* 55.

"Thy Word is Truth."

I. "MY CONFIRMATION DAY."

FROM ONE OF F. R. H.'S "SEALED PAPERS."

IN July, 1854, Frances Ridley Havergal was confirmed in Worcester Cathedral. Her confirmation was indeed a reality, and is a profitable study for all who are contemplating this act of public decision for God and His service. We are enabled to give the following extract, found in one of her "Sealed Papers":—

"In the procession to Worcester Cathedral Ellen Wakeman was my companion. On reaching our seat, very near the rails, I sunk on my knees: the thought of 'whose I am' burst upon me, and I prayed, 'My God, oh, my *own* Father, Thou blessed Jesus, my *own* Saviour, Thou Holy Spirit, my *own* Comforter'—and I stopped. It scarcely seemed right for me to use the language of such strong assurance as this; but yet I did not retract. While the solemn question was being put by the Bishop, never I think did I feel my own weakness and helplessness so much. But 'the Lord is my Strength' was graciously suggested to me, and then the words quickly came from (I trust) my very heart: 'Lord, I cannot without Thee, but, oh, with Thy Almighty help—I DO.'

"I thought a good deal of the words, 'Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling,' and that was my chief comfort. When the words, 'Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom,' were solemnly pronounced by the Bishop, if ever my heart followed a prayer it did then, if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy it did at the words 'Thine for ever.' But, as if in *no* feeling I might or could rest satisfied, there was still a longing, 'Oh, that I desired this *yet* more earnestly, that I believed it *yet* more fully.'

The paper was not finished, nor can any account of F. R. H.'s first Communion be found. In her manuscript book of poems she wrote:—

"THINE FOR EVER."

"Oh! 'Thine for ever': what a blessed thing
To be for ever His who died for me!
My Saviour, all my life Thy praise I'll sing,
Nor cease my song throughout eternity."
In the Cathedral, July 17, 1854.

She always kept the anniversary of her Confirmation day in great retirement. In 1876 and 1877 she seems to have renewed her Confirmation vow, in the following verses:—

"A COVENANT."

"Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
I would be wholly Thine;
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,
And Thou art wholly mine;
Oh, take me, seal me as Thine own,
Thine altogether—Thine alone."
(*July*, 1876.)

"Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it for ever,
Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life!
Pulse of all gladness, and nerve of endeavour,
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife!"
(*July*, 1877.)

II. THE "NO WISE" OF CHRIST.

WORDS FOR LENT.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS."

"FOR all I have preached or written," said James Durham, "there is but one Scripture I can remember, or dare grip to; tell me, if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it—'*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out?*'" His friend replied, "You may indeed depend upon it, though you had a thousand salvations at hazard." A gleam of joy lighted up the soul of the dying saint, under the radiance of which he was ushered into the glory and brightness of eternity.

"I have no hope in what I have been or done," said Dr. Doddridge on his dying bed. "Yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence—there is a hope set before me. I have fled, I still fly for refuge to that Hope. In Him I trust, in Him I have strong consolation; and shall assuredly be accepted in this Beloved of my soul."

Richard Baxter, when near the close of his course, exclaimed:—"I have pains; there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace, I *have* peace." "You are now drawing near your long-desired home," said one; "I believe, I believe," was his reply. When asked, "How are you?" he promptly answered, "ALMOST WELL!"

The devoted Robert Bruce, having lived to a venerable old age, one morning reclined awhile in his chair, silently meditating. Suddenly he spoke—"Daughter, hark! doth not my Master call me?" Asking for his Bible, he perceived that his eyes were dim, and that he could no longer read its precious words. "Find for me," said he, "the eighth chapter of Romans, and lay my finger on the passage; 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Now is my finger placed upon these words?" Being assured that it was, he said:—"Then God bless you, God bless you all, dear children: I have refreshed myself with you this morning, and shall be at the banquet of my Saviour ere it is night." And thus he died.

During seven weeks of Romaine's severe suffering he would often say, "How good is God to me! What a prospect of glory and immortality is before me! He is my God, through life, through death, and to eternity." When inquiries were made how he felt, his general reply was, "As well as I expect to be this side heaven." "I have lived," said he, "to experience all I have spoken, and all I have written of faith in Jesus, and I bless God for it." As he lay waiting for his dismission, the friend in whose house he was said to him, "I hope, sir, you now find the salvation of Jesus inestimably precious to you." "Yes," he replied with a feeble voice, "He is precious to my soul." "More precious than rubies," said his friend. He caught the word, and completed the Scriptural idea—"and all that can be desired is not comparable to Him."

The one great truth—justification by faith—is all powerful everywhere. There was once a caravan crossing to the north of India, and numbering in its company a devoted missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labours of the journey, and sinking down was left to die on the road. The missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with a great effort succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin!" and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man he felt assured he had died in Christ. How, or where, he thought, could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope? As he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in his hand, which he succeeded in getting out. Great was his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, in which these words occur! On that page the man had found the Gospel.

And what this verse has done it yet can do. It can repeat its triumphs; it can enter the arena of conflicts, doubts, and fears, and calm more troubled hearts; it can smooth more dying pillows, and gild the horizon of more closing days. If you, dear reader, have not yet found rest and peace in Christ, you may find them here; and if you have, then take these words into your lips, and evangelize others with them. Go everywhere; go to every one; go with mighty hope; go with a consciousness of superhuman power; go in the strength of this great declaration of your Lord. See in every sinner a soul that may be saved; and proclaim your Saviour in His own great words, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out!" Let this be your Lenten mission.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

A MOTOR TANDEM BICYCLE.

The Merry Motor Car.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNARD, AUTHOR OF "LIGHTER THAN AIR."

"YES, you may get in now," said the motor man.

But not one of the half-dozen passengers seemed to want to be the first to take his place in the car. I began to regret that I had purchased a ticket. I had not bargained for such an exciting adventure as a five-mile ride on a machine growling like a young volcano. It is, no doubt, enjoyable to bowl quickly along a level road in a horseless vehicle, but there is that possibility of an unpremeditated excursion towards the sky which makes one nervous.

"You are sure the—er—thing is quiet?" asked one of the fares. "It sounds a little restive inside."

"Get in," was the response. "If you gentlemen will take your places we can start, and then she'll be quiet enough."

So one by one we mounted gingerly, as though rather afraid we might make *her* skittish enough to dash off without the motor man.

The interior arrangements continued to cause us uneasiness. The low rumble had changed to an ominous puffing and blowing, and the creature seemed to emit a succession of "Tchks." So you see a motor car tries to be its own driver.

Then the motor man got up to the place where the box ought to be. I didn't say a word, for I know "you are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel," but I was burning to ask him if he thought we should have a stormy passage.

By this time a party of small boys, on their way to school, had discovered us. They offered to shove behind, and the proposal might have been advantageously accepted. Despite the increasing tremors which gently shook her, that motor car refused to advance.

"Will one of you gentlemen kindly get down and give that wheel a start?" suggested the motor man. "That's all she wants."

I did what was required, and away she went, leaving me standing in the middle of the group of small boys.

"Run, guv'nor," was their advice.

And I ran.

"I knew she'd get on as soon as she got off," said the motor man oracularly when I was once more by his side.

"Yes, and you'd have been better off if you'd stayed on and let the boys give the wheel a turn," added one of my fellow-passengers.

I did not argue the point; I am not a stickler for lucidity. Yet that motor car *did* get on when she had got off, and I *was* better off as soon as I was on.

It is easy to understand why the motor car belongs to the feminine gender. No, I am not going to make any cheap jokes at the expense of the fair sex. The motor car is always feminine, because she is the ship of the road. You at once notice the slightly rolling motion, and the absence of the horse gives one the impression that a prow has taken its place. It is certainly very exhilarating on a fine, clear day when the air is frosty. The car answers to her wheel—or lever—instantly, and she can be stopped within a few feet. Her pace is very easily controlled, but I have no wish for her to exceed twelve miles an hour. The mere fact that there is neither horse nor engine to lead the way makes it hard to believe that twelve miles an hour is not twenty.

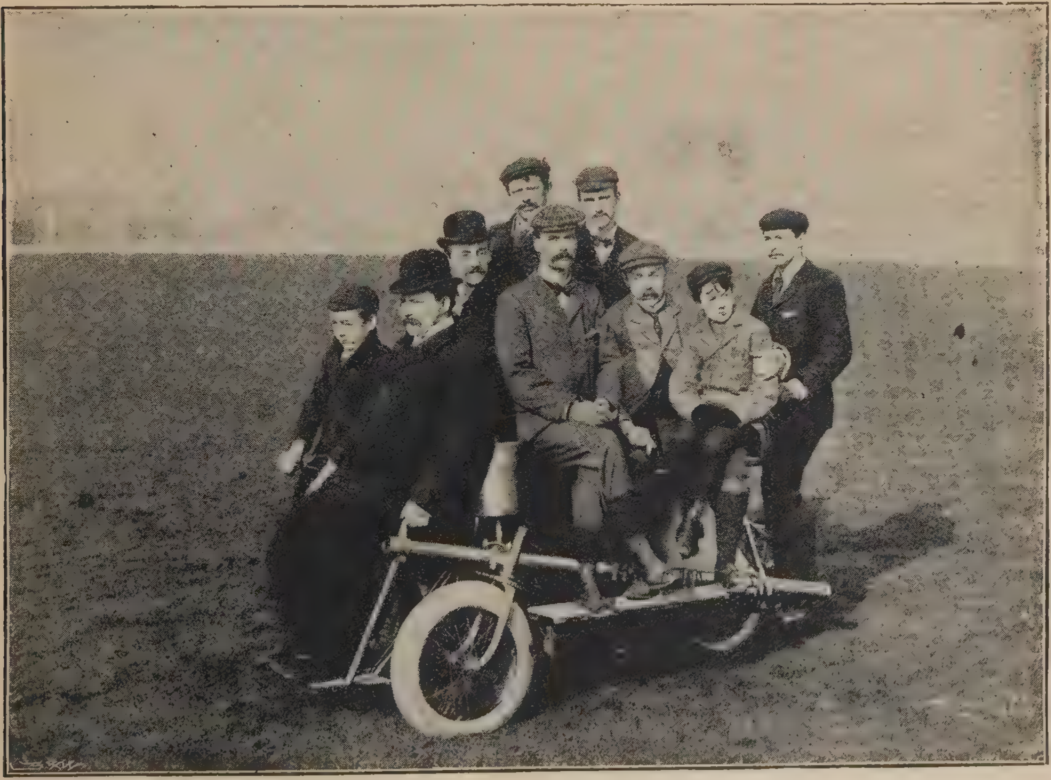
What advance has been made during the last few years towards the horseless age? Briefly, we have still to invent the model car. Electricity has not yet been harnessed, so that up-hill work, or any rough driving, can be attempted. The petroleum motors are noisy, and sometimes "odorous"; passengers, however, do not greatly complain. Lastly, we have the new compressed air motor cars, of which great things are expected. The most obvious criticism is that cylinders have a reputation for danger.

America has made the greatest progress towards the substitution of machinery for horse-power. Philadelphia, it is said, will soon be a horseless city. Electricity is being used for the freight and pleasure traffic, and in the future it is expected that enormous sums of money will be saved. We shall see! The more I know of the cars the more convinced I become that the roads must be made for the motor cars, and not the cars for the roads. Most delicate mechanism could be used were wood-paved city streets the only surface to be covered by the self-moving machines. Besides, the banishment of horses from a city would greatly lessen the tax and disease and death-rate. More than 50 per cent. of the cost of street cleaning is due to the use of horses. In other words, if there were no equine quadrupeds in a city it could be kept clean for half the money now expended for that purpose. The first city to adopt such a reform will be the making of auto-mobilism, and will promptly be dubbed the only quiet city in the world.

A word must be added as to our two striking illustrations. Mr. E. S. Pennington believes that the future will see the adoption of the bicycle or tricycle-shaped motor car. The former is given in our first photograph, the latter in our second. The enormous motive power is well evidenced by the crowd of passengers who make up the load of the car.

* * * * *

The man at the wheel steered her carefully alongside the pier—I beg pardon, the kerb. We had reached home after a ten-mile run. I never thought of speaking to him, but—"Remember the motor man," said he; and I remembered.



A HEAVY LOAD FOR A MOTOR TRICYCLE.

Outposts of Our Church

ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE, A. HINLEY, AND E. WOOLMER.

III. THE BISHOPRIC OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

BY THE
REV. EDWIN J. STURDEE.

"WHERE are the Falkland Islands?" you exclaim. The Falkland Islands is a modest way of calling your attention to the real title of the bishopric, for it might be named the See of South America.

At any rate it is the largest bishopric in the world. If you took a ship and sailed round it, you would have to travel 10,000 miles; and could you ride through the primeval forests across it, your journey would be one of 3,000 miles.

"But why not call it the See of South America?" you ask, and "Why must it be so large?" The reply to this would be that the bishop (Bishop Stirling) has to superintend two classes of people, firstly the English colonists, few in number, who are scattered over the principal part of *civilized* South America, and secondly, the aboriginal races of South America, from Terra del Fuego northward, and hence the title of the bishopric.

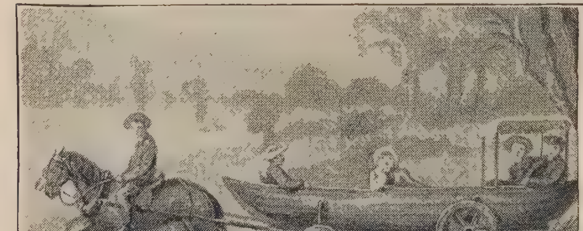
"Who is this wonderful bishop with so large a diocese, can you guess?" "I will try," you answer. "Of course he must be a young man, or he could not do the work." No, he is not a young man by any means, he is really an old man, but he won't allow you to call him one. "Bishop Stirling doesn't consider himself old," said a gentleman to whom I put the question.

And now for a few words about this veritable outpost of the English Church, which includes climates of all sorts, from the heat of the West Indies to the cold of Cape Horn, round which our sailing vessels travel. How the poor apprentices on board dread the icy cold of that region, when they are called out of their bunks to climb the frozen rigging.

You have doubtless heard something about the savages of Terra del Fuego, one of the most interesting parts of this huge diocese. Only forty years ago crews of ships wrecked on that coast would rather put an end to their lives than fall into the hands of the savages; in fact, it was better to drown than to escape to such a shore.

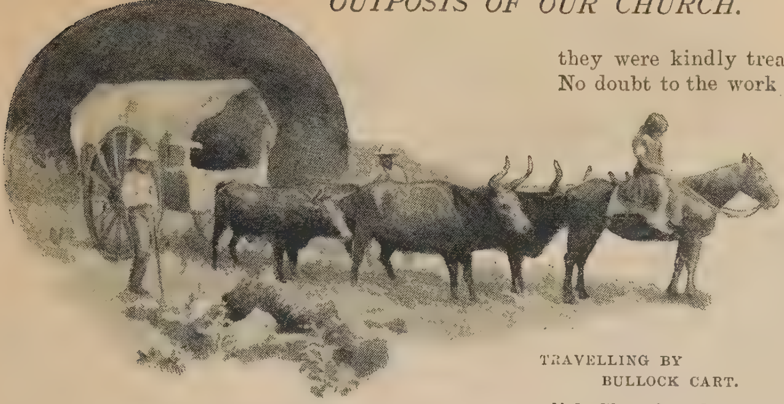
In 1859 a band of missionaries, whilst engaged in conducting Divine service in Navarin Island, was massacred by the natives, whom they unfortunately hoped were no longer as savage as formerly.

Four years afterwards Mr. Stirling with his wife and children sailed for this terrible outpost and commenced his work for God. That was in 1863, and in



TRAVELLING IN A CANOE MOUNTED ON WHEELS.

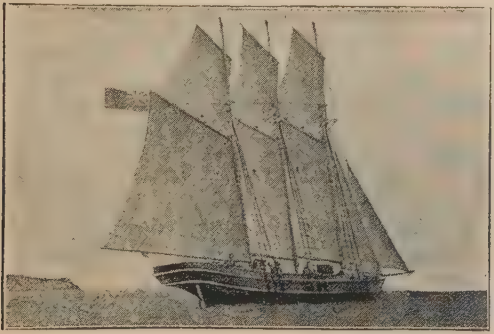
BISHOP STIRLING'S FIRST HABITATION.



TRAVELLING BY BULLOCK CART.

1899 he is still at work; so you see at once he is no youthful bishop but a veteran in his Master's service.

Two years after his arrival his wife died, and the devoted missionary was obliged to return to England, taking with him four youths, natives of Terra del Fuego, to see what civilized life would do for them. In 1869 Mr. Stirling resolved to live all alone among the natives at a place called Ooshooia, and try to win them to Christ.



THE MISSION SCHOONER "ALLEN GARDINER."

It was a daring thing to do, but nothing is accomplished in missionary work without daring So the brave missionary walked up and down before his rough-built hut and wrote as follows:—"I fancy myself God's sentinel, stationed at the southernmost outpost of His great army."

For seven months Mr. Stirling laboured on in solitude. Here is a specimen of his dangers. One day, whilst God's sentinel (as he called himself) was meditating in a wood, a native, armed with a tomahawk, glided up. In another moment his life would have been sacrificed, but the brave man looked his intended murderer full in the face. Conscience makes cowards of us all: the man could not stand before that eye and slunk away. A few years afterwards, when Mr. Stirling returned to the place as bishop, this man was presented to him for baptism.

Some months after Mr. Stirling's arrival at Ushuaia an American ship was wrecked on the coast not very far away. The crew fell into the hands of the Indians and expected immediate death. To their surprise they were kindly treated. To what was this due? No doubt to the work of the devoted missionary at neighbouring Ushuaia, now a Christian village.

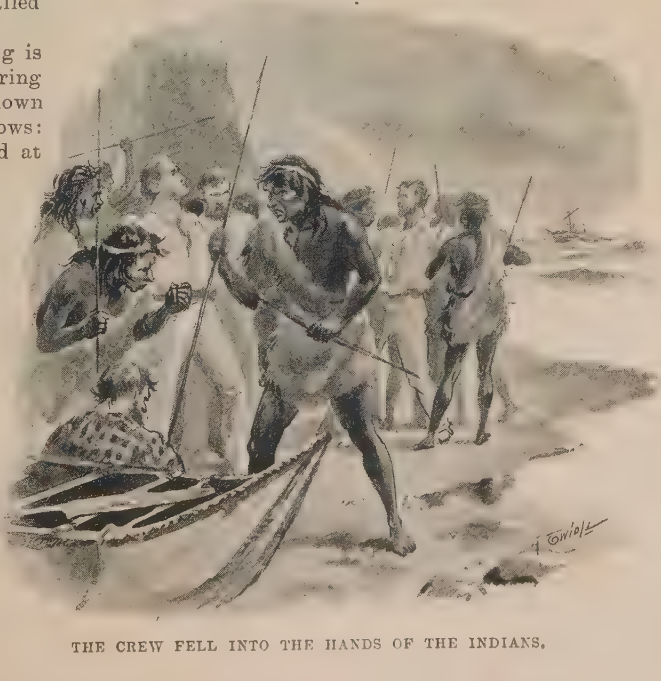
At the end of the seven months Mr. Stirling received unexpected news. He was to go home immediately and be consecrated the first bishop of the Falkland Islands.

Since 1869 Bishop Stirling has laboured heroically in this outpost of the English Church. Occasionally in those early days, food was so scarce that he has been buried to the waist in snow, seeking fungus and berries to support life.

How does he get about his huge diocese, you ask? Sometimes he travels on a schooner, called the "*Allen Gardiner*." On land he travels by diligence, or bullock cart; and in swampy country even in a canoe mounted on wheels. When he comes to a river the canoe does instead of a bridge.

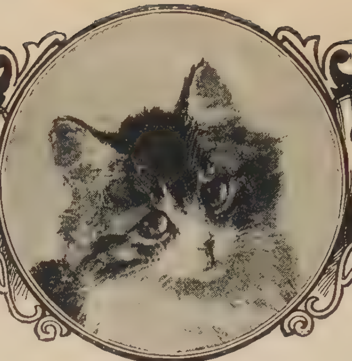
"What a wonderful bishop," I said to the same gentleman who told me the bishop's age. "He doesn't think so," was the reply. "He regards all his life as the most ordinary existence, and sees nothing heroic about it." And then my informant told me a story of how the bishop narrowly escaped being shipwrecked in 1884. A stirring account of the voyage was published at the time by the South American Missionary Society, which has been the great mainstay of the work in that great continent.

So here ends this short sketch of Bishop Stirling. Will our readers remember to pray sometimes for him and his huge diocese, the southernmost outpost of the Church of England?



THE CREW FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE INDIANS.

A Little Black Cat



By
Sarah Doudney

Illustrated by
E. Woolmer

CHAPTER III.

"A PRAYER FOR THE SAILOR."

FRANK ATTERIDGE had laid aside his sea-going clothes and put on the suit he always wore on shore; but he still had the unmistakable look of a sailor. At the first sight of his fresh, sun-tanned face, Mrs. Delisle's heart went out to him. She thought that some mother must be proud of this brave son, with the broad shoulders and steady blue eyes; and her gentle voice gave him a kindly greeting.

"A mew came from the partly-closed lid."—*Page* 62.

But the skipper, although he met the mother with perfect courtesy, could only see the daughter who stood by her side. Something long-lost seemed suddenly to be found again. Some light, which went out of his life years ago, was shining anew in Dorothy's quiet glance. The girl's look and tone thrilled him with a strange gladness, and as he set a basket on the table his hands trembled.

A mew came from the partly-closed lid as Dorothy raised it. Then Grig, surprised and indignant at his captivity, leaped out upon the table-cover, shook himself, and stared round upon them all. Mrs. Delisle had him in her arms in a moment, and the sound of his loud purr filled up the happy silence.

"I owe you a thousand thanks," said the widow, with a grateful smile at Frank. "My son and daughter are out all day, and Grig has been my companion in my loneliness."

"I know something about loneliness myself," he replied.

A sympathetic glance from Dorothy encouraged him to go on.

"My home broke up years ago," he said. "It was a cottage covered with roses—just like this—where my mother lived with her adopted daughter. They are both dead; and for their sakes I cared for a black kitten they left behind. But it pined after them, and died too."

It seemed as if Dorothy's heart spoke to his in the pause that followed his words. His blue eyes looked into her grey ones for a moment.

"Sometimes," said he, "I have felt that there was nothing left."

"Oh, that's never true," she answered softly. "All your life here is left, and fresh things are always growing."

"They've been slow in growing," he said in a low voice. "To come back at the end of a voyage and find nothing waiting for me—that's hard."

"It is hard. But perhaps you will find something some day; suddenly, when you have ceased to look for it."

She was speaking out of her inmost experience, but the words sounded like a prophecy to him. He rose to take his leave, but the widow detained him.

"Don't go yet, Captain Atteridge," she entreated. "My son will be here soon, and he will be glad to see you and thank you."

So Frank lingered until Ted's return; and then the two young men took a liking to each other. When they parted they made a plan for meeting again. The skipper had a couple of rooms in one of the new terraces; Ted promised to go there and have a talk.

Mrs. Delisle seemed younger and brighter than she had been for years. With her own hands she put Grig into his old bed, nicely lined with straw, and satisfied herself that he was safe for the night. Then she went upstairs, and her son and daughter stood in the porch, enjoying the sweetness of the June night.

"Don't you think now," Dorothy whispered, "that there is indeed a Father who cares about us after all?"

"Well, it's a comfort to think so," he said thoughtfully. "That skipper is a real good chap. I'm glad we know him."

Frank Atteridge was in no hurry that night to go to bed. He sat at his open window, looking up at the stars, and a sweet girl's face rose up before him in the stillness. He had gone many voyages, and had found nothing at the end of them; but now it seemed as if something had been waiting for him all the time.

"There's a look of Milly in those grey eyes of hers," he said to himself. "But she's stronger than Milly ever was. I can fancy that girl putting her hand in mine, and keeping step right on to the end of the path. Does she care for any one, I wonder? I must know a little more before she gets into my heart."

In a little while he did learn all that there was to know about the Delisles. Ted opened his mind to his new friend, and Frank saw the sister in the brother's life. He had three weeks to spend on shore, and he went very often to Lilac Cottage.

"We sail to-morrow," he said on the third Sunday evening, "and I shall just count the hours till I get back to Northsea."

"I didn't know you liked the place so well," remarked Dorothy simply. He was walking home from church by her side, and Ted had gone on with the mother.

"Nor did I," said he. "I'm only beginning to realize that it's my desired haven. You see, I've just gone on in a dull, heavy way, thinking that I should never know any home-life again."

"He was walking home from church by her side."—*Page* 63.

"I was so sorry for you," she said, "when you told us about your loneliness."

"I should like to tell you some more if I don't bore you too much, Miss Delisle. I was an only child; my father was captain of a merchantman, and he died when I was a very small boy. My poor mother did not want me to follow his calling, but I always had a longing for the sea. Well, I wanted to go, and I wanted to stay, for no mother was ever loved better than mine. She found herself too lonely in her cottage without husband or son, and Milly Weston came to live with her."

He paused and drew a deep breath. Dorothy glanced at him quickly, and looked away again.

"Little Milly was an orphan, and my mother adopted her. Perhaps you can imagine what a happy home it was in those days, Miss Delisle; and the older I grew the more I loved it. It was only natural that Milly and I should draw near together. My mother favoured our attachment from the first, and so there was never a thorn among our roses. Three years ago, when I was twenty-five and Milly a little younger, it was settled that we should be married when I returned from a voyage to Spain."

They were drawing near Lilac Cottage, and both involuntarily lingered. The story was a sad one, but Dorothy wanted to hear it to the end.

"I came home," he went on, "to find Milly dying of typhoid fever, and my mother worn out with nursing and sorrow. I will not dwell on that heartbreaking time; it did not last long, and when it was over I took my mother away. It was my turn now to watch over her, as she had watched over our lost Milly. But it was all in vain; she grew weaker every day, and before the year ended I was left utterly alone. You know how one tries to comfort a desolate heart with small things? I wanted something that would seem like a bit of the old home, and I told one of my men to get me a black kitten. He made off with Grig, and never confessed the theft till we got to Cadiz. It was the kitten, you see, that led me to another home, where I found you."

They had paused at the gate of the little garden,

"There were many prayers said in Northsea for the sailors in those sultry summer days."—*Page* 64.

and as he spoke the last word he looked down into the girl's sweet face, pale with feeling and womanly sympathy. Perhaps he would have said more if Ted, at that moment, had not happened to come out of the house.

"Good-night, Miss Delisle," he said a little later, "and good-bye. Remember to say a prayer for the sailor."

Was it likely that she could forget? Early the next morning, before her mother was awake, Dorothy was up to watch the clouds. Her heart followed the good ship, scudding across the blue water with sails filled by a favouring breeze.

But she was not the girl to neglect common duties because a new interest had come into her life. Her pupils found her as attentive and clear-headed as usual; and even Ted's sharp eyes detected no difference. It was only Mrs. Delisle who noticed that her daughter kept a silent watch on the weather: and by-and-by there was a change in the relation of mother and child.

Mrs. Delisle seemed to grow quite strong all at once, and instead of leaning on Dorothy, she took charge of her. She had cast her burden of grief behind her back. She had found God's comfort, and now her one thought was of her girl's happiness. It did not surprise her when Dorothy's cheeks began at times to grow a little pale. There were storms in the air, a muttering of thunder behind the hills; a mass of dark, purple clouds brooding heavily over the sea.

"Remember to say a prayer for the sailor." There were many prayers said in Northsea for the sailors in those sultry summer days. Those on shore knew that wild weather would find the *Lucinda* on the open seas, and Ted and little Tom Morrison spoke of her under their breath. It was at this time that Dorothy went to see Mrs. Morrison and talk about her sailor-boy.

There was deep, quiet joy when news came that the ship was safe at Lisbon. But the glory of the summer was on the wane, and the best flowers were over, when she sailed for home.

Why should Dorothy have been afraid for him, who had come through so many storms? It was because his parting words were always singing in her ears—"Say a prayer for the sailor." And because, too, she knew, by instinct, that life had acquired a new value in his eyes. Love always trembles for what it loves, and craves for its beloved the shelter of the Everlasting Arms.

There came a week of dreary, cloudy days, and then a terrible tempest. Trees were blown down, damage was done in all quarters, the wild day was followed by a wilder night. Dorothy and her mother lay sleepless, side by side, with their hands clasped, sending up speechless prayers to the Father in heaven.

(*To be continued.*)

"GOD IS NOT SAD."

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

GOD is not sad: poor heart be glad.
Ills may befall: He sees them all.
Thy truest gain is in thy loss,
Thy crown of glory in the Cross.
Tears turn to diamonds of grace
Beneath the shining of His Face:
Death vanquished by the Victor-King—
The ransomed from the grave shall sing:
E'en evil, touched by Jesu's Blood,
Shall magnify Eternal Good.

Nuts with Kernels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

TEACHING our Grandfather.—"John," said an old gentleman to his son, who was also a father, "have you got any boys who are in their *teens*? For, if you have, you will find that they think they know everything far better than you do; and, in short, that the world is so much changed since your day, that your old notions about things in general have become quite antiquated and effete, and are now no longer applicable to them; while any particular bit of advice you may tender only confirms their private opinion that you know absolutely nothing at all either about them, or about the matter in hand."

John, who—as their shrewd grandfather very well knew—happened to have three boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, listened with much interest as his father went on to say:—"By the time your lads have reached the *twenties*, it will probably then begin to dawn upon them that, perhaps, after all, you may chance to know a little about some few things; and that it may be worth their while at least to *hear* what you have got to say, subject to the after consideration of their own superior judgment.

"But, depend upon it, John, some time, sooner or later, before the *thirties* are reached, experience will have taught them the value of your advice. Your counsel in every important move will then be eagerly sought after, and be confidently and gladly followed."

"Now, I say, 'Mozart.'"—Shakespeare says—"Modest doubt is the beacon of the wise." Humility is inseparable from all true progress. "As you grow in your art," said Gounod to a young poet, "you will judge the great masters of the past as I now judge the great musicians of former times. At your age I used to say, 'I'; at twenty-five I said, 'I and Mozart'; at forty, 'Mozart and I.' Now, I say, 'Mozart.'"

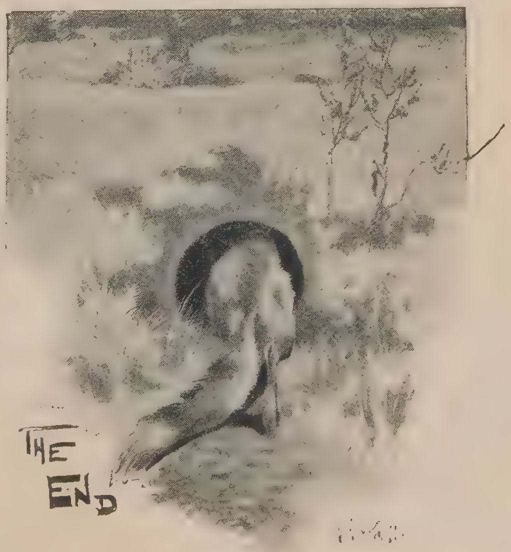
"Hoc Age."—Sir Walter Scott, writing to a youth who had newly obtained a situation, gave him this excellent advice:—

"You must beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully occupied. I mean what women very expressively call *dawdling*. Your motto must be, *Hoc age* (This do). Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it.'"

The Best Prayer.—A man came to Rowland Hill one day and said that he had been out of work for a long time and had pawned his tools; that he wanted the loan of five pounds to redeem them and get some clothes, so that he might take a job of work that he could have. Rowland Hill told him that he would only lend the money on condition that before doing so he (the workman) would kneel down and ask a blessing upon it. The man said that he could not do this, as he had never made a prayer of his own. "Then," said Hill, "I do not feel justified in lending you the money, as you may put it to a bad use."

Seeing that he was resolute, the man sank down upon his knees, and said, "O Lord, I thank you, and I thank Mr. Hill, for this money, and I hope that you will enable me to use it rightly." "Get up," said Hill, "that is the best prayer I have ever heard, for it is from the heart"; and he lent him the money.

The "New Nature."—A bad-tempered man who was a professing Christian, once said to his friend, "You must not make too much of my outbursts of temper. It is my nature to be passionate." "Ah, but," was the reply, "there is a thing called the *new nature*, which helps a man to overcome these dangerous impulses; and if your religion does not enable you to keep your temper in order, what is it worth?"



The Story of my First Voyage

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BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL MORGAN.

III.

UNTIL the tug let go of the ship in the Downs we four midshipmen "first voyagers" lay speechless with nausea and helpless as logs in our bunks. I was the first to recover. I woke from a deep and refreshing sleep, and found the cabin bright with the light of white foam roaring in a dizzy dazzle along the port-holes.

The ship's crew had been divided into watches on the previous evening, and the port watch of midshipmen were below. They read books; and one or two were writing letters to send ashore at Plymouth. The three sick lads lay with closed eyes in their bunks.

"Are you the fellow who owns the name of Russell?" exclaimed a voice from a sleeping-shelf; and I beheld Goole's sallow face pillowed, with his nose resting on the edge of his bunk, and an inch of sooty tobacco-pipe forking out of his mouth.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then go on deck, you young skulker!" he exclaimed. "And be quick, or the second mate will find out that you're well; if so, stand by! You're in the second mate's watch; did ye know that? Up you go, my lively! Handsomely, my beauty!" and he stretched out his long arm.

But I passed on the other side of the table, and made my way with sick steps and hollow looks to the poop. Oh, the splendour, the freedom, the life, the colour and beauty of that scene of ship and sea!

It is many years since, but the glory and freshness have not departed, and it moves me to this day as the most potent of the memories I preserve.

The ship was sailing in the heart of the English Channel. The land was out of sight. Huge knolls of brine swelled in chase of us, and our wake made a white highway leagues in length. The soft foam burst from the bows in clouds, and scintillated with the splendour of the rainbow as it sang with the shrill-edged voice of salt athwart the forecastle head.

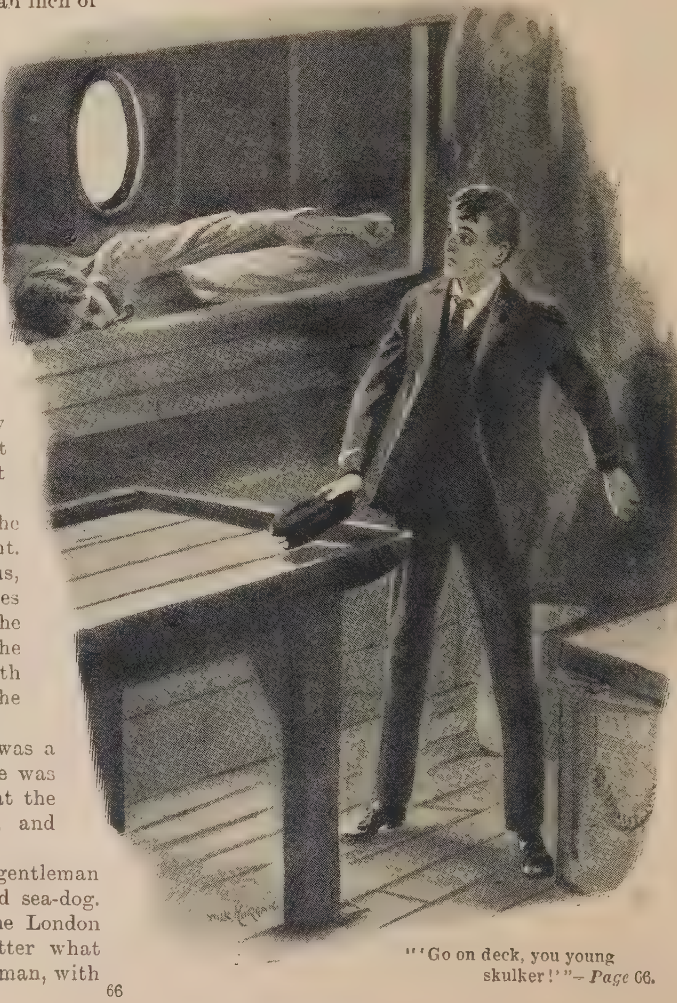
The yards were braced forward. It was a free wind, however, for the ship, and she was doing about nine knots. I gazed aloft at the swollen, snow-white heights of canvas, and marvelled at their silence and their power.

The captain was an arch-legged old gentleman named Neatby, a specimen of the vanished sea-dog. He wore the same tall hat—the hat of the London street—in all parts of the world, no matter what the weather was. He was a ruddy-faced man, with a mere pimple of nose, and small eyes blown deep into his head by many years of staring into gales of wind.

My third voyage was made also with this commander, and we quarrelled, and he logged me and sent me below; but I am bound to say that he treated me well throughout this, my first voyage. I think he was sorry that one so young should be at sea. He muttered a few words, kindly meant, then left the deck.

At the same moment the second mate, a gentleman named Saunders, ordered the mizzentopgallantsail to be clewed-up and furled. This was the business of the midshipmen.

The halyards were let go, and I was standing close to the weather mizzen-rigging when they began to haul upon the clew-lines. A young fellow—a midshipman—sprang into the shrouds, and as he did so howled in my ear, "Up with ye, and lend me a hand!"



"'Go on deck, you young skulker!'"—*Page 66.*

"He wore a tall hat."—*Page* 66.

At thirteen and a half years old, in the hour of the start of one's first voyage to sea, a boy will not know who has or has not a right to command him. I took this shout in my ear to signify an order, jumped upon the hen-coop, and with difficulty—for to my small, light figure, the weight of the wind felt as a gale—dragged myself into the mizzen-rigging.

The ratlines seemed slack and slippery, and the thickly-tarred hemp shrouds were an immense handful for my grasp. I continued, however, to climb, but very slowly until I reached those iron stays which are called the futtock-shrouds. They branch from the mast to the rim of the top, and thus slant the climber backward. Those futtock-shrouds brought me up with a round turn.

The young fellow who had jumped aloft was at this moment in the cross-trees, the sail blowing off from its yard like two or three white bladders above him. But I was done. I could climb no higher; worse, I feared I should never be able to descend.

The captain, coming out of the cuddy, saw me, and bawled out to me, "Come down, Mr. Russell; come down, sir!" At the same moment another youngster flung himself into the mizzen-rigging, and shook the shrouds viciously as he smacked his way aloft. He was my friend, the ugly midshipman.

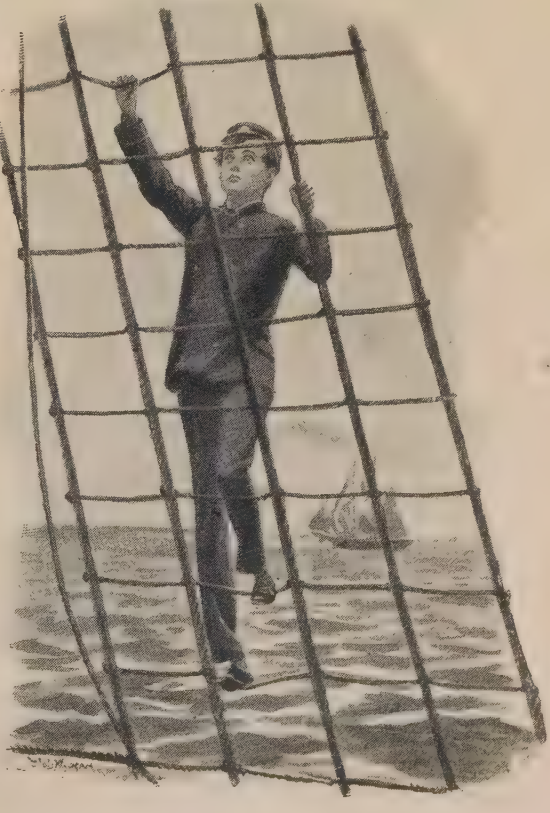
"Out of the road!" he shouted, and bestowing several shinning kicks upon me under the pretence of wanting room, he tossed himself over the futtock-shrouds and disappeared from my sight.

I managed to reach the deck without tumbling into the sea. It was long before I learned the art of moving aloft with ease. I was always a little nervous, even when I had been at sea some years.

Everything at first seemed in a conspiracy to fling the sailor to his death: the high and reeling masts; the sky-pointing yards shuddering with the beating of canvas, whose thunderous blows are aimed at the foot-ropes, the slender and only support of the men; the plunging bowsprit and jib-boom often plunging the seaman, whilst he handles the roaring canvas, to the very surface of the raging white salt, then tossing him high as though they would pitch him over the foreroyal mast-head.

These are one or two conditions of the life which may serve perhaps as an apology for a little sailor-boy's nervousness.

(*To be continued.*)



"The ratlines seemed slack and slippery."—*Page* 67.

Matrimonial Memories.

BY THE REV. G. ARTHUR SOWTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, BIRMINGHAM.

A WEDDING MORNING LONG AGO.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

IN spite of the greater amount of scholarship displayed by Corydon and Phyllis in the present day, I fear the marriage service is still a rather mystifying ceremony to many who take part in it. The lady's acquaintance with the Prayer-Book is undoubtedly deeper than that of the lord of creation: and sometimes raises the suspicion that she has "studied well her part." She has the proper finger waiting for the ring, sometimes long before that indispensable article has been disinterred from the depths of the trousers' pocket—sometimes before her future lord and master has quite made up his mind in which pocket he has concealed it. She is also much quicker and more accurate in repeating the words of betrothal than he. And at least one bride in my recollection has given a hesitating fiancé a palpable nudge with her elbow, accompanied by words which sounded suspiciously like, "Speak up, Jim."

It is true, her vow of life-long affection is often more inaudible than her swain's, but she generally makes amends for that by being more accurate in her terms. The phraseology of the Prayer-Book presents fewer difficulties to her; it does not lie altogether outside the scope of her comprehension. Still, mistakes are sometimes made on both sides. The most numerous blunders of course cluster around the words commencing "I N. take thee M." Who that has had much experience in the ministerial office, has not occasionally heard the phrase, "I thee endow," transformed into the bewildering juxtaposition of pronouns, "I, thee, and thou?" Who has not heard the words "my worldly goods," changed into the unauthorised version "my *worthy* goods?" It is even reported of one nervous, stammering bridegroom, to whom this phrase presented serious difficulties of articulation, that, after making several attempts to clear the hedge, he finally bolted off in triumph with the metathesis upon his unsealed lips, "With all my *goodly words* I thee endow." Of course such a perversion of the Prayer-Book could not be accepted. "Goodly words" are pleasant enough, but the bride who received no other endowment would fare badly in the matter of food and clothing. The steed was promptly brought back to the hedge again, and not allowed to clear it this time until his "goodly words" had been exchanged for the more orthodox "worldly goods."

Again, the apparently simple words, "Till death us do part," occasionally become "Till death us *depart*," in sublime unconsciousness of the recognised distinction between transitive and intransitive verbs. Sometimes the speaker, imbued perhaps with a belief that marriage is a Divine injunction, shows the courage of his convictions by changing "God's holy ordinance" into "God's holy *orders*," and once or twice I have caught the further various rendering, "holy audience." "I plight thee my troth" is an embarrassing phrase to the uninitiated, and the words often need to be repeated a second time before a glimmer of their significance steals into the mind. "Troth" generally awakens "truth" as its echo, but this is so slight and unimportant an alteration that I am con-

THE HONEYMOON.

strained to let it pass. But when it becomes "I play thee my truth," whatever that may mean, it is time to protest. One would have thought that the monosyllables "to have and to hold," could hardly be misunderstood even by the most illiterate, yet more than one bridegroom has promised, instead, "to have and *behold*" the object of his affections. No bride would of course resent thus drawing upon herself the affectionate beams of a husband's eye; yet, however much concentrated devotion lay in so delicate an allusion to her charms, I am sorry to say the poetry had to make way for prose, and before the ceremony could proceed the mistake had to be rectified.

Perhaps the most ridiculous mistake that has ever come under my notice in connection with this part of the Marriage Service, was made by a deaf bridegroom. With considerable difficulty I had piloted him safely through the opening words, "I, John, take thee, Lucy, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold." At this point, however, he suddenly developed a new variation, which nearly wrecked my gravity altogether.

"From this day forward," I continued.

"For this day *fortnight*," responded the bridegroom, with imperturbable countenance.

It was very funny. What did he mean? Was he forestalling a rival in her affections; or was he "booking forward," to use a phrase which has of late become pretty familiar in commercial circles? Or was he hoping to slip the noose of matrimony by the time the hymeneal moon had grown to half its length? Whatever his thoughts, he was compelled to recant his hasty utterances or to forfeit his bride.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

WORSHIP IN ENGLISH.—"When the Prayer Book was first 'built' in 1549, then for the very first time in our English History was the Public Worship of God commanded to be wholly conducted in the English language. It seems incredible, but so it is. All through the ages before, the clergy had conducted the worship of the Church *in Latin*. . . . The people, when present, rather watched their agent at work for them than spiritually and intelligently joined in the work themselves. . . . The worshipper in our Churches 400 years ago was led to believe that somehow his agent, the priest, dealt for him with God in Latin; and it little mattered that *he* did not understand. . . . At the Reformation men craved for a real peace with God in Christ, a real approach to God in pure worship, a real listening to God in His Holy written Word; and the Reformers resolved that the public prayers of England must henceforth be in English only."—*Dr. Handley C. G. Moule.*

The One Service.—"All over England on the Day of Rest, and also in all the colonies, dependencies, and republics, where men speak with the English tongue, the same service goes on, the same prayers are prayed, the same simple creed is said or sung. It is one of the great unifying elements of our world-scattered race. In the midst of lives sordid with constant care, and dark with the impending shadow of want, and the darker gloom of death, this service, attuned to the note of 'Our Father,' makes for one brief hour music and melody, with gladness and joy, in the hearts of miserable men. It is the constant renewed affirmation of 'God's English-speaking men' of their faith in their Father, God. For hundreds of years these solemn words have embodied all the highest and best thoughts of the greatest and noblest: and for many hundred years to come the English-speaking race will find the expression of their hopes and their aspirations in the simple but stately words of the Book of Common Prayer."—*W. T. Stead.*

The Gospels, Epistles, and Collects.—"The Gospels furnish *facts;* the Epistles an inspired *commentary* on those facts; and the Collects, as the name implies, *gather together* in a brief summary, and *apply to ourselves* the spiritual truths in both, by prayer to Him who alone can make the Word 'profit' us, 'being mixed with faith,' in the hearing of it."—*Canon Fausset, D.D.*

From the Picture] [*By* CECIL ALDIN

"THE MUZZLING ORDER IS CANCELLED TILL FURTHER NOTICE."

The Young Folks' Page.

DEAR OLD DOGS.

DOGS, dogs, dear old dogs,
Dogs of each sort and kind
I love from my heart, and they on their part
Return the love, I find.
Dogs, dogs, great big dogs, of noble air and mien,
That study your look—you're their kind of book;
They're trusty friends, I ween.

Dogs, dogs, queer little dogs,
That sit on their tails and beg!
Through long silken hair, with comical air,
They peer with a look so "gleg."

Dogs, dogs, short-haired dogs,
With scarce a tail at all:
With their short-cropped ears—of these I have fears:
Do they bite after all?

Dogs, dogs, curly dogs,
Which find what you have lost:
Which give up their prey when you say them nay;
It's praise they value most.

Dogs, dogs, wondrous dogs,
Which dying travellers find
In the deep snow-drift, and carefully lift
And carry them to their kind.

Dogs, dogs, loving dogs,
Ever true to the end;
Who can treat them ill, with cruel ill-will,
Deserves to have no friend.

SENGA.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

IN some parts of the East End of mighty London, where the Mildmay Deaconesses work, a "Children's Hour" is held week by week.

Part of the hour is spent in a Children's Prayer Meeting. "A hymn is sung while a few late comers may be arriving, and then the meeting begins. 'Now, children, what do you want to thank God for?' As an answer up go many hands, and in turn the children tell of answers to prayer:—'My mother's better.' 'My brother's got work.' 'Father's hand's better.' 'Thank God for giving us food and taking care of us.' And so on, all of these being answers to the prayers of last week. Then the children stand up, and with closed eyes and folded hands we thank God for these things separately. They sit down again, and now comes the next question, for which they are eagerly waiting:—'What do you want to ask God for to-day?' Such a forest of hands this time—all eager to speak out their request:—'My mother's got a bad headache,' says one mite. 'My sister's ill.' 'The heathen' (this is *always* a request from one or two) 'My baby's ill,' says a little sister. 'Ask God to make our hearts clean.' 'Father's got no work,' etc., etc. Then all stand as before, and these requests are each presented to the children's Saviour, who does send very wonderful answers to these prayers of His little ones. The hour soon passes. New texts and hymns are learnt by heart, and as much variety is brought in as possible."

A BOY'S FAITH.

DR. WILLIAM ANDERSON once met with a boy who told of the death of his little brother. The lad seemed sure that his brother had gone to heaven. Dr. Anderson asked him for the ground of his confidence. He replied, "Because he had *faith.*" "But," said the doctor, "how do you know?"

"Weel, sir, when he was dying he seemed afraid. I told him to trust in Jesus. He asked me what that meant—what he was to do. I said, 'Pray to Him.' He replied, 'I'm too weak, I'm not able to pray.' Then I said, 'Just hold up your hand—*Jesus will see you, and know what it means.*' And he did it. Now, was not that *faith?*"

SOWING THE SEED.

Do all the good you can.—Eccl. ix. 10.
In every way you can.—Matt. v. 16.
To all the people you can.—Gal. vi. 10.
In every place you can.—Acts x. 38.
At all the times you can.—1 Cor. xv. 58.
In the quietest way you can.—Matt. vi. 3-4.
As long as ever you can.—Rev. ii. 10.
For the sowing time will soon be over.

DINNER TIME.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. FIND the places which show Christ "like unto" Moses in a threatened infancy.
2. In being (1) meek, (2) faithful.
3. In being (1) a Mediator, (2) a Prophet.
4. In fasting forty days.
5. In being transfigured.
6. Where do we read of the first voluntary fast in the Bible?
7. What fact connected with our Lord's death is recorded only in one Gospel?
8. What gave the Israelite peace when he had offered his sin-offering?
9. Who was the only person who pleaded for the innocence of Jesus at the time of His trial and crucifixion?

ANSWERS (See JANUARY NO., p. 24).

1. Gen. viii. 13. Ezra vii. 9.
2. Truth or Knowledge, John iii. 20; Gladness, Psalm xcvii. 11; Righteousness, 1 John i. 5, 6.
3. Psalm cxlvii. 16. Isa. i. 18.
4. Deut. xxxii. 2. Isa. lv. 10, 11.
5. Law, testimonies, ways, precepts, statutes, commandments, judgments, word. Psalm cxix.
6. Psalm xvii. 4, 5. Prov. xxviii. 9. Luke xxiii. 46. John xv. 7. 1 John iii. 22.
7. Job vii. 6; ix. 25, 26. 1 Chron. xxix. 15. Psalm cii. 3, 11; ciii. 15.

King·Baby

HIS CARE & CULTURE

By LINA ORMAN COOPER.
Author of We Wives.

III. HIS TOILET NECESSITIES.

IN preparing for the new birdie about to fly into our home nest, more than mere clothes will be required. A great deal of the wee King's comfort will depend upon his toilet provision. I must only tell of absolute necessities in this paper, and will leave mere luxuries severely alone. For I am writing for mothers who are forced to think of £ *s. d.*

There is a foolish superstition against preparing a cradle before Baby's advent. A wise mother knows that if the King's bed is ready, it ensures, from the beginning, the best couch for him. It also secures for herself many hours of rest. It is a great mistake to cuddle even a new-born baby in the arms day and night. After the fatigues she has gone through, the Queen Regent will want complete repose. So have the cradle ready, I advise you.

Of course all kinds of handsome and costly beds can be bought ready trimmed; but I will tell you how to provide an inexpensive one for the sweet mite that has been given you.

Get an ordinary wicker cradle, costing about 3*s.* 6*d.* Take off the canes that are usually used as a canopy. *Our* King is to have as much air as possible, so we shall not need them. Enamel it ivory white or shell pink. Get your husband or a carpenter to make two separate X shaped supports from three nice slater's laths. Screw tiny wheels on to the four feet, for the cradle must be movable. Lay your enamelled cradle into the two arms ready, and tie wicker and wood together with ivory or pink ribbons. (Of course the supports have first been painted to match.) Line the basket with ivory or pink sateen or silk. Edge it with a frill of soft wide lace, and you have the daintiest cradle for next to nothing. All rocking will be impossible with this royal bed—"and a good thing, too," as Dr. Pye Chevasse would say in his learned book on the subject. Baby will slumber much sounder when mother's hand can be just laid on him and kept there, than if he were rocked to sleep. Lying, as he will do, on the same level with his parent, he can easily be covered or uncovered as necessity arises; and he will be out of every draught.

So much for the *shell.* Inside we need a soft wool mattress—on that half a yard of macintosh, costing about 1*s.* 3*d.*—and a down pillow. Let slips and sheets be made of white woollen *wincey*, if Baby be delicate. If not, make four of each in cotton sheeting, surrounding the pillow with Cash's frilling, and trimming sheets with the same. One pair of blankets and a down quilt (also covered with cream or pink silk) will be enough to make the tiny monarch comfortable at night, for, of course, *he* goes to bed, like the beggars, with all his clothes on!

A small zinc bath will be necessary for baby's morning dip, and some good powder to dust him with. Fuller's earth is best for this, and you can get such (partly mixed with chalk, to give it a pallid hue) called "White Precipitated Fuller's Earth." A tiny puff must go along with it.

The King's dressing basket must match the cradle. If raised on wooden supports likewise, it should stand about a foot from the ground. The lining should consist of many pockets and cushions. In one a roll of old linen, a skein of whitey brown thread, and a pair of scissors should be put. In another a tiny hair-brush and comb. In a waterproof-lined receptacle must hide a toilet sponge and—baby's mouth sponge. This is a small piece of sponge attached to a handle, and can be bought for a few pence. This serves daily to wipe crusts of milk from the wee tongue and gums. Its constant use (as I will show in another article) will entirely prevent thrush. The cushions should have a threaded needle, and lots of safety pins in them. Besides these toilet necessities, a sachet of sweet-smelling powder lies in each pocket, to give that faint perfume always associated with our Home Rulers. Also a small pot of zinc ointment and a bottle of Vinolia Cream may be ready for possible frays of the delicate skin.

After King Baby enters his domain a few soft handkerchiefs should be kept in his basket to tuck under the tiny chin when feeding. Booties and dribblers too will find a refuge here along with a change of clothes and sundry spare monkey jackets and vests, and a cake of pure soap. In order to cover all this paraphernalia, a square of quilted and lace-trimmed silk should be ready to throw over the basket when not in use.

For lining the cradle as above, the Queen Regent must buy at least four yards of sateen or silk, and about twelve yards of lace. For the trimming of the King's basket, one yard of material will be required with about six yards of lace and three yards of ribbon. This will allow for plenty of frills and lots of "fussy" ornamental bows!

Perhaps the remaining things do not come under the heading "toilet necessities," but without them the Queen Regent will never be able to manage King Baby. She will need to have a box of night lights always at hand, and, if Baby is bottle-fed, some sort of a lamp to keep his food warm. Clarke's Food-warmer is specially shaped with an outer tin and inner cup which maintains milk at an equable heat. By its use a fretful child should be unknown in our nurseries. It is of great importance to have food ready at stated periods. Dyspepsia gripes and colic would less frequently be manifested by screaming, if Baby never had his digestion taxed to assimilate cold and consequently lumpy food. But I shall treat of this further in another paper.

The bottle is a very important object in most nurseries. If one with a long tube and mouthpiece be used, it must be kept scrupulously clean. When not in use, the cap ought to be unscrewed, the tube well brushed out, the nipple detached, and the whole kept in a basin of *lime* water. It should never be used twice without cleansing and soaking. The nipples, too, should be frequently *boiled*, to ensure absolute sterility. Lime-water is expensive to buy at a chemist's. It is easy to make at home. Get a lump of common unslaked lime, and let it soak in a jar of water. Pour this off as you need it, filling up the jar each time you do so. You will find the white deposit sinks to the bottom each time, after impregnating the liquid, and the water poured off will be quite pure. This lime-water may both be used to add to the milk in baby's bottle as well as to keep it clean.

Personally I do not approve of the long-tube feeding-bottle at all. When driven to give my children artificial food, I always employed the old-fashioned boat-shaped thing. This has *no* tube, and necessitates attention when food is being administered. But it is far safer than the new-fangled sort.

Any mother, living far from shops, can improvise one of these by attaching a teat to an ordinary soda-water bottle. I can assure you the use of such a makeshift will obviate all danger of "wind," as Baby will never suck at an empty tube and thus give himself colic.

(*To be continued.*)

The ſhepherd.

Will B. Robinson. 97.

Ah, gentle ſhepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel diſtreſſ, the moſt aſſail'd,
Feeble, defenceleſſ: lenient be thy care;
But ſpread around thy tend'reſt diligence
In flow'ry ſpring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakneſſ by hiſ mother'ſ ſide,
Feelſ the freſh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, tripſ hiſ feeble feet:
Oh, guard hiſ meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerouſ illſ that ruſh around hiſ life!

John Dyer

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

God's Gold.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "A BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

"He died one afternoon, and was buried at sea the next morning."—*Page* 75.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

PERHAPS there was not very much "news" in Arthur Sands' first letter. An ocean voyage is fairly monotonous, and Arthur despatched his homeward letter a few hours after his landing. It ran:—

"MY OWN DEAR LIZZIE,—Here we are, safe and sound! I tried to begin a letter to you on board, but it was really impossible. There was never any peace—always somebody talking or something going on. We had very fair weather, and everybody kept pretty well. I think Bertie Chance was about the worst. But we had one death—a poor young fellow in consumption, who was going to try change of climate. He ought never to have left home. He died one afternoon, and was buried at sea next morning. One has always thought a burial at sea seemed such a solemn thing: but, do you know, it is soon forgotten. Few know when it's going to be unless they inquire. It takes place on the lower deck: and a clergyman if on board reads the service. Some of the sailors came and a few steerage folk (not Ben Crowder), and a lady and gentleman from the first-class. She cried, she did, just as if that steerage lad had been a friend; and I thought it might have comforted his people if they could have known he did not go without a tear. I was the only one present out of the intermediate. Everything went on just the same directly after—the larks in the smoking rooms, and a dance on deck, and a little play-acting in the saloon, which we were invited in to see. That's the way life goes on from day to day on a big steamer. When you've heard of one day, you've heard of all."

Yet there were other incidents in the voyage which young Sands did not put in his letter. He did not tell Lizzie how Bertie Chance's persistently remaining in the smoking-room had kept Arthur there, in his capacity of bear-leader, and how, amid universal smoking, drinking, and gaming, he—excusing himself to himself on the score that if he held too aloof, he lost all hold on Bertie—had yielded to betting on the ship's progress, and to his surprise, finally found that he was brought in loser to the extent of ten pounds! What a hole that made in his little hoard! He had comforted himself by saying that after all, a first loss may save a second, and a greater—that nothing teaches like experience—and that as for the money, that need not matter much; what he had not got he could not lose nor spend; there would be money-gaining as soon as he was ashore.

But he did not tell Lizzie this—saying to himself that there was no use in paining and worrying her—she would but think he was on the highway to utter ruin.

So he went on to tell about the landing. They had not lingered long at the little port of Albany, but had at once taken train to the Westralian capital. "Chance was so glad to find himself on land again, that we thought there'd be some difficulty in getting him to come straight on. But he decided that Perth would likely be 'livelier' than Albany, and so made up his mind. The first part of that journey was dreadfully dreary, but after a bit it got cheerier, and the villages near Perth were quite pretty and homelike. The city itself stands on a peninsula rising above the Swan River. We had to stop at Perth to make our plans. For a city in a country where there seems so much room, Perth strikes me as too much crowded together. You will remember that your winter is our hot season in Australia; so it was uncommonly warm when we got to Perth. The best buildings of the place are those put up by convict labour, and when I think how little chances some of those poor fellows had—and what trifling charges were made against some of them, and some may have been innocent altogether, the thought makes me sad. I believe it is you that have put things into my head, so that I can't help wishing that places were all built by people who loved their work, as those did who built the old cathedrals. You can't take so much joy in places reared by men at the whip's crack, or even by those who don't care for the work, but only for getting as much wages as they can, while they who are paying are trying to give as little as they may. Didn't you read to me once something like this? 'One puts blessings and gold coins upon foundation stones, not curses and worms.' You see everything you said and read has not quite gone in at one ear and out at the other. Just let me get a little fortune to make us safe and snug, and then you'll find that I've remembered plenty,—and I'll put it in force, too.

"In the end, Chance isn't coming farther than Perth. At least not at present. (I do believe you won't be sorry!) He's put up at one of the hotels, and he's going to put some of his money—he's got a thousand or two—into a fund with some belonging to one or two of the friends to whom he brought introductions—and that's to be the capital which is to start Crowder and me 'prospecting.' This may bring me home a rich man quicker than I thought. For you see, my own bit of money would not go far, and but for this stroke of luck, I'd have had to hire out as a miner where the mines are already opened, and just save up till I got something to work with on my own account. But now I'll start as 'a digger'—and may light on nuggets at any time and come in for the lion's share as one of the 'prospectors'; while if we sink one or two shafts, and only bottom 'duffers,' I shan't lose anything, but shall just have to go to work again. The start-off of our little expedition (others are to join Ben and me) will cost three or four hundred pounds. So, surely, you'll own that Chance has been a piece of good fortune,—though I'll freely own that I'm not sorry he is not coming farther, and that his money will do more for us than himself."

"On the wall of the room where I slept is scratched the name 'Ted.'"—*Page* 77.

Lizzie let the letter drop for a moment, and paused to think, "Does not money do good or evil pretty much according to the people it comes from?" she asked herself. "If I were wanting something, I'd rather have six pence from Bell Crowder than six pounds from those Chances! I've heard talk about money carrying infection, from fevers and such like—I don't know anything about that—but if it has been made in queer ways, and they that made it so have not left off, and owned up, as Zacchæus did, then I do think it carries evil from the soul that earned it to the soul that gets it. Poor Arthur!"

She resumed her reading:—

"There are some queer fellows here. But they are all sorts, just as there are everywhere. Only maybe in a place like this, what's in a man comes out quicker and plainer. There are a good many Chinamen about. They say there are some at the mines, but those here have market gardens, and supply the town with fruits and vegetables. Lots of the fellows are very hard on these Chinamen, and talk about their vices and all that. I can only say I don't know much of the Chinamen yet, but I do know enough of our fellows to know that nobody can be much worse than some of them. As for the Chinese, they seem to be hard-working and quiet, and if some of them smoke opium, well, I've not seen a drunken Chinaman yet. I'm always thinking of you, Lizzie, and wondering what you would say to some of the ways one sees out here.

"And now I must not close my letter without telling you a strange thing. It may not mean anything—but it took my fancy. I'm staying in a little inn here, as near Chance as I can be—he's in a swell hotel—for I don't want to desert him till he fairly stops behind. Well, what do you think?—on the wall of the room where I sleep there is scratched the name 'Ted.' That isn't much, is it? But on the fence just outside the inn, I found cut the name 'Fisher.' Now put these two together, and there's 'Ted Fisher,' your cousin! Still there must be many 'Teds' in the world, and many 'Fishers,' and one can't say that this 'Ted' and this 'Fisher' belong to one another. But at another place, on the fence, I found 'T. F.' Now that may be the initials of those two names, or it may be a third person altogether. Yet again it mayn't! Supposing it's Ted himself? I reckon the bush keeps many queer secrets. I asked the inn people if they knew anything about these names, but they don't. The people who are here now haven't been here long; I wonder what would bring Ted out here? Do you happen to know where his father was 'sent'?

"Our party hopes to start in two or three days. I'll write as soon as I can, but I don't know yet what chances we shall have for mails where we are going. You must not worry about us."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROAD TO "FORTUNE."

WHILE Lizzie Maxwell was reading Arthur Sands' first letter to Crover, he was already passing through a "digger's" first experiences.

The expedition, consisting of himself, Ben Crowder, and two others—a Swede named Christian Hansen, and an Irishman, James McCoy—along with an Indian in charge of the camels, and a Kanaka "boy," at first toiled along the routes already made by "prospecting" parties. Little could be looked for till these were left behind, as every promising place had been already claimed, or "pegged out" as it is called. Some were still being worked by "miners," men content with a regular though smaller wage in preference to the more brilliant but less-assured rewards of "prospecting." Some of the claims were already deserted, either because they were already exhausted, or had proved too unproductive for profit. In some of these, however, Chinese were plodding away, patiently working through any amount of sand to free an infinitesimal amount of gold. Among these the travellers saw two old Frenchmen; but though the Swede addressed them in their own language and found them civil enough, yet he could get no information as to their average present finding, nor what they had done, nor what they hoped to do! In reply to questions they only shook their heads dismally; yet when asked why they stayed there, they only shook their heads still more dismally and resumed their labours.

The party rested for a day or two at some of the mining centres which had already established fame. Indeed, some had even had time to begin to lose it. One, in the brief heyday of its prosperity, had aspired to be "a city." Land there had been sold in "city lots," and "stores" and hotels and restaurants had been built and opened by people who, too prudent to seek fortunes from gold-seeking, yet hoped to reap them from gold-seekers. They had had a sad awakening from their dream. The immediate output of gold had failed, the rush for gold had left the place behind, and had even formed a new route, so that comparatively few

"The stores and hotels stood empty."—*Page* 78.

gold-seekers now even passed through. The stores and hotels stood empty, with sagging walls and rent roofs tumbling into ruin, the corner buildings still bearing the rude imprint of the names by which the builders had recorded their golden dreams, "Pleiades Square," "Crœsus Row," or "Pluto Place."

The only inhabitants left in this spot were the wage-earning miners of the one or two small mines still being carried on there. These men were glad even to see a "prospecting expedition." They wished they were off, too, they said. But, alas! further conversation showed that, in their day, most of them had been "off," and had had to come back after having lost their all. Many of them were longing to get back to the "old country"; but some did not care to return as utter failures, and others did not find it easy to save money enough for the journey. Wages were certainly good, but such necessaries of life as could be procured were frightfully dear. Comforts existed not, but only perilous luxury of "spirits," alike dear and bad. The travellers were told that this had always been "a typhoid place." Men had been stricken down by scores at a time. When Arthur Sands and his party saw the source of the water supply, they shuddered and wondered at nothing! That water had been sold — or rather death in its shape—at so much a gallon to gold-seekers, too busy to think of aught but finding gold. The martyrology of mammon-worship is too vast a roll for us even to read the names written upon it.

The little expedition was glad to pass on its way.

On and on the party went, in clouds of copper-coloured dust, through other settlements not yet on the down-grade. At one place the excitement of the day was a condensed water sale, where the water sold at sixpence a gallon! At one mine in full working, where everything was very busy, it seemed to Arthur and his party that the gold was rather ill-protected. Yet at this very mine they noticed a warning to the miners not to take water without leave! Arthur Sands realized that he was getting into a new scheme of values. Also his growing

"Abusing and maltreating an old native, who had stolen a few nails."—*Page* 79.

consciousness of water scarcity, combined with the effects of the dust storm, began to give him such a thirst as he had never known. Light-hearted James McCoy joked that this was an inevitable symptom of the gold fever.

Lingering about the farthest mining settlements the party noticed a few debased specimens of the native people of the land. They wore a pretence of the white man's clothing. They used a few of the white man's words—mostly evil words. They drank the white man's fiery liquors; but if they ventured to lay hands on any of the white man's goods, woe to them! The little expedition, especially Arthur and James McCoy, were inclined to pity these poor creatures. Then they were instantly told that they were but savage brutes—dying out, perhaps, but not half quickly enough—that they might as well be encouraged to drink themselves to death, since that would save the trouble of shooting them! They were told stories of the barbarous murder of exploring parties by these natives, as if there was no other side that might be added.

"'You're not speaking fair, mates, and I think some of you must know it.'"—*Page* 79.

Sands and McCoy, with several miners, were lounging at rude tables set in front of a rough inn in one of the very outposts of the white man's progress. Earlier in the afternoon, some of the miners had been abusing and maltreating an old native, who had stolen a few nails. One or two had taken his part, but with a cruel kindness, for they had comforted him with glasses of gin. Now he lay in the gutter, a mass of bruises and drunkenness. The miners who passed by gave him a glance, possibly a shove with the foot, and then told some dire narrative of native "treachery" and "cruelty," of pioneer families who had been murdered every one, of stray travellers who had been killed without mercy. One or two of the coarsest told of "larks" which had ended in death and disaster to black men and women.

There was one man who sat apart. Arthur had noticed him directly he went in because there was something about him striking and strange. For one thing, he was older than most of the men there. There were no signs of "mining" about him, but rather those of a stockman. He gave his orders and his answers in monosyllables, and did not join in the talk. Naturally, therefore, everybody's face turned to him when he suddenly said in a loud, stern voice,—

"You're not speaking fair, mates, and I think some of you must know it. Those poor blacks have murdered white people here and there. But how many blacks have the white folk murdered? If they've lost a sheep they've killed the first black they've seen, and may be more than one. If the white men are to kill blacks for a sheep, why shouldn't the other blacks think they may kill other white men for the sake of their brothers? That's the way it goes on. And you're in the black man's land, remember, mates. You've taken the country where he used to feed his flocks and tend his little crops, and yet you shoot him if he steals a sheep or puts his paw into your tool-box."

There were murmurs of mingled dissent and approbation. But nobody interrupted the speaker. His long grey beard, the deep furrows of his tanned face, kindly in its expression, despite its beetling brows, perhaps touched some hearts with a memory of venerable faces scarcely to be seen again. For in the rough places of the earth, with all their badness and brutality, the tenderer human sentiments sometimes lie nearer to the surface and are more responsive to touch than they are beneath the smooth hard polish of what is called a finished civilization, a civilization which knows little or nothing of Christian light and influence.

The old man went on.

"There's some of you who talk loudest against these blacks, who have never seen one except these that have lived among you whites, and have grown a bit like yourselves. Is it vices or virtues they will learn among you? I put that question to you; I don't answer it for you. Answer it for yourselves, mates. But I've seen these black men when I was the first white man they'd ever met. I'd back their heads and eyes against most of those I see here. An' maybe it isn't saying much, mates! They took me in among themselves: they had not much to eat at that time, but they gave me share and share alike. They taught me how to find my food and take care of myself, and they were ready enough to learn anything I could teach them. But what does the white man do when he sees a black? I can tell you, mates. The first whites I saw after that time took me for a savage myself, for I'd grown pretty dark by then, and I was got up just like my fellows, whether you choose to call it clothes or no clothes. We were sitting peaceably enough in our boat, having been out a-fishing. Well, these white men poured a volley of lead among us. That was what they did. Then they made off. Was it any wonder that an arrow was sent after them? One of them fell. The others carried away the body. They were out "pioneering," those whites were, and that was what they did, and I've since seen the very newspaper that told how one of their number was "brutally murdered" by the blacks at such-and-such a creek. But they never said what they had done first. Oh no! That's what you know some of the missionaries say, that if you let wild natives see you have got nothing in your hands, they'll throw nothing at you. But if they think you're going to throw at them, why, they'll begin first."

"There's a good deal in that, mate," admitted one old miner. "But these niggers here, they are such beggars for drink."

The grey-headed man turned his head slowly from side to side. There sat every white man with his "drink" in front of him, the ground strewed with empty bottles, one or two miners actually lying among them! He said nothing. But the men understood him without words.

"Long ago, when I was a lad," said he drily, "I heard a saying that 'Imitation is the truest flattery.' That's all, mates."

(*To be continued.*)

Easter Thoughts.

I. THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION.

BY THE MOST REV. THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

"According to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead."
—*Eph.* i. 19, 20.

THERE is one great principle of the spiritual life which is deeply imbedded in the thought of St. Paul. All that was done in Christ is mystically repeated in Christ's people. Is it His death?—"We died with Christ." Is it His burial?—"Buried with Him." Is it His Ascension?—"If ye then be risen with Christ."

Some may object—"This is not very practical." One may say, "I have a hot temper, the misery of my home." Another, "Piles of fuel are laid within my soul, and the first spark of temptation will make them blaze up in the fires of lust." And others will say, "We live where the world's dreadful anti-Beatitudes are ever echoing round us, 'Blessed are the merciless, for they shall obtain money; blessed are the impure in heart and life, for they shall attain to that hardness of heart which is the secret of an ignoble happiness.' You read us Ephesians ii. 4, 5: but this image of a soul, seen in the very dust of death—pitied, quickened, loved, pardoned, robed, crowned, throned, made to sit in heavenly places—what can it do for us?"

To all which the Preacher answers, "Try." Try the sweetness of that present acceptance, which we may at once have with God through Christ. You will find that they are wrong who speak as if the Gospel nourished weakness, and did not make us partakers of power. "The exceeding greatness of His love to us-ward who believe," cried St. Paul just before the text. Oh the change which we saw in them! The stony heart gone, and become human, spiritualised, angel-like, Divine. And this was a specimen of the energy of God. It came within the range of that law of a Divine inworking which raised the dead Jesus. Test then His Risen Power."

II. DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A.

"And he saw and believed."—*St. John* xx. 8.

THE change from Holy Week to Eastertide is like stepping out of the dark, wild night with deep snow and bitter wind into a garden adorned with scented flowers of every hue, and sweet breath of summer air, and birds all singing happy songs. For we have just passed the darkest week in the year when we look at sin and pain and death. And in the

"Loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime"

the queen of festivals comes telling of the Peace of an awful victory—and of a door opened in Heaven. May we have an Easter *in our hearts*, and know what it is to be "RISEN WITH CHRIST."

If you read St. John's account of the Resurrection, you will see it is perfectly prosaic and matter of fact. It is altogether inconsistent with that excited and overwrought condition of mind and brain which some would persuade us accounted for the whole thing.

Here is a great truth or a great falsehood. The state of the grave was unexpected: the Body was gone: the wrappings were left behind: the tenant of the rich man's grave had risen from His own bed and left order and not confusion behind Him.

Yes, verily, the spiritual world is as real as the natural. And if we are "risen with Christ," we shall speak to Him day by day, and listen to His Word, and imitate His example, and rejoice in His Love.

(1) *Here is the grand Easter fact.*

St. Paul says Jesus Christ was "declared to be the Son of God with power, by the Resurrection of the dead" (Rom. i. 4). The Psalmist foretold that the Stone which the builders refused would become the Head of the corner. Isaiah predicted that the Man of Sorrows should see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied: that He should see His seed, and prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord should prosper in His Hand. But how could all this be, unless He broke the bars of death and liveth for evermore?

The scoffer, and the penitent, and the believer, were gathered round the Cross. And the believer and the unbeliever met round the grave. Loving-hearted women were there first, women who had been last at the Cross, with St. Peter and St. John, and others. But the chief priests and elders whose hearts were hardened would not be persuaded though One rose from the dead. So together they concocted a lame story, and giving the soldiers large sums of money, bade them say, "His disciples came by night, and stole Him away while we slept." Some still deny the Resurrection of our Lord, because they deny all miracles. But the denial of the Resurrection involves a denial of the Atonement, and then every stone of Christianity falls flat on the ground. It just comes to this: "*If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins*" (1 Cor. xv. 17).

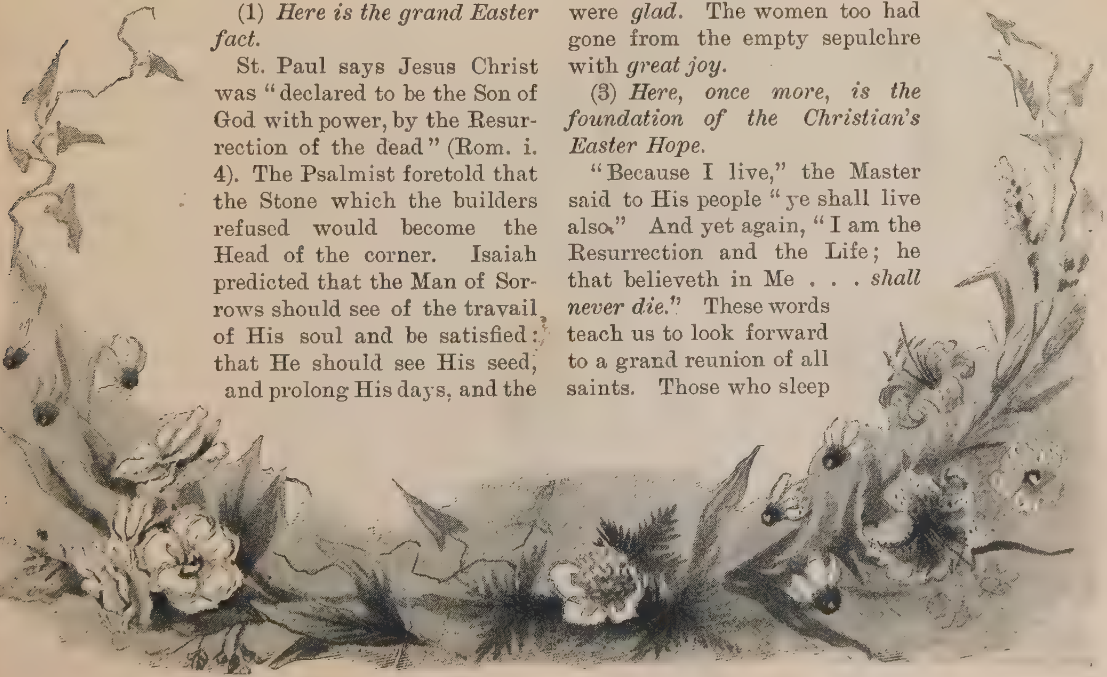
In his dream George Fox saw "the ocean of life sweep away the inky waters of death for ever." The dream was true to the glorious fact: and the Apostles never ceased to preach "Jesus and the Resurrection." This was the most prominent feature in every sermon of theirs recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

(2) *Here, too, is the ground for the Christian's Easter joy.*

When Jesus came and stood in the midst on the first Easter day His disciples were *glad*. The women too had gone from the empty sepulchre with *great joy*.

(3) *Here, once more, is the foundation of the Christian's Easter Hope.*

"Because I live," the Master said to His people "ye shall live also." And yet again, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me . . . *shall never die.*" These words teach us to look forward to a grand reunion of all saints. Those who sleep



FLOWERS OF THE HOLY LAND.

in Jesus are not lost but gone before: their life is hid with Christ, and they are at home with the Lord.

> "When earth last saw them they were bleeding,
> Thorn-crowned and sore distressed;
> They shall be changed and beautiful exceeding,
> When we shall see them next."

Is not this indeed the bright hope of Eastertide? Let us think of the first golden Easter, and ask our Saviour to make us glad with *His* joy—and especially remember how He said to St. Thomas, "Happy are they that have not seen, and yet have believed"—for the trusting heart is always singing.

Easter Joy.

As Spring's sweet breath after long wintry snow,
As land to voyager o'er pathless sea,
As daybreak after weary night of woe,
Is Easter Joy to me!

All Lenten shadows over! and the light
Around us and within so sweet and strong:
Teach us, O risen Master, how aright
To sing our Easter song.

The grave is dark no more! a stream of light
He, rising, left behind for all His own:
Death's chain is broken by His arm of might,
And rolled away the stone.

L. B.

Two Hours in a Tunnel.

BY H. ST. JOHN KEELING, AUTHOR OF "RAILWAY ROMANCE."

We met in a very slippery place—the chief engineer of the Jungfrau Railway and myself. It is customary to ask an interviewer to sit down, but the chief engineer wisely refrained. To take one's seat on a precipitous ice slope is apt to end disastrously.

"You are the man who intends to run a railway train to a height of thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy feet above the sea?" I began.

"You must knock off a couple of the odd hundreds," he answered. "There will be a lift for the final section."

"Anyhow your train will find its terminus somewhere about two and a half miles above the sea."

He smiled a broad Swiss smile of satisfaction. Then he began to chip steps with his ice axe.

"It will be climbing made easy to the eternal snows—climbing without tears, without ropes, without mountain sickness, without guides—"

"But not without a ticket," I put it.

"Ah, that reminds me," he answered. "We expect ten thousand people to ascend the first season, and a return ticket will cost about twenty-eight shillings. That's cheap enough, when you remember that a guide and porter would want more than six pounds. Besides, the climb to the summit occupies fourteen hours, while the railway will transport you in less than two."

"Two hours in a tunnel!" I said, and my eyes began to drink in the magnificent view which our mountain provided free of charge.

"Ah," he answered quickly, "there will be stations—five in addition to the Jungfrau terminus. Passengers will alight and admire the scenery."

"And miss the train," I added. "No, sir, you cannot deny that two hours in a tunnel has an ugly sound. Fancy two hours in our stifling underground railway, and in that we have a station every two or three minutes."

"But you have also the smoke and the sulphur fumes. We shall use electricity," he objected.

"Well, but there's the feeling of oppression," I urged. "Take the St. Gothard Tunnel for instance. To go through the nine and a quarter miles of darkness takes, on an average, about twenty minutes—that is a sixth the time your passengers will spend in the

MAKING THE FIRST SECTION OF THE RAILWAY.

THE FIRST LUGGAGE TRAIN.

Jungfrau Tunnel. Yet every one who has been through the St. Gothard knows how slowly the minutes pass. It seems an age before one emerges into daylight."

Thus we chatted on, he defending his sensational scheme and I disparaging it. I could not help admiring his determination and enthusiasm. The St. Gothard Tunnel cost more than two and a quarter million pounds, and for seven years and a half two thousand five hundred workmen were employed daily. For one-fifth of this sum it has been estimated the railway up the Jungfrau will be completed.

WHERE THE TUNNEL BEGINS AT THE FOOT OF THE EIGER.

It was George Stephenson who gave the first impetus to mountain-railway enterprise. What would he think of the latest development? According to the plans the line will be more that eight miles long. With the exception of the station at the point of departure all the other stations are to be bored in the solid rock, as well also the whole permanent way from the foot of the Eigêr to the final lift, 216 feet from the summit. The train will consist of two carriages and an electric engine. The seating accommodation of each carriage will be for about thirty-five passengers.

The railway will take a circuitous route. First it runs over grassy downs to the foot of the Eiger, where it will burrow into the rock. It will next emerge half way up the peak, then tunnel right through the next mountain, the Mönch, and finally penetrate to the heart of the Jungfrau.

OUTPOSTS OF OUR CHURCH

IV · JAPAN.

By the

REVD WALTER WESTON, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "MOUNTAINEERING AND EXPLORATION IN THE JAPANESE ALPS."

— THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

"HALF a dozen Switzerlands rolled into one and girdled by the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean," is the picture painted for me of his beautiful island home by a Japanese friend of mine. "The Great Britain of Asia," says another, who sees striking resemblance between his land and our own.

The area, the population, and the geographical position of Japan are almost identical with those of Great Britain. In each case you find a race of independent islanders, whose seclusion is sufficient to give great freedom from foreign invasion, and yet not enough to make it difficult to acquire all that is best of the arts, crafts and inventions offered by the people of a great continent, who gaze with envy or contempt across the separating seas.

Lofty mountains, rising from densely timbered valleys into a mighty backbone of granite peaks and volcanic cones, run from end to end of the long narrow islands. Curiously enough, though seven-eighths of Japan is mountainous the Japanese do not care for climbing on any but the easiest hills in pursuit of pleasure; and among the greater peaks only the occasional hunter roams in chase of the bear, or the wild boar and chamois, or a solitary government surveyor scales hard-won heights in carrying out a duty he detests.

On the outskirts of the mountain flanks the land here and there sinks into great flat plains, where the busy hum of populous cities never ceases, or where long chains of villages form links between those hives of industry. No wonder that the Jesuit, Francis Xavier, the first missionary, fell in love with "Sunrise Land," on his arrival in 1549, and exclaimed, "This nation is the delight of my soul." Two years later he left the country disappointed in his hopes. His successors lived to tell a different tale. Wise with the wisdom of this world, they offered to the artistic Japanese a religion that combined with the worship of Buddhism only a little less of superstition, and promises of an immediate entrance after death into a paradise of pleasure Hundreds of thousands of converts flocked to baptism. But a time came when the Japanese, with whom patriotism is a passion, wild with fury at the rumour of the coming annexation of Japan by the Pope of Rome, strove by fire and sword to destroy the foreign faith and the plotters who used it for base ends.

From 1587 to 1637 thousands of Japanese Christians, though ill-taught, and with no Bible to guide them, died deaths of violence and shame, rather than deny the faith that was dearer than life itself.

For more than two hundred years the doors of Japan were closed, with little exception, to intercourse with the outside world, until some forty-five years ago, when, with America at their head, the nations of the West came and knocked, and would not be denied.

From that day to this the intercourse has grown. The great island nation has, slowly at first, but with increasing readiness, been opening her gates. With the soldier, the sailor, and the merchant, the missionary has entered. In the court, the camp, and the crowded mart, the once hated name of Christian is spreading in numbers and in power. It is New Year's Day, and the streets are crowded with busy throngs of people who have come out to look at each other, or call on their friends. There goes in his carriage and pair a gold laced official to pay his respects to his Imperial master. He is high in the councils of the land, but he is, better still, a true servant of Jesus Christ. See those little boys and girls, just past their own toddling days, with tiny babies strapped on their backs, that make them resemble a new species of Siamese twins. They are off to Sunday School, or going to pay a visit to old grandmamma, whose eyes are too dim now to read herself, and whose greatest delight is to hear from children's lips the Word of Life.

In every walk in life the Gospel "leaven is leavening the whole lump," and on every hand fresh openings are being readily granted to the entrance of the "Word that giveth life." In the recent army manœuvres near Osaka, some 30,000 men were, for a time, quartered in that city, and of these nearly 8,000 visited various preaching rooms and other premises of the C.M.S., receiving kind words, hospitality, and, on leaving, a Testament or a tract, bread "cast on the waters" that *shall* be found "after many days." In this city of Osaka alone there are 700,000 people.

An incident of the present writer's own experience will illustrate one of the difficulties of work amongst the commercial class in Japan. Introduced one day to a young Japanese student the conversation at last turned upon the Bible. "Yes," said the young man, "I have read it and think it very good. I believe it is quite true." "Do you then hope to confess your faith and become a Christian?" I asked. "Become a Christian? Why, I told you I am going to become a merchant; that is why I am at the Osaka Commercial School." "But why shouldn't you be a Christian as well as a merchant?" "Oh," he said, with a smile, "in my country, if a man is to be a successful merchant, he must be free to cheat and tell lies, and to take an advantage of his rivals whenever it serves his purpose to do so; but I find that your religion teaches that a Christian may not do this, and therefore" (with emphatic decision) "as I wish to become a successful merchant I shall *not* become a Christian!" What a testimony to the high opinion of a "heathen" of Christian obligations! Would to God that many professing Christians held and followed it themselves. God grant that in "The Land of the Morning" may speedily rise "The Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings."

In no part of the Mission Field is the work more uphill, and, often, more disheartening than in some of the Treaty Ports of the Far East. For not only are the religious and racial obstacles that stand in the way of a sufficiently formidable character, but there is the added difficulty of a large class of people engaged in trade whose commercial standard has been lowered by growing competition, and, alas, whose personal morality has been degraded by contact with the worst types of Europeans, ever arriving in increasing numbers on the fair shores of this lovely land.

At home, in England, efforts are being made to influence the Japanese sailors who visit our shores. It has been only too truly urged that "those Japanese seamen cannot fail to see the dark shades of vice and drunkenness that bring shame on the Christianity we profess. They cannot but marvel at our material greatness, our high standard of comfort and even of luxury, our historic buildings, our triumphs of art and science. Can we be content to let them leave our shores without that knowledge to which England above all owes her greatness and her freedom?—without our having made any effort to point them to Him Who is the centre of our Faith? And no less plain, surely, is our duty towards the few Christians among the seamen, some of whom are members of the Church of Japan. To these we are surely bound to hold out the hand of Christian fellowship and to encourage them in the Faith."

A LITTLE BLACK CAT

BY SARAH DOUDNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY E. WOOLMER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOME-COMING.

IN the morning Dorothy came down to breakfast, pale and heavy-eyed. Ted, who had slept but little, was grave and silent, and Mrs. Delisle, who was late, did her best to stimulate cheerfulness. But Grig was the only member of the household whose good spirits did not desert him. He made a bound to Dorothy's shoulder, and rubbed his little black head against her cheek.

Her pupils were away for their holidays; it was a relief to know that she should spend a quiet day with her mother. After Ted's departure she stood in the little porch, looking out sadly at the traces of the gale. Some of her creepers, torn from their fastenings, swayed languidly in the morning wind. The clouds were breaking slowly apart to let out gleams of watery light; glimpses of pure blue appeared, and there was a promise of coming peace.

This was the beginning of a spell of lovely weather, but the *Lucinda* was over-due, and poor Mrs. Morrison could take little pleasure in the sunshine. All along the coast there were tales of dire disaster; several vessels had gone to pieces; fragments of wreck drifted ashore. Ted Delisle was strangely interested in the fate of his new friend. As soon as office hours were ended, he ran down to the wharf before going home.

On a Saturday evening, just in the coolest, sweetest time of day, the *Lucinda* came safe to the old port once more. The skipper had brought her home with all her cargo, and there was much talk and much rejoicing when she was moored alongside of the wharf. Frank's quick eye went at once to the spot where Ted was standing. In another minute or two their hands met in a hearty grip.

"Come and have a bit of supper with us," cried Ted. "I'll go and tell them that you're coming."

"And so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be," said the skipper to himself, as he turned his steps to Lilac Cottage in the balmy twilight.

Dorothy had been arranging fresh flowers on the supper table, and had come out into the porch to get some jessamine. There she stood, a slender figure in a grey gown, as he came quickly down the garden path.

Somehow she had no words to greet him. The clasp of his hand silenced her; the deep look in his eyes made speech a vain thing. It was all right between them, and they knew it, standing under the crazy old porch which had sheltered other lovers in days gone by.

Some instinct kept Ted indoors by his mother's side. Moments went by. Frank had been desolate for a long while; but now he had found love and home and cherishing. The blessing that he had longed for was here. He drew Dorothy close to him in the dusk, and whispered that he could never let her go again.

While they still lingered, there was a slight rustle in the foliage just over their heads. Then something soft and warm and furry dropped suddenly down on Frank's shoulder and purred joyfully into his ear.

"'Come and have a bit of supper with us,' cried Ted."—*Page* 86.

Grig had claimed his share in the gladness of these two hearts. It was as if he wanted to remind them that he had brought them together.

He went in to supper in the skipper's arms in a state of great exultation. Nobody had the heart to remonstrate when he promenaded on the table and flicked their faces with his beautiful plumy tail. In some mysterious way he realized that this was a joyous occasion; and it does, indeed, seem sometimes that our four-footed friends know more about humans than we think. Their sympathy with our happiness and grief is a very curious thing.

When Frank had gone back to his lodgings, the three in the cottage sat up later than usual. Ted spared Dorothy the difficulty of making her confession.

"It's all settled between you and Atteridge, isn't it?" asked he, with a smile of satisfaction. "If he were any other fellow, I should say you hadn't known him long enough. But in his case I can't say it. Dorothy, my girl, I congratulate you with all my heart."

She came over to his side and kissed him.

"Ted," said she softly, "do you remember the day when you thought that mother might have been allowed to keep Grig? Doesn't it seem now as if nothing is ever lost without God's knowledge? Life is like that all through. Loss and restoration; giving, taking, and giving again. It will be so, right to the very end."

Ted looked down thoughtfully at the spray of jessamine he was twisting in his fingers. For a moment he was silent.

"One's eyes grow clearer, Dorothy," he said at last. "I am beginning to see what my lessons mean. They haven't been easy to learn; but when you get the sense of a thing into your head and heart, it stays there."

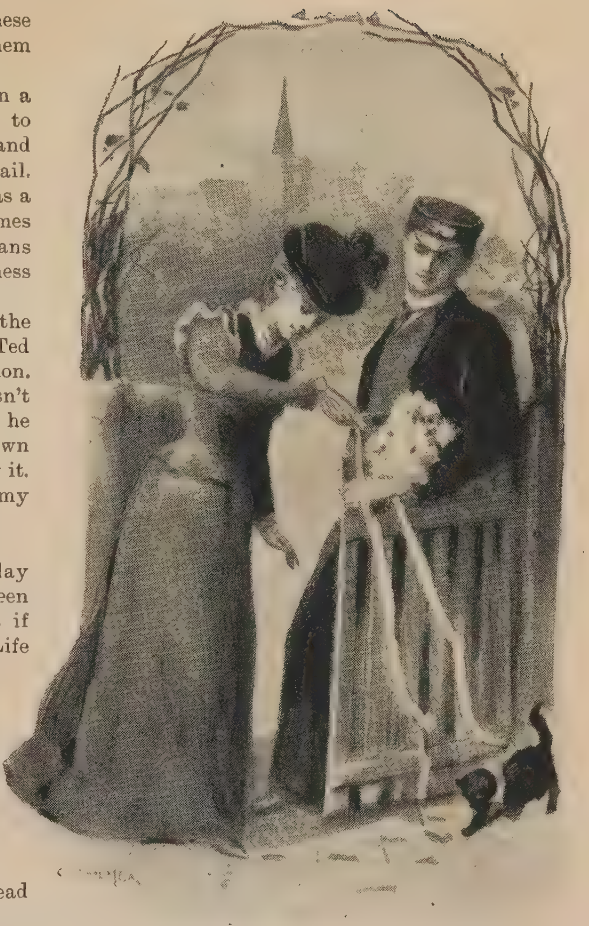
The Delisles were very busy in the autumn days. Dorothy thought that house-hunting was a delightful occupation, especially when you had to choose among several pretty little houses. The great shipowners who employed Frank were quite lavish in the way of wedding presents; and when they had finally decided on the nest, Mrs. Delisle had a very happy time.

She had never done much in the arrangement of her home. Mr. Delisle had furnished the big house expensively, and his wife had taken very little share in selecting. Now, for the first time in her life, she was helping to furnish a dwelling in a charmingly simple fashion of her own.

She was so happy in the business that Dorothy's cup of joy was full to the brim.

"Only think of your living with us, mother, among all the chairs and tables you have chosen!" cried she. "How you will comfort me when Frank is absent on his voyages, and the wind is whistling at the windows! Ah, mother, how good it is that you are here to guide me! I pity all poor lonely girls who have no mothers to help them in their married life."

"A little while ago I thought I was a useless creature," Mrs. Delisle said, smiling. "Dear me, what do we know about the places that are waiting to be filled?"



"The first to welcome the pair on their return to the cottage was the irrepressible Grig."—*Page* 88.

"If we did know we should be always fussing," Dorothy replied. "Thinking we were not wise enough, or something of that sort. Mother, has Ted told you about the place that is waiting for him?"

It was a very good berth indeed; but it would call him away from Northsea. Frank's employers, a great London firm, were in want of a confidential clerk, and willing to give a liberal salary. After an interview with Ted, they decided to take him.

No one knew how sad he had been at the prospect of breaking up a second home. For all the world he would not have cast a shadow over the newly-found happiness of his mother and sister. But he knew that there must be a parting of the ways, and that he would never again be needed as their chief supporter. It was Frank who read his thoughts and suggested a departure from the present groove.

"You know there will always be a room for you, Ted," said he, "and you'll run down to us as often as you can."

The November sun shone brightly on Dorothy's wedding-day. There was no display of bridal finery; the bride was married in her pretty travelling dress of dark-green cloth, and wore only a little cluster of real orange blossom nestling in the grey fur at her neck. Mrs. Delisle walked to church with her children, and Ted gave his sister away.

It was not by any means the kind of wedding which attracts a crowd, and the church was nearly empty. But some sailors and a boy were stationed near the church. Old Jerry Bond, still heartily ashamed of himself for the past, looked on at the ceremony with tears in his eyes.

"To think that this should have been brought to pass through me a-stealin' Sooty!" he said to himself. "There's more in it than I can understand. It always did seem as if Sooty came a-capering up to me on purpose to be stole."

It touched Frank to see the men who had weathered many a storm with him standing by. He shook hands with each of the sailors at the church door. Dorothy, too, put out her little hand rather timidly. The sight of these weather-beaten faces made her think of perils past and dangers yet to come. But the Eternal Father had been strong to save.

The first to welcome the pair on their return to the cottage was the irrepressible Grig. He wore a white satin ribbon, with bow and ends at the back of his neck. The bride hugged him and passed him on to her mother, and when the cab came to take the husband and wife to the railway station, he tried to jump in and sit on Mrs. Atteridge's lap.

When they came back from a short wedding tour, Mrs. Delisle and Grig were already settled in their new home; and then Ted said good-bye to Northsea and went off to London.

Three years passed away, and Dorothy and her mother had their hands full. There was a baby to occupy them now; a bonnie, bright-eyed boy, who held out his dimpled arms to welcome his sailor father. Old Jerry, who lived ashore in these days, was very proud to get a smile from the skipper's son. As to Grig, he had so increased in size that passers-by pointed him out to each other as he sat, in all his majesty, in the window. He was so big and black that he suggested the idea of some impossible cat in a fairy tale.

When Christmas came Ted always ran down to Northsea to spend a few days. He was older, graver, and happier; and he had left off saying those cynical things which his mother did not like to hear. It was on the third Christmas after their marriage that the Atteridges noticed another change in him.

He was preoccupied. Once or twice he gave wrong answers to simple questions, and caused his brother-in-law's eyes to twinkle with amusement. At last, when he had made a big blunder, the skipper looked him in the face and said quietly,—

"Well, Ted, what's her name?"

"Kate," answered Ted, smiling broadly. "Why did you think there was somebody? Oh, I see! I've been making a fool of myself."

"You ought to have told us all about her directly," cried Dorothy in a reproachful voice.

"I was considering how I should begin," replied he. "Mrs. Dorothy, you were shy yourself three years ago."

It was no wonder that Ted was slow to speak. Kate Rickaby was the daughter of one of the partners in the great ship-building firm, and Ted had not dared to raise his eyes to her face. He loved her; but would any one believe that such a love was disinterested? It never occurred to him that there might also be genuine love on her side. Among the many sorrows that life had brought him, the bitterest of all was surely this hopeless love.

And then came an opportunity to prove his devotion. She got into a boat with one or two thoughtless girls in a lonely spot on the river. Ted, who often followed her unseen, was at hand at the right moment, and when she was pushed into the water, he plunged in and saved her life.

A mutual understanding followed this romantic adventure. Kate besought her lover to forget that she was rich. What was the good of money, if it built up a barrier between herself and the man she loved? So Ted went straightway to Mr. Rickaby and honestly confessed the truth.

He was human, and he had expected that his girl would be more ambitious. But Ted was possessed of uncommon abilities, and had made himself extremely useful in the office. Moreover, Kate had set her heart upon him, and Mr. Rickaby knew what a stubborn little heart it was. He consented that they should marry after a year's engagement.

And this was the announcement which Ted had found it so difficult to make to his friends. When he recalled his old doubts of a Father's kindness, he was ashamed. How well he understood the meaning of all those hard lessons he had learnt so slowly in the past.

It was a matter of regret that circumstances prevented Grig from being a guest at Ted's wedding breakfast. But he wore his white satin ribbon in honour of the occasion, and drank a saucerful of milk. And to this day he is on the best of terms with the bride.

The Story of my First Voyage.

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BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL MORGAN.

IV.

By the time we arrived at Plymouth I was in some degree seasoned, was beginning to learn the names of things, and was able to let go the right rope when called upon to do so. Happily, I was in a measure protected from the brutality of the bully Goole by his being in the port watch whilst I was in the second mate's. But when we had been at sea about three weeks, I went below one day, and found the tall young man receiving a fearful beating from the third mate, the heroic Orkneylander.

Mr. Banks was "walking into" Mr. Goole in noble style, giving him prompt dispatch, as the shippers say, into every corner of the berth, amidst the silence of several young gentlemen who lay trembling in their bunks.

I afterward understood that Goole had ill-used one of the first voyagers in his watch so cruelly that the lad had complained to the third mate, who forthwith descended into the cabin, and taking off his coat, pulled Goole out of his bed.

The bully was greatly disfigured, and his spirit quite broken by that single thrashing. I cannot recollect that he ever gave us any more trouble after it.

After we left Plymouth and were fairly at sea I got on pretty well, considering I was a child and the work the heaviest and the roughest the industries of man have yielded to his fellows. One of the boatswain's mates washed my clothes, and I was very fond of yarning with him in the ship's forecastle in my watch below, instead of turning in and smoking or reading as the others did.

It was in that ship's forecastle that I picked up much of those impressions of the British merchant seaman which I have endeavoured since to convey in stories of the ocean. By the hour I would watch Jack stitching, mending his clothes, rigging his model ship, conversing under the flash of the swinging flame that spouted from such another coffee-pot as ours.

I own I greatly preferred the company of the sailors to that of the midshipmen. Whether the men were restrained by my youth and innocence, or whether they were by nature a steady, respectable body of seamen, I cannot now tell. But I know that during the many hours I spent in the forecastle of the *Duncan Dunbar*, I scarcely ever heard a word which was unfit for my young ears. On the contrary, the men made much of me, they showed me how to make knots, they answered my questions patiently and with intelligence.

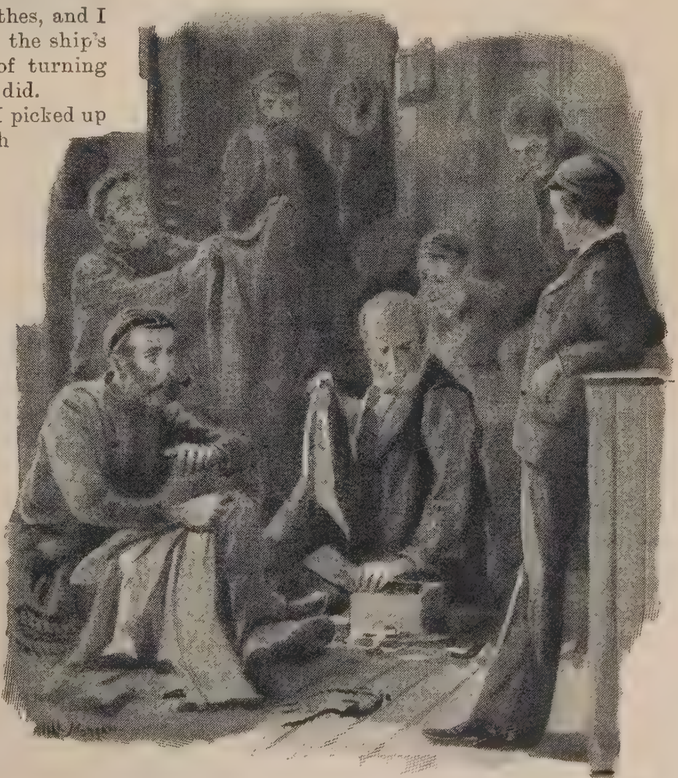
My boatswain's mate who washed for me was the tutor who finally made me feel somewhat easy aloft. Again and again together we essayed the fore-shrouds, and I was never prouder than when I discovered that I could climb over the wide fore-top without an added heart-beat.

The midshipmen, on the other hand, were young gentlemen of loose principles and a profane turn of mind. They had come to sea to be sailors, and they blacked themselves all over for their part. I have often laughed since to think how much too much sailors we all were, how needlessly nautical our nautical language, how very much too rolling our rolling gait.

The sailor's life is a dull round of routine, and all the illusions I had carried to the ocean with me quickly vanished. And yet, as we were a berth full of twelve midshipmen, I did not find the vocation lacking in a sort of grotesque life and spirit.

The part I least liked was the turning out on a black, wet night, when the wind was blowing a howling gale full of frost. I would crawl aloft with the rest if the cry was for all hands, and get into the slings of the mizzentopsail-yard, but I was of little use. My legs were so short that if a longer lad stood beside me on the foot-rope, he depressed my head below the yard, and I could do nothing but hold on.

Another part I did not like was the food. Although a handsome premium had been paid for each of us, we were on the ship's articles, and ate such



"Many hours I spent in the forecastle of the *Duncan Dunbar*."—*Page* 89.

provisions as the forecastle hands got. The one hundred and twenty guineas mess-money brought us nothing that I can recollect worth naming. All that I can recall of our private stores are a few casks of flour and sugar, a quantity of horribly bad pickles, and a barge-load of great red tins of preserved potatoes. The midshipmen were undoubtedly defrauded, but this seems to be inevitably the lot of Jack, whether he walk brilliant in badge and buttons, or greasy in the rags of the pier-head jumper.

The food of my time is the food they still serve out at sea. No improvement has been made. It is a subject about which there will always be much talk, but I predict that substantially the issue of the remote future will remain the hard, malodorous contents of the harness-cask of centuries ago.

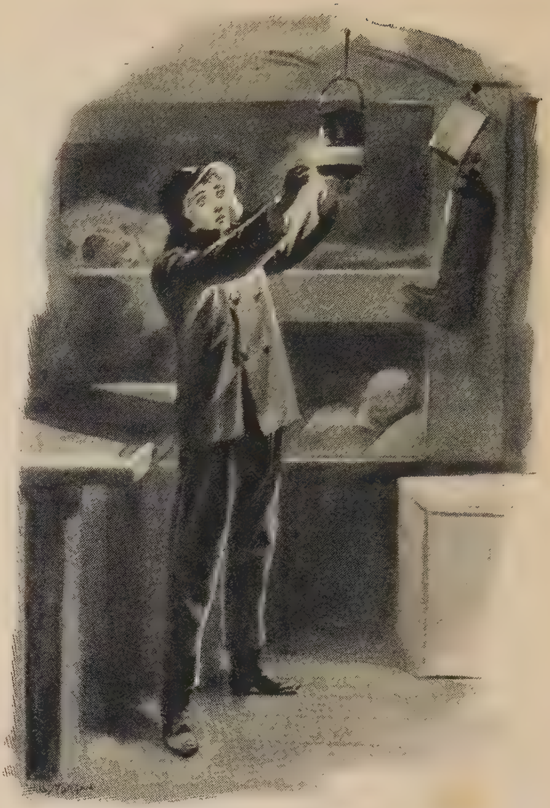
I wonder that I did not starve in that first as well as in sundry after voyages. Soup and boulli is a mess I never could even bear the smell of. I sometimes contrived to make a meal off a piece of fat pork awash in vinegar, and a round of ship's bread, but I lacked the rat's tooth of the forecastle for the beef of the *Duncan Dunbar*.

Again and again I have gone below, after being on deck four hours, bitterly cold and wet through, and got nothing better to make a meal of, whether breakfast, dinner, or supper, than a pannikin of black tea, a ship's biscuit, a piece of the fat of pork; or, failing that, salt butter and sugar mixed and spread upon the biscuit.

In fact, once, in an effort to feel something like the comfort of warmth even for a brief five minutes, I nearly set the ship on fire. We were hove-to. It was blowing very strong, and a high sea was running. It was the middle watch and intensely cold.

The second mate said to me after we had been on deck half an hour or so, "Russell, go below and boil some coffee in that machine of yours." The machine he referred to was an arrangement of spirit lamp and funnel, which a loving old nurse had put into my box along with a can of spirits of wine. I was glad to quit the black and roaring deck, and descended into the midshipmen's berth in streaming oilskins and sou'wester.

I hooked my little spirit machine to an amidship beam, filled it with enough coffee to make out two pannikins, then set the spirit on fire. Six midshipmen lay asleep in their several bunks. One was a fellow named Kennett. His red nose overhung the edge of his shelf, and he looked as if he were snoring; it was impossible to hear such a sound as a snore amidst the wildly straining noises in that timber interior.



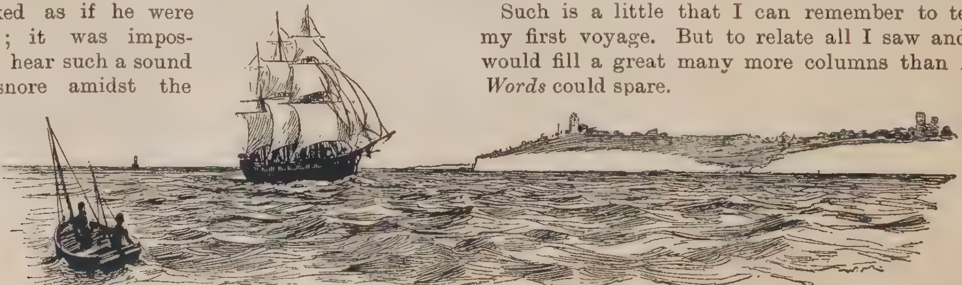
"I hooked my little spirit machine to an amidship beam."—*Page* 90.

Suddenly the ship lurched violently to leeward, and I stumbled. I was standing close under the spirit lamp at the moment, and the forethatch of my sou'wester catching the dish, capsized it. In a breath the deck was alive with blue, inextinguishable flames.

I was panic-stricken; I danced in my little sea-boots in an agony of terror, hoping to stamp out the unconquerable fire. The flames, waving as they do in a snapdragon bowl, crawled from side to side with the motions of the deck, and at last the stuff burnt itself out, leaving me white and breathless.

The red-nosed Kennett, opening his eyes, took several sniffs, and exclaiming, "What a jolly good smell!" turned over and was asleep in a moment.

Such is a little that I can remember to tell of my first voyage. But to relate all I saw and did would fill a great many more columns than *Home Words* could spare.



The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

II. PAPAL ROME, AND HILDEBRAND.

GRADUALLY but surely the Anglo-Saxon Church, more or less resisting Roman claims and Roman errors, became the Norman Church of England. Dunstan and Elfric gave place to the Norman Lanfranc and Anselm. Edward the Confessor had himself been brought up in Normandy, and was a kinsman of the Conqueror. He possessed noble traits of character, and did much to promote Christian teaching, and to raise the tone of English life. But Rome's growing influence, through Normandy, and the introduction of Norman bishops into England, gradually affected the king; and so, after his death in January, 1066, his memory became "enveloped with a wrapping of pretended miracles, visions, and supernatural gifts."

The last of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, which he had founded. Superstition began at once to frame its legendary stories, and a shrine was erected on which neither pains nor cost were spared. A place of interment near the "sacred spot" was soon coveted by Royalty, and the Abbey became the burial place of kings. The next step was canonization. This was refused at first by Pope Innocent II. in 1140, but oddly enough granted in 1161 by Alexander III.: and to commemorate the event a still more magnificent shrine was erected. All this development of error prepared the way, after the short reign of Harold, for the advent of William and the Norman Conquest.

The change in England which followed the Conquest, which we are about to record, could scarcely be understood without a brief survey of the preceding history of Papal Rome itself. As we have said, "it was as a Pope's man, and with the Papal benediction, that William gained the English crown."

In this survey we have no wish—far from it—to draw a picture that contains one line in excess of sad and painful historic accuracy. The authorities we shall quote are unquestionable, and Rome's own testimony is not lacking to confirm them. Alas! that it should be true, but a darker story than that of Rome's ecclesiastical and moral declension, during the tenth century and the first part of the eleventh, could scarcely be told.

Our first authority, Sir James Stephen, in his *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, speaking of the Popes of this period says: "Two were murdered; five were driven into exile; four were deposed; and three resigned. Some of these 'vicars of Christ' were raised to their pre-eminence by arms, and some by money. A well-filled purse purchased one Papal abdication; the promise of a fair bride another. One of these 'holy fathers' pillaged the treasury, fled with the spoil, returned to Rome, ejected his substitute, and terribly mutilated him. In one page of this dismal history we read of the disinterred corpse of a former Pope brought before his successor to receive a retrospective sentence of deposition. One Pope was under eighteen years of age and another under twelve. . . . Crime and debauchery held revel at the Vatican. At one time there were three Popes, each claiming the title, reigning at the same time in Rome."

A second authority, Dr. Storrs, in his lecture, *Bernard of Clairvaux*, says: "At Rome itself the vilest vices appeared. It is almost incredible the extent to which a frightful corruption prevailed. The annalists of the Roman Church stand aghast before it. It was said to be 'the reign of harlots. No Protestant prepossessions colour this picture. Even the learned and scrupulous Mabillon had to confess that 'most of the Popes of the tenth century lived rather like monsters or like wild beasts than like bishops.'"

At length the Emperor Henry III. determined to put an end to the awful scandal. He summoned a council at Sutre in 1046, and Benedict IX. and two anti-popes were forced to retire. So ended what Cardinal Baronius was constrained to term "the monstrous iniquities abhorred of all men."

Moral degradation now gave place to the almost equally incredible and perilous extreme of ecclesiastical usurpation of semi-Divine authority. The reaction from Benedict IX. issued after several Popes in the elevation of the monk Hildebrand, one of the most extraordinary characters in all history. He seems to have realized the utter moral corruption of the Papacy, and to have convinced himself that a semi-Divine headship, in his own person, based upon the advancing errors of the times, could alone supply any remedy. It was a marvellous self-delusion. Hildebrand claimed to be—these are the historic words—"the supreme Vicar of Christ on earth, the mortal head of an immortal dynasty, the depository of a power delegated yet *Divine*, the viceroy to whom had been entrusted by God Himself the care of interests and the dispensation of *blessings* and *curses*, which, by comparison, reduced to inappreciable vanities all the good and evil of this transitory world." When a man had thus convinced himself of his semi-Divinity, and his possession of "authority over all the kings and rulers of the earth," we are not even surprised at the extraordinary "Dictates" or "Decrees" which Hildebrand presently issued at the Council of Rome in 1076. It will suffice to give two or three of these outrageous claims:—

"All princes shall kiss the feet of the Pope."

"He can be judged of none."

"It is lawful for him to depose kings and emperors."

"The Roman Church has never erred."

The actions of Hildebrand soon corresponded with these absurd and monstrous claims. He seems really to have believed in his own self-delusion that, as Dean Spence says, "the earthly weal and the eternal salvation of mankind" depended upon his usurped autocracy! Even the Apostolic warning against "forbidding to marry" had no weight with an infallible Pope, who alone could "interpret" Scripture, or allow it to be read; and presently, to increase his direct power over the priests, and organize them to carry out his ecclesiastical plans, he issued a decree commanding them to put away their wives, and declared their children illegitimate! The sacredness of home, the holy ordinance "instituted of God in the time of man's innocence," was violated by one who claimed to be wiser than God Himself! And, strangely, the prohibition was directed against the very men who, in this and other respects, were to be "ensamples to the flock." No doubt the prevailing licentiousness and immorality may have seemed to some to furnish a plea for this desecration of family life; but the reversal of God's rule by man's superstitious folly speedily resulted in greater ruin in yet another form. A terrible struggle followed; the breaking up of happy homes, and the final triumph of the determined Hildebrand, in his usurpation of supreme power over all kings and rulers, roused a bitter hatred, which at length led to his own fall and death in lonely exile.

Matrimonial Memories.

BY THE REV. G. ARTHUR SOWTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, BIRMINGHAM.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME MAKING.

Of nervous brides and bridegrooms one has seen galore. One elderly gentleman came to me the evening before his wedding and begged me to give orders for the church to be locked as soon as the complete party was safe inside. It was sheer nervousness. He imagined the world took such a bottomless interest in his welfare that it would crowd into the church to witness his despatch. Of course I refused, and even the offer of double the usual fee could not soften my obduracy. The strange part of the story is that he was a widower, and should have been taught self-possession by his previous experience.

THE COTTAGE HOME.

But he was not nearly as nervous as a bride whose demonstrativeness I have some difficulty in forgetting. Her eyes glistened with tears as she came up the church, unconventionally leaning on the arm of her future husband. By the time she had reached the chancel rails she was sobbing without restraint. It was difficult even to elicit the simple monosyllables, "I will," from one so completely abandoned to the sweetness of her grief; but the climax was not reached till I took her hand to place it in the hand of the waiting groom. Perhaps she detected a secret sympathy in my touch, and felt that one friend at least was present who would not fail her. At any rate, she clung to my hand with the tenacity of a shipwrecked sailor clinging to a floating spar, and convulsively ejected the broken words, "*Sir,—sir,—I've never,—never—been through it—before.*" I should add that this tearful bride was a fair young creature of seventy-three summers, or thereabout, whose brow was scored with wrinkles as deep and frequent as the furrows of an autumnal field.

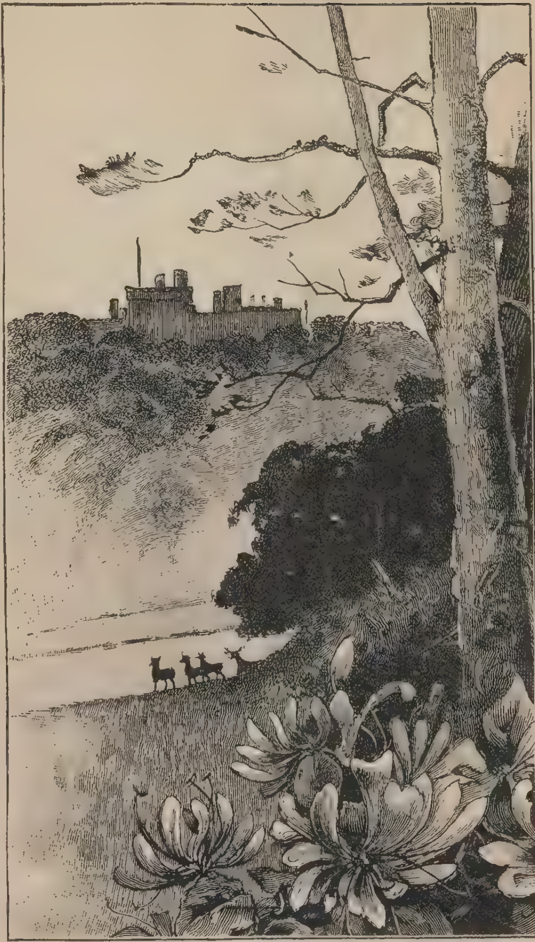
Of a very opposite type was the somewhat pert young lady whom I married only the other day. The ring appeared to be a size too small for her, and much precious time was being wasted in the efforts to get it on. I meekly suggested to the bridegroom that he had bought it without taking the measure beforehand. "It won't go on at all," I said. "Oh yes, it will," rapped out Lucinda, with an emphatic nod of the head; "*I've tried it.*" Any one with half an eye could see on which side the obedience was going to lie in *that* home.

Have any of my readers ever come across the notion, common I believe in some parts, that the bridegroom must not be allowed on any account to press the ring beyond the second knuckle of the finger, but that the final push must be given to it by the bride herself? At one time I frequently noticed the bride putting this finishing touch to the matter, and asked the sextoness whether it meant anything or not. "Well, sir," she replied, "ladies think that if the gentleman puts the ring on the whole way he is sure to be the master; but if they can stop it at the knuckle, and put it on the rest of the way themselves, they will have the best of matters." I have never heard any confirmation of this tradition, but ever since I heard it I have been careful, in the interests of my sex, to see that the ring was fairly and fully adjusted by the bridegroom.

Once a ring stubbornly refused to go on, and no amount of coaxing and screwing would get it into its proper place. I was just on the point of arresting the prolongation of the painful suspense, when the bridegroom looked up into my face and said, with the utmost *sang froid*, "It want's *soaping*, sir." I told this tale soon afterwards at a parochial gathering, with an appropriate moral of course, which I forget now, and it evidently made a lasting impression upon one at least of my audience, for on the eve of my own wedding I received an anonymous postcard, bearing the kind advice, "Don't forget the soap."

No weddings ever raise such painful misgivings in my mind as those in which the bridegroom has rushed into matrimony long before he is able decently to maintain a wife. "Where are you going to live?" I asked one newly-married couple. "I don't know," answered the husband; "we're going to stay at father's for a few months." "But have you prepared no home of your own?" "No." "Have you got no furniture ready?" "Oh, that will be all right," was the light-hearted response; "we shall get a few sticks together by-and-by!" He was only a day labourer, earning, when in full employment, a few shillings a week.

Young men and maidens, receive a word of sage counsel. There are few more prolific causes of drink and wretchedness than improvident marriages. Make sure at least of your home before you rush into matrimony. No young man who truly loves a girl will marry her until he has made some permanent provision for her comfort. "Love in a cottage" is all very well, but the cottage must be furnished; and if you cannot afford to furnish the cottage, you cannot yet afford to take a wife. It is quaintly said by a preacher, that in the tenth commandment the "house" is mentioned before the "wife," to show that no man ought to have a wife until he had a house to put her in. As a matter of exegesis the remark was open to criticism, but as a matter of sound common-sense it will bear consideration. To take a wife rashly and recklessly before a man is able to support her, is not to take her "for better, for worse," but as the repentant husband said, "all for worse and no better."



THE PALACE HOME: WINDSOR CASTLE.

With this little homely homily I conclude. Marriage is a lifelong covenant. It is no mere time contract, as a man evidently thought who called upon me one day.

"I want to get married over again," he said.

"Over again? What do you mean?" I asked. "Are you a widower?"

"No, sir; but we've been married close on twenty-five years, and my mates told me we shouldn't be man and wife after our next wedding-day."

Many a husband, and many a wife, too, would be glad if it were possible for the contract to expire in such a manner; but not so those whose marriages were "made in heaven." Let God have the making of yours, my reader, and then your bliss will broaden and deepen as the years roll on. Your wedded love will be like the course of some mighty river, growing fuller, stronger, deeper as it nears the ocean.

"O, happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of the angels,
Where the golden chain of Godliness is entwined with the
roses of love."

A BABY ELEPHANT, BORN IN OLD ENGLAND.

The Young Folks' Page.

A WONDERFUL ELEPHANT.

IN our picture we have a life-like sketch of a young elephant, born in old England, far from its native jungle. Some day, perhaps, it will do duty in the Zoo, and carry half a dozen small riders on its broad back. Kindness is the great secret of training elephants. But, perhaps, a true story will be the best illustration of the fact.

It is told of a very old elephant, long since dead. Many years ago he was the property of an East Indian rajah, and had been in the royal stables no one knew how long. So great was his age that he became an object of the utmost reverence to the natives.

A garrison of English soldiers, commanded by officers, whose wives and children accompanied them, was posted near the rajah's grounds. One of the children, a bright little fellow of five years, became greatly attached to this elephant. Regularly every morning he went with his ayah, or native nurse, to the inclosure where the elephant was kept, and fed him with bonbons and cake. The animal, in return, never failed to caress the boy with his trunk, and manifested the liveliest pleasure by trumpeting whenever his youthful friend made his appearance.

The Sepoy Rebellion broke out, and the rajah, at first faithful, finally became involved in its meshes. Soon after Lucknow, orders were received from Nina Sahib to the effect that the rajah should massacre the garrison, and, with all the Sepoys he could muster, join the camp of Nina. The order was executed early one morning. The few English soldiers were speedily killed. The ayah and child were sleeping in a cottage some distance from headquarters, and at the first alarm, the boy's father, a captain, sent an orderly to bring the child to the camp. Before he could get there, the camp had been surrounded, and the screams of the women and children, and the din and hubbub following, showed how English valour had been overmatched by numbers.

A party of Sepoys, seeing the soldier entering the cottage, pursued him, and he rushed into the place and barred the door. The ayah, rudely aroused from her sleep, snatched up the child and screamed for help. The Sepoys, with a beam for a battering ram, dashed down the door and rushed forward, only to be met by the soldier, who with his Scotch broadsword struck down the two foremost of the band as they entered the door. The others hastily drew back, and, passing behind the cottage, fired its roof, thatched with rice straw, and then waited for the flames to do that which they dared not attempt.

But amid the crackling flames, the exulting yells of the Sepoys, and the screams of the ayah, a rescuer made his appearance. The elephant, recognising the voices of the ayah and the child, had snapped his chain, and, despite the exertions of his mahout, or native driver, had broken away from his control. With his head he had smashed down the gates of his inclosure, and he rushed toward the cottage. The sight of fire and the calls of the child repeating his name roused him to fury. He charged the Sepoys right and left, scattering them, and uttering the hoarse cry that always proceeds from the elephant's throat when enraged.

The soldier, rendered desperate by the prospect of speedy death and torture, seized the child, and, with the ayah, ran out of the burning cottage and took refuge near the animal. The sight of the sacred elephant interfering in this unexpected way in behalf of the party was too much for sepoy superstition. They fell on their faces in fear, and the soldier, seizing the opportunity, was shrewd enough to take advantage of it. He guided the animal out of the way of the Sepoys, and down the river some miles, where a garrison of English soldiers had withstood the attacks of the enemy.

From here the elephant was used to convey some of the fugitives farther still down the river. His romantic history and great age induced the general commanding to send him to England.

For many years the boy used to write inquiring after the friend who preserved his life in so singular a manner.

R. S.

"WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?"

"Leaving us an Example, that ye should follow His steps."—1 *Pet.* ii. 21.

If washed in Jesus' blood,
Then bear His likeness too;
And, as you onward press,
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

With willing heart and hand
Your daily task pursue;
Work, for the day wears on;
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

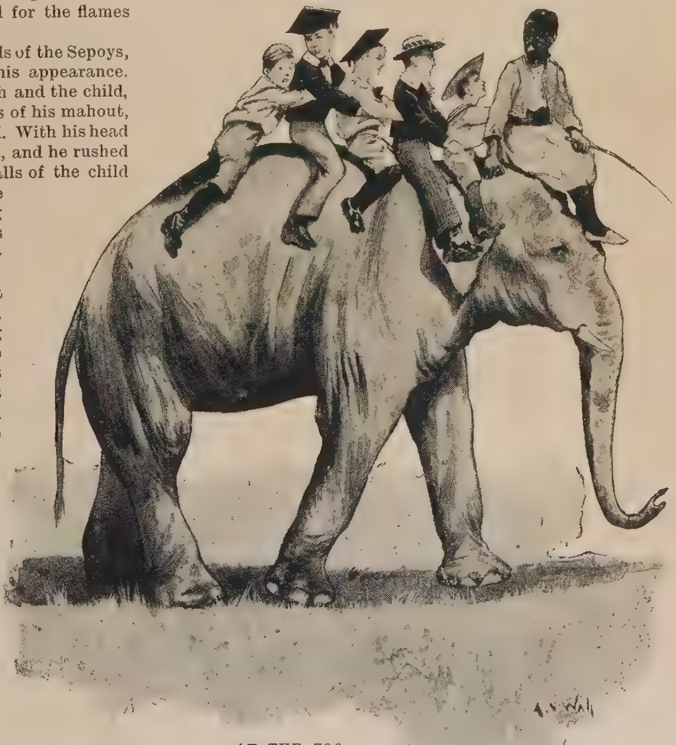
Be gentle, e'en when wronged,
Revenge and pride subdue;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue!
When fear would whisper, "Yield,"
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

Give, with a full, free hand—
God freely gives to you;
And check each selfish thought
With, "What would Jesus do?"

Then let the golden thread
Woven your life-work through,
Reflecting heaven's own light,
Be, "What would Jesus do?"

M. C. W.



AT THE ZOO.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

1. How long did the Lord remain on earth after His Resurrection?
2. Who were His companions?
3. How was He occupied?
4. Did He work any miracle?
5. Whence did He ascend?
6. How many accounts have we of the event?
7. What Psalm is quoted in the Hebrews as referring to the Ascension?

ANSWERS (See February No., p. 48).

1. St. Luke xvii. 32.
2. St. Luke i. 3. Acts i. 1.
3. Lev. xvi. 29.
4. Joel ii. 21.
5. 1 Kings ii. 2.
6. Mark iv. 26.

King Baby

HIS CARE & CULTURE

By LINA ORMAN COOPER. Author of We Wives.

IV. HIS DAILY ROUTINE.

HABIT is a marvellous force in life. It dominates nine-tenths of our existence. Therefore we mothers should devote ourselves to the formation of good habits even in our little children.

We cannot begin too early to teach and train our babies in cleanly regular customs. As I am writing for mothers only, and as even the most trivial detail is of interest to them, I shall treat in this paper of the *minutiæ* of daily routine in our nurseries. Food, and preparation of food, is a most important thing. Health waits on digestion. Looking onwards we must lay a foundation for future capabilities of work and happiness, by economising pepsine fluid and feeding our babies only at stated periods. Every fourth hour is quite often enough to give baby the breast or the bottle; take him up at 6 o'clock, and do not nurse him again until 10 o'clock. By that time he will have been bathed and dressed. After his breakfast send the king out for his daily airing, bringing him in again for a meal (before sleep) at 2 o'clock. Six p.m. brings round tea and bedtime, whilst supper is given at 10 o'clock, just before we ourselves retire to rest. The wee stomach should be allowed to rest as well as the little brain, and baby will slumber and sleep calmly during the hours of darkness unless overfed and overloaded by constant ministration to his wants. At first, doubtless, the little tyrant will expostulate against this treatment, but, after a time, the king will only look and call for food at these times.

One bath a day is quite enough for our babies. Many nurses insist on two, but a sponging at night refreshes quite as much as a dip, and will not weaken. To give the morning ablution properly you must buy a nursery basin, or a zinc bath will answer the purpose. Pour into it a little lukewarm *soft* water, and have ready a cake of good unscented soap. Lay close at hand the basket of aired clothes, powder puff, mouth and face sponge, etc., etc. Now lay baby *naked* on a thick flannel square, and take him on your knee. Turn the round head (supported on your hand) over the tub, and gently wash it and the tiny face. After drying his shell-like ears, lift him on the flannel, and lay it and him gradually in the bath. This method will prevent that "squirming" so terrifying to an inexperienced mother, and we shall have none of the shrieks which tell of fright. Baby will smile as he is let down into the warm water, and this daily bath will be a pleasure and not a penance. At last, the mat will lie at the bottom of the bath, and the king will be sitting on it comfortable. Now wash every part carefully, letting a stream of water pour over stomach and loins; lift out (leaving the flannel in the bath), and dry quickly with soft *warm* towels. Dust over with fuller's earth, and dress according to the system laid down in Paper I. Before putting on the robe, place a tiny *pot-de-chambre* between your knees, and *lay* baby on it, until he has made himself comfortable. If this is done patiently time after time, he will soon attend to the calls of nature only at stated intervals. Saving in napkins and anxiety will follow. Regularity in this matter forms a *habit*, and constipation, with all the ills attendant in its train, will be prevented. By three months old, a child should only occasionally wet his clothes, and *never* soil them. Of course, a nurse must support the little spine with her hand all the time, and the utensil must be covered with flannel to prevent a chill or shock.

Having bathed and fed the king, seen that his nails are not "studies in black and white," brushed his hair and washed out his mouth, we next attire him for his daily airing. By this time the infant monarch is tired, and replete, and sleepy, so we must spare him every annoyance. Instead of putting on shawl and cloak and hood separately, place all together on a couch; the bonnet above the cape and the shawl inside the cloak. Lay baby on these, as if in a bed, and, without stirring him, strings can be tied and woollies pulled in place. Then, whilst we are tidying up everything and putting on hat and muffler, King Baby will have crossed into Drowsyland, where

> "The dream people come to join in his play,
> From the plains of the kingdom of Nod,
> That beautiful country that borders, they say,
> On the luminous valleys of God."

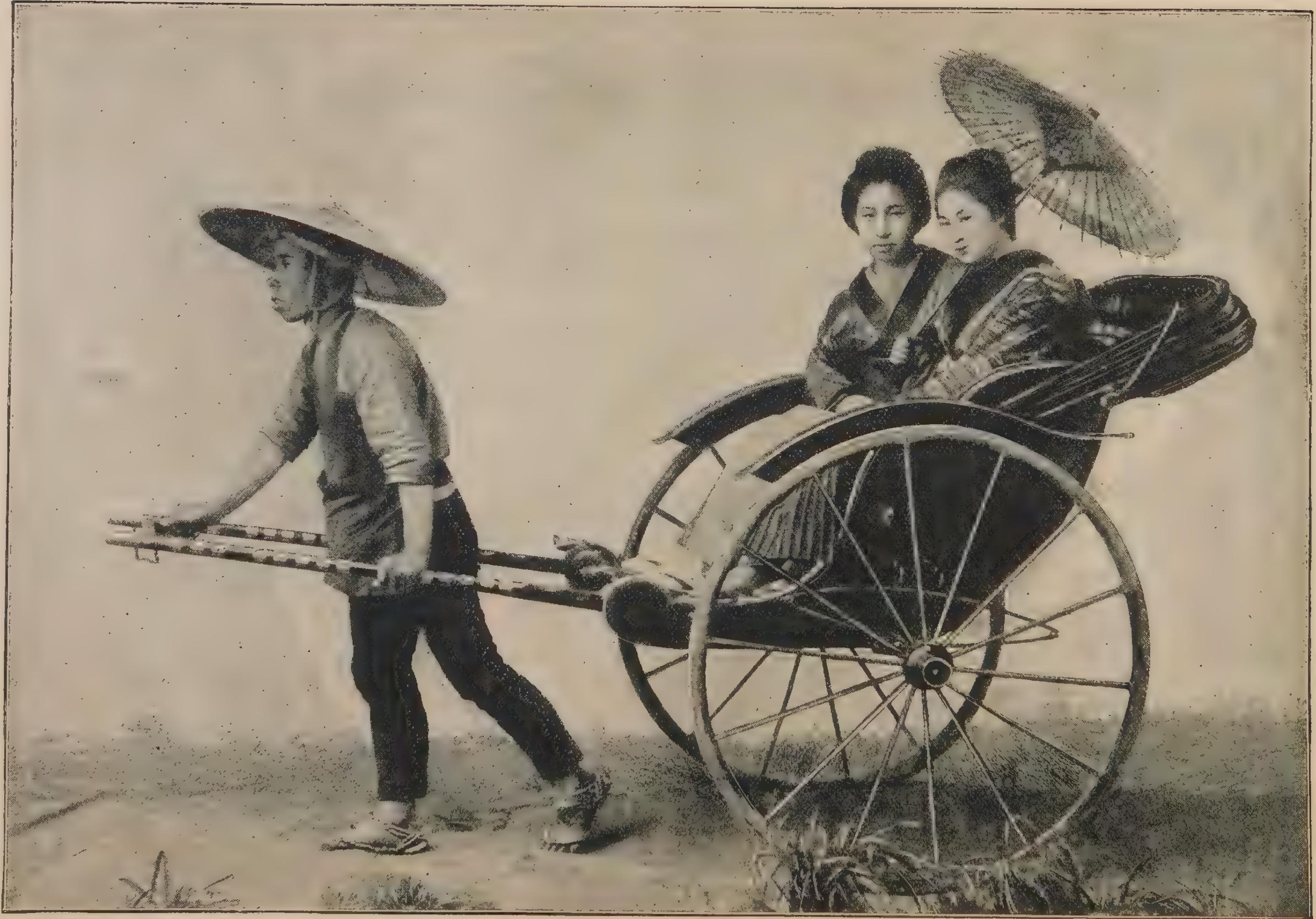
From eleven to two *every fine day* our charges should be out in the open air. If we ourselves are too busy to "sit under" him there, he will come to no harm in a bassinette perambulator. See that the carriage stands in a shady place, and pull up its storm-hood to protect from wind. After our own midday meal we must lift him up, take off his hood, attend to his little wants, nurse or feed him, and take him out again for an airing.

At 6 o'clock comes unrobing of the Home Ruler. Instead of bathing him now, lay him on a pad on your lap or on a couch. Then, very quickly, sponge him, bit by bit, with really hot water, drying and covering each limb as you proceed. Dust powder into every crease and crevice of the fat neck and groins. Careful selection of this is necessary. White precipitated fuller's earth, at sixpence a box, is harmless. It also prevents all excoriation. Put on his soft nightclothes and give him his tea.

Our bonnie baby should, as a last thing, be put wide awake, if needs be, into his cradle. No rockers will be on our home-made one, so his little brain will not be jarred and jigged into a semblance of restfulness. But, as we go softly about the room attending to this and that, the bright eyes will gradually grow dim, the white lids heavy, and, ere even he is aware of it himself, the king will be asleep. Then pull down all blinds, close curtains, tuck the porous covering over him, and make the room as quiet as possible.

No *gas* should be burned where our boy lies sleeping. A night-light, however, is advisable. When artificial food is given, this light set under a tin will act as a food-warmer too. Even an infant should not be left alone or in the dark. The king's desire for companionship is a divinely-appointed one, and not to be roughly thwarted under a false idea of discipline. His mother's arms should ever be ready for him—his mother's face bending over him when he wakes. This our properly trained child will not do until 10 o'clock. Then we must lift him again, attend to his wants, and lay him back in bed, there to sleep till the cock's third crow heralds in 6 o' the morning.

At this stage of infant life all excitement for him should be avoided. Do not wake him up even if Queen Victoria wishes to see the colour of his eyes! On no account let him be tossed or talked to. Any kind of premature intelligence will be won at the expense of his brain. Baby is growing at an abnormal rate during the first months of existence. His head is closing, his jelly-like bones ossifying, his flesh forming. *All* his faculties are concentrated in Nature's tremendous effort to double his size in the first twelvemonth. His brain cannot grow in the same ratio. So treat him like an automaton or little animal. He should wake only to feed—and feed only to sleep again! Begin then, dear mothers, by denying yourselves the pleasure of awaking answering looks and smiles until baby himself volunteers them. You will be repaid in the long run.



See last month's article on Japan.]

THE BABY HANSOM OF JAPAN.

HOME WORDS
FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

GOD'S GOLD.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF
"A BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD BEARDIE.

"WHO is he?" whispered Arthur to his nearest "chum." "The men seem to take a good deal from him."

"He's a queer one," answered the other. "I don't know his name—don't know if anybody does. He's called 'Old Beardie.' He squats out in the Bush; he has nothing to do with the mines. There's some think he's an old convict that either finished his time or escaped. He never wants anything to do with folks, unless it's to do them a good turn.

"He has a sheep-run nigh this, and two or three thousand sheep. There's a younger man stays with him that some say is his son, and some say isn't. He manages whatever outside business there is, for Old Beardie never goes further from his run than this is. Maybe there's nothing more than that to make folks say he's an old convict."

"An old convict!" echoed Arthur. "Why, he speaks like a parson!"

The other shook his head. "People are queer," said he; "they're often what one don't expect. Also, I suppose convicts may turn right round sometimes; otherwise what's the good of either punishin' 'em or preachin' to 'em. But hush! listen!"

Old Beardie was speaking again. "Just you look at every man, black or white, as you see him, mates. Don't take other's sayings about him or his sort. And mind this, any man, white or black, may have been often in the wrong and up to badness, and yet he may be in the right sometimes, and should have his fair chance. And God Almighty, He never says 'Too late' to any man. That's the devil's whisper, and the man's a fool that believes it."

He rose slowly from his seat, threw his money on the table, and moved off. He paused beside the prostrate black in the roadway, stooped over him, and peered closely into his face. Then he turned round.

"Mates," he said, "I knew this fellow years ago. I left him in charge of my tent when I first squatted. He was there while I was away three days, and when I went back there he was, and not a thing a-missing. He couldn't speak a word of English then, but I reckon I'd not care to hear the sort of English he knows best by this time. This is what you have made of him! If any of you wants to do a good deed for once, you can tell him to come up to my place as soon as he can move."

"Beardie is right," said Arthur Sands' neighbour. "Our language is awful; it's all the swear words run together and all the others left out."

"We doesn't mean any harm half the time," said another impatiently, dropping two or three of the obnoxious words even into the brief sentence of excuse."

"Well, somehow, I don't see that makes it any better," returned the first speaker. "There might be some sense in strong language if you mean it in earnest. There's some sense in turning over dirt for a good object, as we do in our mining, but to go a-sprinklin' it all over the place and into his very food and drink, why, you'd say a man was mad!"

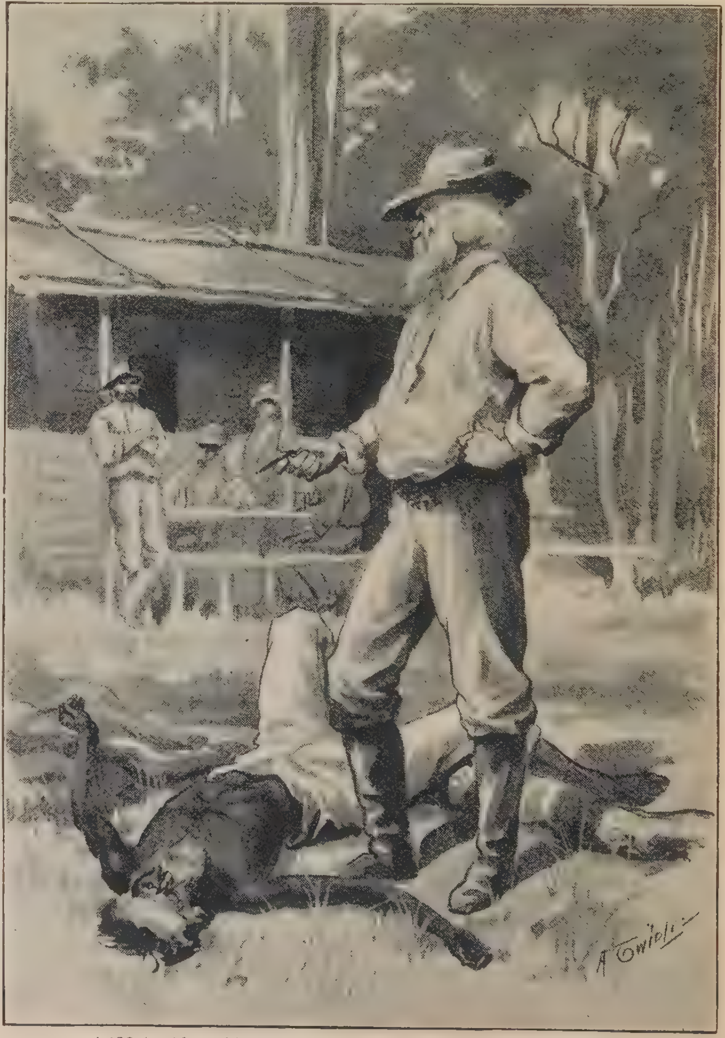
"You do it yourself," retorted the other.

"I know I do," he assented ruefully. "Somehow there doesn't seem much else to say in this place."

This little conversation was certainly considerably prolonged by the hideous adjectives which interlarded even its morality!

The night before Sands and his party left this camp it was "enlivened" by the arrival of a returning prospecting party who had met "great luck." They "stood treat" all round, paying the store-keeper in gold dust. At first there was rough and blasphemous jollity and coarse singing. But these soon changed to quarrels and fighting, and ended in a spectacle of wild disorder and violence, from which the Sands' party, not yet all inured to such scenes, tried to stand apart. Arthur saw bruised and battered faces and the flowing of blood, but it was not easy at the time to ascertain the extent of the mischief going forward.[1]

Next morning everything was comparatively quiet, though wreckage lying about bore witness how fierce the combat had been. As Arthur and his mates made their final preparations a few miners sauntered up, nearly all bearing marks of the fray. "Things had been pretty bad. There'd been nothing so bad on the place before. It would be a sheriff's matter." To say nothing of the wounded, there were two dead—one the barkeeper, who had probably been killed by accident, as he was found lying under a post; the other, the leader of the returning prospecting party. He



"'Mates,' he said, 'I knew this fellow years ago.'"—*Page* 99.

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[1] Such scenes are but too common in mining camps, as may be readily proved by any who read newspapers coming from such localities, wherever situate. Those who care to know more about such life as our story describes, may read,—among many other books—Trollope's "Australia," Lady Barker's "Letters to Guy," any account of the "Giles' Expedition," Mrs. C. Praed's "Australian Life," White's "Crime and Criminals in Australia," Warburton's "Journey across Western Australia," Davitt's "Life and Progress in Australasia."

had been stabbed. "And it looked ugly," because his mates said his best nugget was gone, and two men were certainly missing from camp. A black had been despatched on horseback for "Old Beardie"—who kept a store of bandages, ointments, and such like. They said he would be sure to respond to the appeal, and would ride down at once to the scene of the fray. He had evidently earned freedom of speech in that place by freedom of service!

It seemed quite refreshing to leave behind the ruin, the ugliness, the disfigured faces and the brawling tongues, and to start forth on the empty silence of the wilderness!

Now, at least, they were on the last stage towards their goal. Now there remained nothing more between them and fortune or failure!

"How will it be with us when we pass this way next time?" asked Arthur Sands.

The Swede shook his head. "Who knows? Many have gone this way to return no more."

"I shouldn't mind returning home by a better road," remarked irrepressible James McCoy. "Or we may stay out there till the mining camps come out and catch us up. They're creeping along."

"Well, all I say," observed Ben Crowder, "is that I hope we shan't make such fools of ourselves as did those fellows last night. If we get any luck, let us keep it dark. Luck is no use if you lose it the minute it comes."

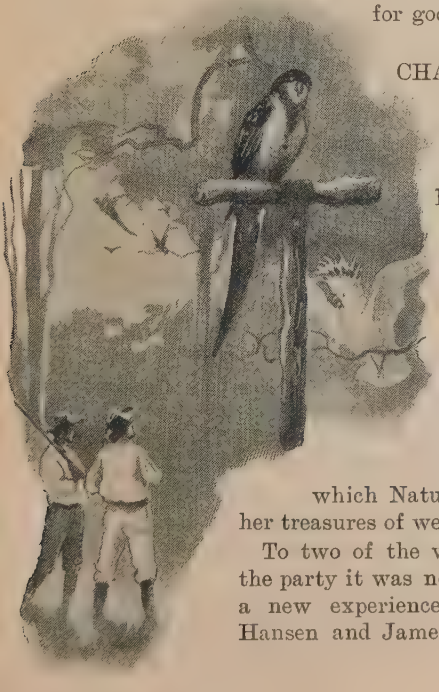
"I would have liked to put up a prayer for success," said the Swede.

"To God or mammon?" asked McCoy. "Might it not sound queer, 'Please, God, give me mammon'? I only say, Hurrah for good fortune."

"'How will it be with us when we pass this way next time?' asked Arthur Sands."—*Page* 101.

CHAPTER IX.

"HE BEGAN TO BE IN WANT."



THUS, just as the very worst of the hot season was over, the expedition began its conflict with all the terrible powers with which Nature surrounds her treasures of wealth.

To two of the white men of the party it was not altogether a new experience. Christian Hansen and James McCoy had gone "prospecting" before. They had met with but very moderate success. Still, capital of their own was joined with that of Bertie Chance in promoting the present expedition. This meant that in whatever "luck" the party enjoyed, the share of each would be double that of Arthur Sands and Ben Crowder. Arthur found that this lay rather heavily on the mind of the latter. Ben feared lest, should these others secure a fair share of spoil, they might hasten to return without caring whether the smaller shares falling to the two Crover men were quite worth all their toil and pains.

It was a dreary country in which they found themselves, and as they advanced it grew ever drearier. There were some expanses of mere desert sand, reminding them of the Yankee saying that such land was excellent for running through an hour-glass. Other tracts were covered by dismal thickets of low dense shrubbery justifying and explaining the name of "bush." For about three months in the year such scenes are brightened by exquisite wild flowers; but with the hottest season these pass away, and our travellers saw but few.

During the earlier days the party passed deserted holes where other prospectors had made fruitless experiments. They even fell in with one or two prospecting parties or wandering members of such. As, however, their object was to get as soon as possible out of all beaten tracks, these were soon left behind.

At last, after several days of complete solitude, they reached a spot which the more experienced of the party thought to be promising. It was in the midst of the scrub, and there was a "water hole" not far off from which a limited supply of water could be got, at least for some time.

So there they camped. There would be some weeks of hard work before they would know whether or not their hopes were well founded.

They had good watches with them, and calendars and diaries which they all kept, so that there should be no chance of losing count of the day of the week or month. Hansen declared he had met men who had been so long "in the bush" that when they returned to civilization they were not very sure of the date of the year!

All the men were intent on the one object—gold. That was their only common interest. That alone had drawn them together. Even the two Crover men would scarcely have been acquaintances, still less friends, had they remained in Crover. They were all generally too tired out to care for much conversation, except what was necessary about cooking, water, or the care of the animals or the tools. Still there were times when they were not quite so worn out.

Arthur Sands never worked on Sunday. There was old habit in that self-restraint, and a wish to make that fact clear in future letters to Lizzie. The Swede and the Irish Roman Catholic did very little digging on that day. Sometimes they took their guns and did some shooting. Ben Crowder generally took the opportunity of wandering away by himself. Sometimes they smartened themselves up a little on Sundays, the Swede, though he seemed to have no idea whatever of the needs of the spiritual life, nevertheless remarking that unless a man pulled himself together occasionally he soon sank into a mere brute.

Arthur Sands found that he was the only one of the party who had a Bible with him, though James McCoy had a little book of prayers. He wondered sometimes whether he himself would have remembered to pack his old Bible. He liked to believe that he would. But the Bible he had was a parting gift from Lizzie; she had sent it to him packed up in the neat handiwork she had done for him.

He knew quite well that in Crover he had often let weeks pass by without opening a Bible except at church. As a book of history and narrative he knew the Scriptures very well, for as a boy he had been well taught both in day school and Sunday class. But he had never yet discovered the Bible message to himself, which is as cooling water falling on thirsty ground.

Somehow it gave him a strange shock when he found that his Bible was the only one there. So much of the best of life was associated with the Bible—so much which had seemed quite safe when he was among Bible-reading folk—and now, here, where there was only one Bible, all this seemed to hang by a solitary thread! So to that thread in this new sense he clung as he had never clung before!

He made up his mind that he would read the Bible straight through! He might have been shy of taking it out among his light-minded fellow-workman in the quarry at Crover. But in this wilderness it seemed to stand for sheer respectability and moral cleanliness, and for these he had already begun to crave. His heart was not yet conscious of any hunger for God.

The four white men did not draw together in their seclusion. They were "chummy" and sociable enough, but only as fellow-travellers are who know they will part at the next railway station with a light "Good-bye" never remembering each other any more. Their common aim was not one which binds. They would have but a community of readily divided "shares."

They were speedily disappointed in their first venture, but, all undaunted, wandered on and tried again.

The strange life began to tell on all of them in different ways. The Swede grew suspicious of the Indian and the Kanaka boy. He refused to touch any water but what he fetched himself, and went to sleep with his hand on the trigger of his pistol, causing all his companions to give him a wide berth. Arthur could see no grounds whatever for these suspicions, and felt sure they were but the growth of a mood of the man's own mind, which, while first attaching itself to what was least familiar, might presently end in distrust of every man in sight.

James McCoy, who had always been sprightly and irrepressible, presently began to talk incessantly. He scarcely stopped even while he was at work, when nobody was ready to listen to him. Each new day presented few fresh topics; but James' talk scarcely needed topics—it was a stream of words, with scarcely a fact or a thought borne on the swiftly flowing current. He did not seem to care for response of any sort; indeed, he hardly left opportunity for it. With all this he was kindly and good-tempered, took snubs with a good grace, though they produced no effect, except that occasionally he went off to bestow his loquacity upon the dark men, who bore it patiently, though they could not have understood one-third that he said.

On the other hand, Ben Crowder, always reserved, became taciturn. If a necessary question were asked, he would generally reply with a simple noun, as if he were speaking in a scarcely known language. He began no letter home, though both Sands and the Swede set him the example by keeping theirs "going," the Swede's laboured epistles being only short reports of "progress" made to fellow-countrymen who were thinking of joining him. Once, when a passing prospecting party, returning towards civilization, gave opportunity for forwarding these letters, Arthur, ere he closed his own, asked Ben if he had any message to send to his folks. Ben's reply was, "All well—don't bother." Arthur charitably, though not quite correctly, translated this into, "Ben sends his love, is getting along famously, and hopes you are never troubling about him." "When that message reached Crover, poor Mrs. Crowder "lived on it" for weeks. She even said to Bell "that Ben's heart had always been in the right place, and now that he was so far away he could not help showing it." Bell said nothing.

"Once more they all toiled in their newest venture."—*Page* 104.

Little as had ever been the warmth of feeling between the old neighbours, Arthur felt sore when he found that in all respects Ben kept him at as great a distance as he kept the other two. He never wanted any "old times" talk, he would not show any interest if Sands attempted it. Hansen and McCoy had both a few past prospecting experiences in common, and could exchange reminiscences in which the others had no share. They also had their special point of view in every matter, as they both had capital and labour in the concern.

This made Arthur feel all the lonelier, and he tried sincerely to realize some fellowship with Crowder. He even attempted to accompany Ben in some of his strange Sunday wanderings, saying to himself that "a fellow might be of the silent sort, and yet be glad enough of a companion—there's company in silence as well as speech." Which is quite true, as the dearest friends could tell us. But then there was no company in Ben's silence! It was really wonderful how, without speaking a single word, he could make Arthur understand that his presence was not wanted. He made this so plain, that when at last Arthur stood still, saying, "I think I'll turn back," he knew quite well that Ben would not oppose him. Ben simply toiled on without a word, and never even turned his head to look after his retreating townsman!

"Crowder will go too far one of these days," James McCoy remarked, when Arthur rejoined the others. "Men that know more about the bush than he does haven't always been clever enough to keep their tracks."

Hansen said he thought Crowder was on the look-out to give them a tip where to go next if their present experiment proved a failure. When Ben came back at nightfall the Swede put the sententious question, "Any luck?"

Thereupon Crowder rejoined with equal brevity, "What luck!" and all interrogation closed.

Again their labour came to nought, and again the little camp moved in a new direction. When they were debating what this should be, Ben made no suggestion whatever. But as soon as their route was determined, he acquiesced in it.

"His surveys haven't come to anything," chatted James McCoy. "I hope he'll give them over. If he doesn't, he'll get lost, sooner or later, see if he doesn't, and sure I've never heard him even practice a coo-ee!"

"And then we'll have to lose our time searching for him," grumbled the Swede.

"One doesn't have to lose so much time over that," returned McCoy with a significant gesture; "for a man who loses himself in the Bush seldom finds water! There was a mate of mine in my first trip—well—that was the end of him. He'd gone crazed too. I've told Crowder all that story as a warnin', but sure and be aisy, the cratur seemed as deaf as he's dumb!"

Possibly of all the party Arthur and McCoy were on the most sociable terms—partly because McCoy was so ready to talk and did not mind how little he was heeded. Yet Arthur always felt a heartlessness underlying the Irishman's good humour—nothing and nobody seemed to matter much to him. Though he showed immense excitement when they had hopes of gold, he seemed singularly indifferent in his labours, and absolutely case-hardened to disappointment. Sometimes he gave forth shrewd incisive utterances quite out of keeping with his usual frivolity and vacuity. He never spoke of Ireland or of his home, family, or early days, and Arthur gradually got the idea that he was in the goldfields mainly because he must be somewhere, and that these were the present-day hunting-grounds of soldiers of fortune and of dislocated lives, such as in other epochs would have swelled the crowds of the Crusades or gone a-looting in the East or pirating in the Spanish Main.

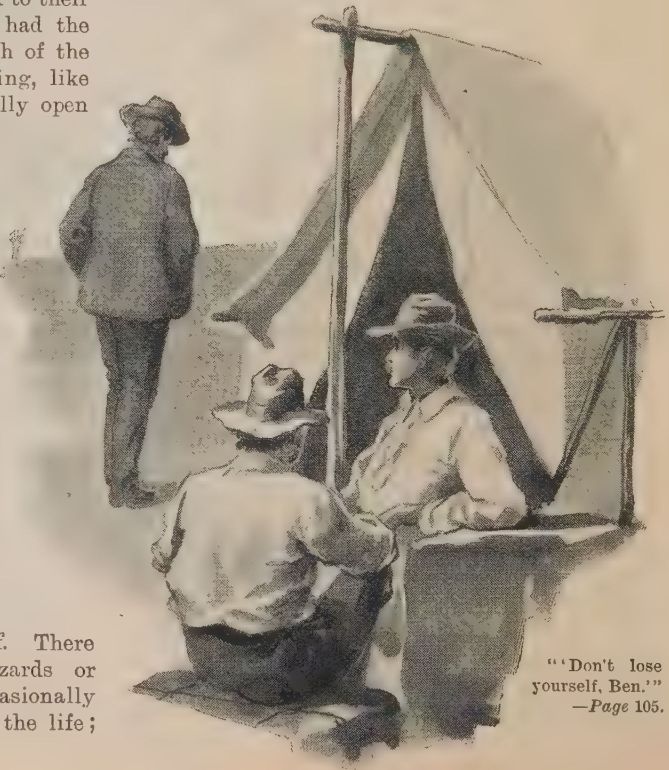
Once more they all toiled in their newest venture. It promised brilliantly at first, and then the promise changed almost to despair. Hansen and McCoy were both inclined to stop, take up pegs, and move on again. But to the astonishment of everybody Ben Crowder demurred. He thought "they should stick to their present lead a bit longer." His words had the strange weight which the sudden speech of the silent so often has. For gold-prospecting, like gambling, makes its votaries wonderfully open to superstitious feelings. The less reason Ben showed for his words, the more did they seem to be heavily freighted with augury. The men looked at each other and thought, "Suppose we left this place now, and presently heard that somebody else has come along and had struck gold, how should we feel then?"

So they persevered.

Day after day of unvarying brightness went by. There was no event save that one camel sickened so seriously that its death was feared. Also every Sunday Ben Crowder resumed his mysterious peregrinations. There seemed nothing to remind one that one was in the same world with Lizzie Maxwell and Crover and its old church standing among its graves on the cliff. There was nothing home-like about the lizards or even the brilliant birds that one occasionally saw. Sands began to get frightened of the life; he could see the growing "crankiness" of his comrades, of which they seemed quite unconscious. What if the same signs were visible in him equally unbeknown to himself? He began to reflect that it would be all right if there were only somebody "with whom to commune." With whom to talk wasn't enough—the unsatisfactoriness of poor McCoy's perpetual chatter sufficiently proved that!

Arthur Sands was not scholarly enough to know that a great philosopher, living in a lordly library, had felt these same misgivings that beset himself—a poor working man in the Australian Bush. The great philosopher had also feared that "for want of good conversation his understanding and invention contracted a moss on them, like an old paling in an orchard." Nor would Sands have seen that some of the significance of this sympathy might lie in the fact that—as in his own case—this philosopher had not recognised the ever-present life of God, given both for him and in him. It is only when we have entered fully into the secret of Divine companionship that we are for ever secure from loneliness, whether it be the outward loneliness of solitude or the inward loneliness of the soul.

Sands "began to be in want," though he did not yet know that what he really wanted was God Himself. He still thought only that he missed all which had made life kindly and tender in the



"'Don't lose yourself, Ben.'" —*Page* 105.

old days at home. He did not know that at the root of all things bright and beautiful in human nature there is God, and that sometimes we need to have all these things withheld from us before we learn that truth. The Lord is very near to us, but we know it not.

He had never felt such a wave of longing and loneliness as swept over him one Sunday morning while he watched Ben Crowder start off on his strange wandering. It seemed to Arthur almost as if he could hear the Crover bells a-ringing! He had such a stirring of homely memories that he could not help saying to Ben,—

"I feel as if I could see the folks at home on their way to church."

"Too early for church, anyway," said Ben (it was about six o'clock). "The time of day's different." This was quite a long speech for him. Then he moved off.

"Don't lose yourself, Ben," Sands cried after him. "McCoy makes dismal prophecies when you're a bit late."

"I know how to take care of myself," returned Ben.

Would anybody choose those words for the last to be heard by his brother-man?

(*To be continued.*)

"Thy Word is Truth."

I. EASTER JOY.

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM A VILLAGE CHURCH."

"Behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail!"
—*St. Matt.* xxviii. 9.

THESE were the very first words uttered by our blessed Lord after His Resurrection. "All hail!" He said, or, as we may literally render the words, "Rejoice!"

A diamond in its rough and ordinary state is neither lustrous nor beautiful, but when cut and polished it is one of the loveliest of gems. The pearl, however, is already perfect, and handling mars it. This text is like a pearl.

These women were on a mission to others when JESUS met them (see verse 10).

Just suppose Christ were in the grave now, lying on the bed of spices, the sacred form left as Joseph wrapped it, the voice which hushed the storm, and cheered the weeping penitent, silent for ever, the hand which touched the blind eyes cold in death, while low on the damp ground lies the head which had lain in the bosom of God. What follows? Why this follows: "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins" (1 Cor. xv. 17).

But Easter brings glad tidings. It tells us: "He opens unto us the gate of everlasting life." It is but the echo of St. Paul's words, "The free gift of God is eternal life IN Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23).

Our Saviour had said before: "I am the Good Shepherd," "I am the True Vine," "I am the Bread of Life," "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," "I am the Door," now by His Resurrection He proclaims, "*I am the Life*" in very deed. And His promise is eternally true, "Whosoever believeth in Me shall *never die*." Christ is alive, and all who trust in Him shall live because He lives. It is *the living Christ* that "fills the heaven with blue, and the Church with song," and I hope our hearts with praise.

For when we come to Him, and look to Him, in our doubts and in our darkness, in the rude but expressive lines of Bunyan:—

"Our drossy dust we change for gold,
From death to life we flee;
We let go shadows and lay hold
Of immortality."

II. "SOMETHING LIKE SLEEP."

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME."

IN Bishop Ken's evening hymn, "Glory to Thee my God this night," there is one verse which ought to be called the Easter verse:—

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day."

Every night when we go to sleep it is something like being buried. We do not know what we are thinking about, and are quite unconscious of what is going on about us, when we are buried in sleep. Then in the morning we awake and rise again. It is something like death.

Bishop Ken meant to teach us to think when we lay our heads on the pillow:—"This is like being buried. I will give myself to Christ, my body and my soul. Then I shall not be afraid, for I know I shall wake up again. If I do not wake up in this world I shall wake up in heaven."

We must all be buried some day. How happy to "die daily" in this way, giving ourselves to Christ; so that when *that* day comes we may "dread the grave as little as our bed"—lie down in the arms of Jesus, and sleep, and wake in heaven! Those keep Easter well who can think of death being "something like sleep."

III. THE PLEADING SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

THE Fact: The Mystery: The Comfort. The Father *loves*: "God *so* loved the world." The Son *saves*: "He gave Himself." The Spirit *pleads*: with yearning desire to bless. If the Spirit "pleads," how fitting Bunyan's picture of the faithful Evangelist: "He stood as if he *pleaded* with men."

> "No tender parent's loving breast
> Yearns like Thy God's to make thee blest."

The Pleading Spirit assures us that God is on our side:—

1. His *Love of Holiness* is on our side. Therefore we may "give thanks at the remembrance of His Holiness": for we are accepted in the Holy One.

2. His *Infinite Beneficence* is on our side. He "*delighteth* in mercy." Nothing is left undone that *can* be done in any case.

3. His *Divinely-human sympathy* is on our side. The mystery of *suffering* and even of *sin* is solved by this mystery of a *Pleading God*.

We have only to *yield* to the Divine Pleader and *receive* the fulness of blessing. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift."

IV. CONFIRMATION.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "BRIGHT AND FAIR," ETC.

I REGARD Confirmation, when rightly understood, as affording real assistance in deciding for Christ. In many cases serious impressions have been received or deepened, and not a few can look back to this season as one when they yielded themselves entirely to Him.

Value this ordinance, and use it thoughtfully and prayerfully. If you have not been confirmed already, come forward when you have opportunity, and give yourself to a careful use of the precious preparation time. Study to gain a clear and distinct knowledge of Christian doctrine. Look backward on the path you have already trodden, and see where you have failed. Seek the assurance of complete forgivenness in Christ. Wait upon God for the great gift of the Holy Ghost to teach, strengthen, and sanctify you. You will find the prayer in the Confirmation Service, which is offered for you by the Bishop, one you may well employ for yourself:—

"Defend, O Lord, me Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that I may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until I come to Thine everlasting kingdom."

Especially be very real and true in the solemn "I do," which each candidate gives as an answer to the question which the Bishop puts to them. What does it mean? Is it not your acceptance of His grace and your public testimony to a desire to live for Him?

Let it be the language of your heart, and you will find in days to come that it helps you to abide faithful to His service.

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE LITANY.—The Litany has been called, "That astonishing remembrancer of human wants." Every conceivable case of distress appears to have been anticipated; not a person has been passed over; not a need has been forgotten. For three hundred years, tens of thousands of the holiest and best of men, next to their Bible, have loved and valued their Book of Common Prayer.—*Canon Burbidge.*

The Missionary Spirit.—The Reformers, it is true, lived in an age when the world was almost unknown. But still they took care to teach us that no public service should be held in which "all sorts and conditions of men" were not remembered in prayer; and that the waiting desire of expectant faith should ever be this, "that God would be pleased to make His ways known unto men, His saving health unto all nations."—*C.B.*

The True Communion.—The preparation for Communion which is most important of all, and which must be always going on, is the preparation of a daily life lived close to the Lord Jesus Christ, in repentance, faith, gratitude, unselfishness, and love—that close walk to which *every* Christian is *always* called, and without which it cannot be well with the soul. Remember, Repentance is the soul's *turning from self to God*: and faith is *trusting God, taking God at His word*, and then *acting on this trust.*—*The Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D.*

The Te Deum.—This wonderful Hymn is by an unknown author. It was probably composed (in Latin) some time between 350 and 450. It addresses the Heavenly Father, the Holy Trinity, and the Lord Christ, in close connexion.

Note the following points: *Te Deum laudamus* means, literally, "We praise Thee *as God.*" "Sabaoth" is the Hebrew word for "*Hosts.*" "Noble army" is, in the Latin, "*white-robed* army" (Rev. vii. 9). "When Thou tookest, etc.," is, in the Latin, "when Thou *tookest Man upon Thee*, to deliver him." "Sharpness" is, in the Latin, "*sting.*" "To be numbered" was, in the Latin, originally, "to be *rewarded*"; *munerari*, not *numerari*. "To lighten" means "to *shine*," not "to alight."—*Idem.*

Sons of Toil.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "MATIN BELLS," ETC.

SONS of Toil, before ye labour,
Kneel in worship to the God
Who is nearest all, and Neighbour,
When alone the path is trod;
Seek for service, that anointing
Which will give you secret health,
Though the wage be disappointing,
And but poverty your wealth;
For with His dear early blessing
Poverty will lose its pain,
And no work be overpressing,
Or the soil of duty stain.

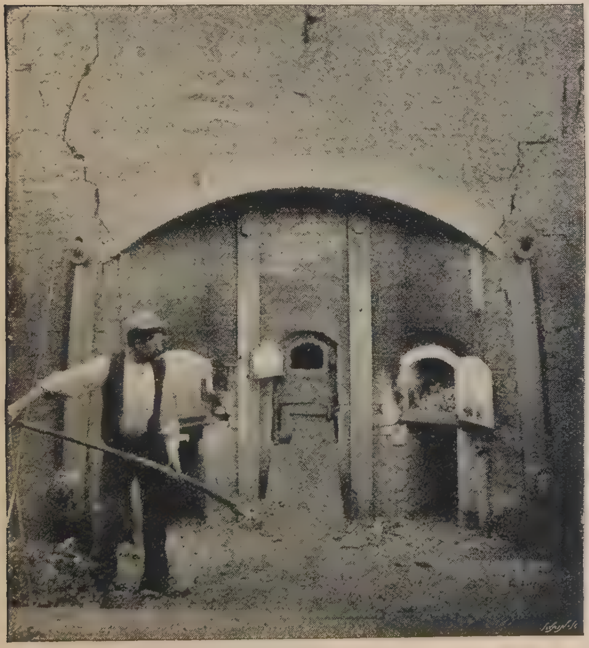
* * *

Sons of Toil, go forth now, leaning
On the Mercy that is Might,
With new majesty and meaning
In the task however slight;
Nothing now is common, brothers,
With the consecrating mark
Of that Presence, when Another's
Is the burden or the dark;
Nothing is unclean or little
Now the Master makes it grand;
And the reed, that was so brittle,
Is a bulwark in His Hand.

Sons of Toil, arise, awaken
Out of sloth to labour's hour;
By each buffet shaped and shaken
To a Christlike part and power.
One is with you, who will never
Leave you lonely or in shame;
Till the weak and dim endeavour
Leaps to glory, in His Name.
He will let no footstep stumble,
Nor a brow be sadly bent,
Whose pure pity makes the humble
Rise with Him to crowned content.

* * *

Sons of Toil, your Lord has striven
Likewise in the noontide heat,
Daily mocked and daily driven,
With no rest and no retreat.
He who paints the harvest yellow
Yet despises not your aid,
And will be a true Yokefellow
When the flesh is most afraid.
If some weight would fret the shoulder,
He is quicker than your call;
For He makes the feeblest bolder,
And is Servant of us all.



OUTPOSTS OF OUR CHURCH

V. AMONG FORTY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

FROM NOTES BY OUR BISHOPS AND MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

AN AGED CHINESE CHRISTIAN.

"WHOEVER would succeed must employ the morning," says the old Chinese proverb. London boasts her four millions of human beings; China her four hundred millions! Were the empire to be divided into parishes, each missionary would have the care of eight hundred thousand souls. Surely we "must employ the morning" if we are truly bent on claiming China for Christ.

In preparing this centenary paper, we have tried to gather together the opinions of several of our Bishops, notably Bishop Moule and Bishop Hoare, as well as those of experienced missionaries in the various provinces, with regard to the possibility of reaching the one million villages which have never heard the Gospel. But first let us briefly sum up the history of Christianity in China.

There are two far-away stories of missions in the seventh and the thirteenth centuries: but the first serious attempt to influence the Chinese was made in 1582, and during the following century considerable progress seemed to promise success. Early in the eighteenth century persecution began. Why was it so long delayed? It is difficult to say: but there is no doubt that when it did come it was due to suspicion of the foreigner. The missionaries, it was said, had been banished from their own country, and had come to stir up rebellion. It was also urged that the strangers had tried to prove that the Chinese emperors originally came from Europe, so as to lay claim to the monarchy. Many of the missionaries suffered torture and imprisonment in loathsome dungeons. Yet here and there the Gospel was preached in out-of-the-way villages, of course at the risk of massacre. In 1844 a treaty was signed containing a provision that, as a special favour, the Chinese Emperor would allow missionaries to enter the country and preach—practically on their own responsibility. Mission stations sprang up in the open ports, and from these short journeys were made into the interior.

It might reasonably be thought that opposition to missionary enterprise was then, once for all, withdrawn. Far from it. So vast is the empire of China, and so unscrupulous and corrupt are her rulers, that the Emperor and his Court cannot enforce a decree which does not happen to meet the wishes of lesser officials. Remember, too, that the treaty had been obtained at the point of the sword, and you will understand how precarious was the position of the missionary.

The Chinese rulers have for long been noted for cunning in stirring up riots against foreigners, and they are still to be feared. The reason for their dislike is clear enough: they are afraid of an exposure of their extortion and bribery, and dread the upsetting of old customs. The mandarins know how to use the Press. Far and wide small papers and leaflets are scattered, and placards are posted. The contents of these are astounding. "Missionaries steal children, and use their eyes for medicine." "The blood of Chinese boys is drawn off by the missionaries for use in the manufacture of opium." "The missionaries boil and eat Chinese children." These and other inflammatory statements are used to stir up the people to riot; and the wonder is, considering how widely they have been circulated, that so few massacres have taken place. Only twenty riots have to be recorded in the last quarter of a century. A well-known American missionary writes: "It is morally certain that, among the mixed motives of the excited masses, the diversion of the carrying trade from native junks to foreign steamers has been at the bottom of several riots." And he puts down

IN A CHINESE TOWN.

A "MISSIONARY" GROUP.

some recent outrages to the fact that the Chinese looked on all foreigners as helpers of the Japanese. "If you wish to preach your doctrines in China, you must first drive the Japanese back into their own country," was posted on one placard.

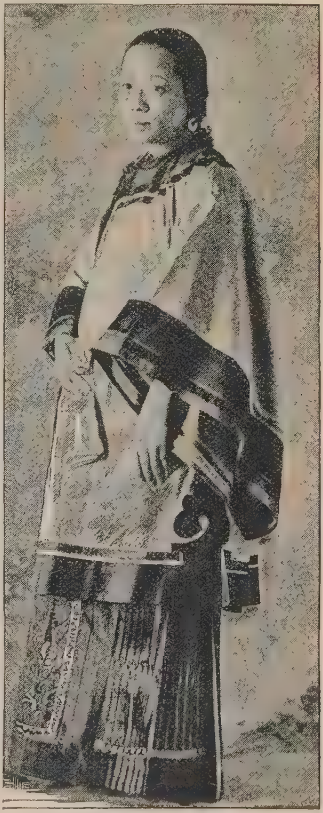
Unhappily, it is only too true that Chinese opposition has been excited by the conduct of European traders. "The example set by English residents," writes an experienced missionary to us, "too often shocks the Chinese; and in the country I have been sworn at in English by a native, who had learnt the words from the last shooting-party."

But let us pass on to the brighter side of the work. That the Chinese have a real love for the missionaries we could find ample proof. Let this list of Christmas presents received by one worker suffice: A live fowl, a Chinese pincushion, a pair of worked shoes (too small!), a pair (still more tiny) of native shoes, a small worked fish, a Chinese model, and half a dozen similar gifts. "These people," says the recipient, "are really too liberal."

A great deal of the evangelizing is done by boat, the missionaries voyaging from village to village along the shores of the lakes and canals. Here is a typical adventure of a lady missionary. The boat, we may explain, is about the size of a Yorkshire cobble; it is provided with two big eyes, as the Chinese say, "Boatee no eye, how can see? Boatee no see, how can walkee?" It is roughly roofed in with arched wickerwork. "The wind was so cold," she writes, "that in the afternoon we had to close the end of the boat. I could see nothing outside, except through the usual wide apertures. This boat had far too many of these for our cotton wool stuffing to be of any use. Suddenly I felt a tremendous bang. Another boat coming rapidly down had struck ours on the side; the wicker bongs were all swept along one on the top of another, and we were roofless. The four boards serving as window frames and shutters fell in. Also a wooden partition which separated the boatmen's end from mine crashed down like so many old sticks, and I saw the cook tumbling down into the stern, where he sat remarking 'Tong van kwan'; that is, 'Ten thousand troubles.' The luggage was, of course, well thrown about, but I righted the little oil-stove immediately.

"We put in to the bank, and off went the boatmen, and captured the towing men of the other boat. A regular Chinese row ensued, and during its progress the boatmen quite disregarded our condition, seated among the downfall; and the cook and I as non-combatants had to try to replace the roof ourselves, as it was raining all the time. However, after about half an hour's clamour, it was agreed that 'more words were vain'; and in due time we started once more, not very much the worse."

In ten years, to take a single instance of progress, the Church in Tai-chow has grown from one member to 600. A building, a few years ago an idol temple is now a church, given for God's service and crowded with worshippers. "But how can we be satisfied," asks Bishop Hoare, "while we remember that the British Isles send so few men in answer to urgent appeals from every quarter for help?"



A CHINESE GIRL.

The Lighthouse.

BY ANDREW HOPE GAY, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE SMACKSMAN," ETC.

THERE is no doubt about it—a lighthouse, whichever way you look at it, is a very spruce fellow. Take the Gull Lighthouse, for instance, standing on the ragged chalk cliff of Southshire. No matter how bad the weather, there he is in his spotless shirt front, for all the world like a capital "I." I am not poking fun at the Gull; he takes a proper pride in his appearance, or the lighthouse men do on his behalf, and that's better than having no appearance worth taking a pride in at all.

But Old Joe, one of the boatmen of the neighbouring "fashionable resort," had his own private estimate of the pretentious white tower.

"Her pride ull hev a fall 'fore long, ef they don't move she," he would say, as he glanced towards the slim building with a marked show of disdain. "See, it be like this," he told me confidentially on one occasion; "there were a lighthouse a many year back, when the chap as built that weren't born or thought of. An' you mark my word, 'tis the old lighthouse will be the ruin of the new."

"That's curious," I objected, "for the guide book says the present structure was the first to be built on the headland."

"Tew be sure," agreed Old Joe sententiously. "But don't you go supposin' I be wrong. There *were* a lighthouse afore that un." He nodded at the Gull.

I waited patiently for further information. Old Joe is fond of baiting his hooks and giving his customers a nibble. Then he jerks the succulent morsel out of reach, knowing that when next he offers it the fish will be eager enough to bite.

"I reckon you'd like to know how 'tis," said he, after a pause; "an' ef you do, s'pose we go fer a sail, and run in under the cliff, eh?"

I took the bait at once. The *Merry Jane* was duly launched (at half a crown an hour, for it was the height of the summer season), and we were soon scudding over the green waves.

"Sixty year 'tis, ef 'tis a day, since I were a young 'un, and a hand on jus' such another craft as this," he began, gazing at me the while from under the arches of his bushy eyebrows. "On'y we didn't call her a pleasure boat then. Why, the folk as come down here in the summer you could most reckon on yer two hands. Aye, 'twas cruel work, makin' a livin' out o' fish them days. An' we'd never be knowin' when the sea'd be swallowin' up a boat, leavin' on'y the gulls to scream the news at you.

"Jus' then—sixty year ago, mind you—I was payin' court to Jennie Day, as used to be; but she was a bit obstrep'rous like. Tall, like me, she were, with eyes ever so deep in blue water, as you may say, an' hair that seemed to rustle like corn at harvest time, an' hands you wanted to stroke, on'y you couldn't keep 'em still. I guess she didn't know then I'd hev given a month's earnings to've got her to meself still and quiet like. No, it wasn't ter be: she'd housework to do, and her grannie to mind, or what not. Mebbe I took her little turns ill, but it didn't suit me nohow to go dancin' after her, and her never stoppin' to say a word more'n 'Good-day.'

"That February was a rare blusterer. Not fer a day was there a chance of puttin' out with the smack. But first week in March it turned calm, and off we goes like bees a-swarmin'. 'Twas a dull, heavy day, I mind, with the sky like the bottom side of another big ocean hangin' in the sky. Great heavin' sort o' clouds, awaitin' to be tore up to shreds, and out on the horizon a thin line o' red fire smoulderin'.

"'There's more to come,' I says to myself. But we didn't stop to argufy the matter. After a month's slack you don't reckon up chances much.

"I was in a bit of a huff with Jennie, and never took trouble to go up to the cottage and say goodbye. 'She won't care,' I thought grimly; but I somehow couldn't stop knowin' she would.

"Well, that night it come on to blow just as if the wind had bin savin' its breath up all day. It come on snow and hail by turns, and you couldn't make out nothing, but that you'd got to fight all you knew to keep runnin' clear and not get swamped. You don't know what a ravenin' hunger the sea do

"Women who waited and watched on the Quay."

get onless you've bin out when the waves jump at you like wolves, and snarl and hiss away under her keel ef they can't get aboord. An' there you are, sittin' tight and freezin' inch by inch into a icicle. Yer fingers won't work, and the blasts o' wind seem to knock you silly.

"The Lord alone knows where we druv that night. Somehow—I don't know as I can put it rightly—but it don't seem near so horrible to be nigh death when you're bound to die strugglin', and yet clingin' to God Hisself. 'Twouldn't be the same to me lyin' still in bed, and the doctors pourin' med'cin' inter me to keep me 'live. I reckon I like it ter be straight 'twixt me and God, ef I'm to go under. I know you'll say 'tis jus' the same whether it's bed at home or boat at sea. But it arn't the same to me."

Old Joe stopped a moment or two; then he seemed to feel for the lost threads of his story with his weather-beaten hands.

"Aye," he said, tapping his forehead, "it all come rollin' back ter me, like the tide comin' in. We was three days at sea, scarce knowin' where we went. Three times the wind shifted, and we reckoned we couldn't be many miles from the coast. Then we fell in with a coal brig and got our bearings—thirty mile to the west'ard of where we are now. The wind had chopped round, and freshened up to half a gale from the west and south-west. By night we'd about turned the headland, so we guessed, but daren't run for the shore on the chance of hittin' off the harbour, which wasn't much above a breakwater then. An' yet, with the wind risin' agen and gettin' more south'ard, we'd little chance o' ridin' out the storm.

"Sudden-like we saw a light blaze out, and then die down. Again it shot through the blackness, and seemed to burn steady. 'They've lit a beacon on the jetty head,' I said. 'Now we can get in.' The others tried hard to turn me, but the thought o' Jennie Day fairly druv me on.

"'We'll risk it,' I said. An' I reckon we did. D'ye see that queer hole cut in the cliff, jus' below the lighthouse?" Old Joe pointed the place out to me as we tacked towards shore.

"Well," he went on, "that's where the light burned that night. An', what's more,'twas Jennie as lit it. She, poor lass, was half-crazed at our boat not makin' port with the rest, an' three nights she sat up in that cavern in the bare chalk cliff with the tide rushin' in and hurlin' the spray fifty feet up. Why she did it 'tis hard ter say, but I reckon she thought o' the boats and bodies that had been cast up many a time below that up-standin' cliff, which no man could climb. 'If he comes ashore alive he'll see th' light,' she said, and never a soul did she tell save her old grandame.

"Straight for the light we steered, and not till we were within a stone's throw of the beach did we know where we were drivin'. Then 'twas too late. Forward she hissed on the breast of a huge roller. I remember seein' the light rush towards us as it seemed, and then we crashed on to the beach. I tell 'ee, sir, if the tide had been a dozen yards one way or the other from where she was, 'twould have bin all over with us. If it had been lower we'd have carried on to the rocks, or higher, we'd have struck the cliff. As 'twas, her bows were wedged in the stairway leading up to the cavern. A close shave, you say. Aye, sir, an' if it hadn't been for Jennie—my Jennie still—we should never hev had the grit to climb out o' reach o' the sea into the cave."

* * * * *

"Who made the refuge?" I asked Old Joe as we sailed homewards.

"Ah," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye, "mebbe that'll fit in better with another trip"; and not a word more of story could I get from him that day.

But a week later he told me all he knew. It appeared that well nigh a hundred and twenty years ago an old clergyman made the cavern in the cliff with his own hands. On stormy nights, when the tide was high and a landing possible, he lit a beacon fire, and was the means of saving the lives of a number of fishermen. After his death smugglers took possession and greatly enlarged the cave; in fact, but for sundry slips in the cliff the honeycomb like passages might still be explored.

* * * * *

It must have been five years later before I again visited the Gull Lighthouse and its humble prototype three hundred feet below the summit of the cliff. There had been storms and hurricanes, and the shore was strewn with wreckage, and here and there dead cattle had been thrown up by the sea. I had been a week in the place, in lodgings close to the fishermen's quarters, not far from the quay, when one Thursday morning my lodging-house keeper, with a white face, told me there had been a fearful accident in the night. The Gull Lighthouse was a ruin on the shore—the cliff had given way.

I need not recall the subsequent inquiry, which served to show that the sudden subsidence had been caused by the old lighthouse—the cavern in the cliff below, with its secret passages and inner caves. But what remains impressed on my memory was a group of anxious-eyed women, who waited and watched on the quay for husbands, brothers, sons, whose smacks had not returned. With no light to guide them, what could save them from disaster? Happily the weather moderated, and I had the pleasure of taking tea with Old Joe's grandson and his sweetheart, in the cottage not a hundred yards from where the lighthouse had once stood.

Nuts with Kernels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC.

A CALCULATION.—Some two years ago, an eminent London physician went into Hyde Park and sat down upon a bench, and there sat down by him a poor man, eighty years of age. The physician entered into conversation with him, and asked him what his trade was. The man said he was a carpenter.

"A very good trade indeed. Well, how is it that you come at this time of life to be so poor? Have you been addicted to drink?"

"Not at all; I have only taken my three pints a day—never spent more than sixpence daily."

The physician, taking out a pencil and a piece of paper, asked: "How long have you continued this practice of drinking three pints of ale a day?"

"I am now eighty, and I have continued that practice, more or less, for sixty years."

"Very well," continued the physician, "I will just do the sum." He found that sixpence a day laid by for sixty years amounted, with compound interest, to three thousand two hundred and twenty-six pounds; and he said to the old carpenter: "My good man, instead of being so poor, you might have been the possessor of three thousand two hundred and twenty-six pounds at this moment; in other words, you might have had one hundred and fifty pounds a year, or some three pounds a week, not by working an hour longer or doing anything differently, except by putting by the money that you have been spending day by day these sixty years on ale."

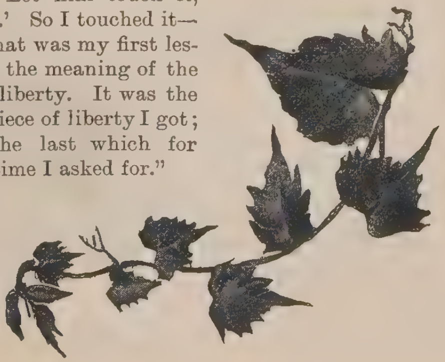
"This Delightful Worm!"—Nothing pleases a clever child so much as picking up new flowers, watching new insects, and collecting pebbles and shells. This delightful exercise of the powers of observation should in all ways be encouraged. Parents and teachers should by their sympathy lead children on to an exhaustive examination of the things they pick up in their daily walks, making it their ambition to say respecting everything they find all that can be said.

"Look at that beautiful flower. Notice the colour, number, and form of the petals, and the shape of the stalks and leaves."

In this way Charles Kingsley taught his children, or, rather, made them teach themselves. One of his guests was surprised when his little girl ran to him exclaiming, "Oh, daddy, look at this delightful worm!"

Before Whom?—"It is said that a minister, preaching to the Earl of Stratford, when Lord Deputy of Ireland, faithfully reproved some corruptions which that governor was known to be guilty of, but at which he was displeased; and the next day, in a great passion, he sent for the minister, and began his discourse thus: 'Yesterday, when you were before me, you said such and such things.' The minister replied to him: 'You are mistaken, sir; I was not before you yesterday. I confess I am before your Excellency to-day, but you were before me yesterday. You represent the kingdom, but yesterday I was made representative of the Almighty God, who is infinitely above the greatest kings on earth.' Upon that, the earl was so affected as to dismiss the minister without saying anything more to him."

Obedience.—The following bit of characteristic autobiography occurs in Mr. Ruskin's latest book:—"First, I was taught to be obedient. That discipline began very early. One evening—my mother being rather proud of this, told me the story often—when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bid me keep my fingers back, I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said, 'Let him touch it, Nurse.' So I touched it—and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got; and the last which for some time I asked for."



MOTHER LOVE IN THE ANT WORLD;

OR, THE BUILDING OF AN EMPIRE.

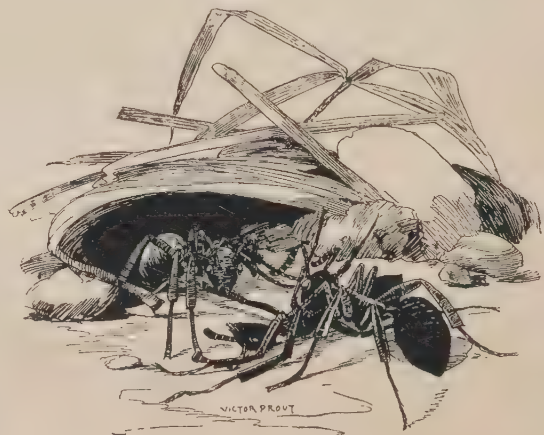
BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

ONE fine summer morning a swarm of ants emerged from a nest in a pine wood. They basked in the sun until the chilly underground feeling was warmed out of them, and then every ant opened its two pairs of wings and sailed off, "over the hills and far away."

Two of the ants, one a gentleman and the other a lady, were mutually attracted towards each other; and, so rapidly are matters brought to a point in the insect world, almost before they were aware, the "Wilt thou?" and the "I will" were spoken, and they were husband and wife. Love's young dream quickly passed away, and the cares of married life had to be faced. Alas for married happiness! The husband died at the end of the honeymoon, leaving, literally, the better half to earn her own living.

The bride's honeymoon was over, and she had no husband and no home. Saying to herself, as she alighted on a stone, "I am a lone widow, but I will not lose heart; I will do my best," she proceeded to take off the wedding dress, that is, her wings. She knew that for her there would be no more castles in the air, but only a life of work, without even a holiday, on the ground. Unhappily, the ant's wings were not fastened with hooks and eyes, but were living parts of her own body. But she was in downright earnest, and wriggled with such energy that at last the four wings lay on the ground beside her, and anybody who yearned after second-hand wings could have them for the trouble of carrying them away.

On one side of the stone on which our ant alighted was a tiny hole in the ground. She crept into this, and found that it led to a hollow, over which the stone lay like a roof. Here was a house ready made. True, it was rough and small, but it could be enlarged and improved, and adapted, if necessary, to meet the needs of a growing family. So the ant took possession and reigned a solitary queen.



"Two ants were attracted towards each other."

Soon a dozen eggs were laid, very tiny, for how could they be otherwise when the mother herself was so small?

Now ants' eggs give much more trouble to their mothers than do the eggs of hens. The latter have only to be sat upon long enough, and, one day, out pop the little chickens and begin to chirp. But the eggs of ants need more than to be sat upon. The shells require constant moisture, which can only be supplied from the tongue of the mother or nurse, and proper heat, which has to be obtained by moving them toward or away from the rays of the sun. The ant has no feathers, like the hen, and has to make up for their absence by hard work and constant attention. "Go to the ant, ye *mothers*," says a quaint writer; "consider her ways and be wise."

In a few days the eggs hatched, but not into ants. Little grubs came out of the shells possessed of enormous appetites, and there was no one but the mother to fill their mouths. Imagine a nursery with twelve babies of the same age, needing to be washed, and warmed, and fed by one poor widow, who had in addition to get her own living, and to do the housework. And all this the brave little queen did right well; literally taking the food out of her own mouth to put it into the mouths of the babies.

The grubs grew fast, and their appetites with them, and the mother was almost worn out with her work, when, happily, a little respite came. At the end of about a fortnight every grub began to twist in a curious manner, as if in pain, and, at last, to weave with its mouth a silken garment, which covered it from head to foot like a shroud.

People who uncover an ants' nest by accident or design often see a number of these grubs in their egg-shaped silken robes,

"The Ants' Nest."

and, naturally enough, jump to the conclusion that they are eggs. They are, however, really the babies in long clothes, taking a rest before they begin their workaday lives. Almost all insects pass through this singular period of rest and growth; and, when it is ended, emerge full grown, and quite fitted for their position in life, whether they are beetles, or ants, or butterflies.

The pupæ, as these wrapped-up young are called, needed almost as much care as the grubs. It is true, they could not crawl about and get into mischief, like ordinary babies; and, having no mouths, were not so perverse as to cry for "the bottle"; but they were dreadfully susceptible to draughts, and too much heat made them ill. So, to save them from catching cold, and to prevent inflammation, the poor mother carried them up and down in the mornings and evenings, and on sunny and chilly days, with a perseverance and industry truly marvellous. No human mother ever tended her children more lovingly; no human nurse was ever more devoted to the helpless infants committed to her care.

"She began to cut with her scissor-like jaws."

By a wonderful instinct the queen knew that, at last, the young were fit to be "brought out" and introduced to society; and one day she began to cut, with her scissor-like jaws, the silken cords of which the swaddling clothes were made. Inside these were still other clothes which, in turn, had to be cut away; and it was only after much labour and care that a row of twelve young ants stood on the floor of the little nest.

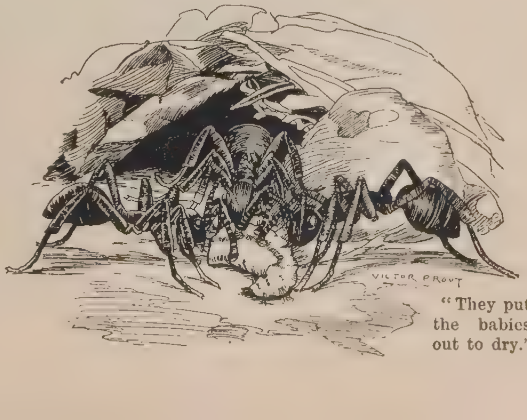
There was no need to save the discarded clothes for the next batch of babies, for in ant-land every baby does its own dressmaking, and there is very rarely a misfit.

Two of the young princesses had wings, and these crept through the opening and flew away. The other ten, all females, were wingless, and, apparently, had no wish to see the world. Their great desire was to find work, and they had no trouble in finding it. Half of them began to enlarge the house, now grown too small for the family; and, with immense labour, they carried grains of earth to the surface, and shaped the interior of the nest into rooms with connecting passages.

Meanwhile, the mother ant, who was a better layer than any hen, had produced a large batch of fresh eggs, and the five elder sisters, who were not employed in excavating and building, set to work to wash and feed and warm or cool the new arrivals, with all the skill of first class trained nurses. When necessary they put the babies out to dry, they washed them from head to foot every day, and gave them their food with beautiful regularity.

They accomplished all this without artificial tools, or utensils of any kind. Their mouths were the picks and shovels and wheelbarrows with which they excavated their subterranean halls, and piled over their residence a towering dome; with their jaws they seized the young and carried them up and down without marking their tender bodies with the print of a single tooth; and their tongues served for soap and flannel and towels. Even the feeding bottles were their own stomachs; for, to assist the imperfect digestion of the young ants, their nurses injected into the waiting mouths the very food which they themselves had previously eaten.

In time another and a much larger brood was hatched. This necessitated extensive alterations to the dwelling place, and a new staff of nurses; but the ants, as usual, were equal to the emergency. They had large minds and great ideas, in spite of the smallness of their heads, and wisely laboured not only for the present but for the time to come. Soon the tiny community became an empire, and the queen reigned over many thousands of contented and loyal subjects.



"They put the babies out to dry."

RUSSIAN HORSES.

How to Drive a Pair.

A TALK WITH YOUNG MEN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. S. THORNTON, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF BALLARAT.

I MEAN to say a few words in this paper to Young Men who read *Home Words*, if they will allow me, just because I *have something to say* to them, and also because I am inclined to think it is more likely to be of use to offer them advice than to try to counsel our elder brethren. These latter have by this time made up their minds on most subjects, and, with their formed characters and experienced minds, are more likely to prove critical than impressible readers.

Well, then, young men, accept a few words from one who, standing himself aloft on the watershed, so to speak, of life, has yet not passed out of clear sight and vivid memory of its earlier stages, and can see plainly how the upward path might have been better trod by himself, and could be better trod by those ascending now, while at the same time he can review, with sobered eye, the more solemn descent down the slope upon the farther side.

I daresay some of you have read, in some English book, a translation of Plato's famous "myth" or allegory, called "The Chariot of the Soul." It is one of the most beautiful pieces of poetic philosophy in all literature. Plato compares the human soul, starting on the journey of life, to a chariot drawn by a pair of winged horses. One of these horses is good, and capable of noble things; the other is dangerous, and capable of any amount of vice and mischief. The Mind is the Driver, and the driving is anything but easy.

Unless the dangerous horse is thoroughly well managed by the driver, the chariots come into collision, the vicious horse drags the vehicle astray, the horses are lamed, their wings are broken, and the car falls downwards towards the earth again!

What a fine imagination this is! It is not difficult to understand.

When the French king heard Massillon expound the 7th chapter of the Romans, and speak of the two wills—the two men in the one man—he exclaimed, "Ah, I know those two men!" And so most of us can say, I expect, of Plato's myth of the chariot, "I know those two horses!"

Translated into simple language, it sets before us our younger friends starting in life, as driving a sledge, with a pair of very fresh young horses, all fire, speed, and beauty. The off-side horse is a white one, we will say—a splendid traveller, staunch and steady; the near-side horse is different—a dark horse, liable to bolt, to jib, and to rear. No easy task to drive such a team as that! A stout pair of reins, with a strong bit at the end of them, must be well in the driver's hand; there must be breeching and kicking strap, a good whip and a strong break. Then, the horses must be well handled and made to run together. That near, flash horse must be conformed to the pace of his steadier mate, instead of being allowed to corrupt him by bad example and influence.

Thus rendered, the Greek myth becomes practical and English, does it not? without losing its significance. The feature that has disappeared is the wings of the horses, and their upward flight; and this, no doubt, is a beautiful touch in the original. It is a fine emblem of the aspirations of youth! We all drive our pairs skywards, my friends, when we are young! Alas! some of the teams come to earth before long, very disastrously.

Taking the thought out of its allegorical attire, we recognise a noble and a dangerous element in youthful manhood or womanhood. It is the time of warm-heartedness, and it is the time of passion; it is the season of attractiveness, and it is the season of vanity; it is the hour of earnestness and vigour, and it is the hour of blind self-will! There is a gentle horse and a wild horse on the two sides of the pole!

It is the time of warm-heartedness. The soul is full of life and fire in our earlier years. Youth is the Spring-time of the heart; the time when something leaps up within us on a fair morning; when we can play, as those who would never weary of the game; can sing, as those who would never ~~tire of~~ singing; can talk, as those who would never leave off talking!

I like to hear young people chatter—chatter gaily together; I like to hear them sing—singing at their work! I like to see the lads on a holiday, rushing to the lake with their fishing rods, or to the field with their bat and stumps and ball, and spending the whole day in unabated enjoyment of their sport. God forbid that we should frown on youthful joyousness! You might as well forbid the kitten to run after its tail, the lamb to bound about the paddock, the gilded dragon-fly to dart and glance, and float and skim in the warm sunburst of Spring. If I am driving a pair of young horses, I like to *let them go.* So long as they are well in hand, and don't rub their winkers off, or burst their traces, I like to see them do their work as though they loved to do it. But, my dear younger friends, don't let go the reins; don't let that dangerous near-side horse get the bit between his teeth and bolt!

There is a danger, as well as a charm, in the warm, free heart of youth.

The charm, the beauty of it, needs no definition—the sanguine lovingness of the young, the disposition to think all geese swans, and all gold that glitters: to admire without reserve, and to praise without qualification. There is something true and beautiful in all this, and we should seek to cherish and carry it along with us into maturer age, in the shape of that generous hopeful charity which always tries to think the very best of all, and to make the very best of all. But a wise driver will let a young horse run, *without letting go his head.* Beware of that near-side horse! Impulsiveness is a disastrous danger of young people. Passionateness: the intense rushing of the soul at something just in front that attracts it, without thought about the consequences.

O what sad mistakes for life are sometimes made in this way! Forewarned is forearmed. *Think* before you speak, or act, or write. That dark horse is certain to bolt some time or another, if you let him. Remember it, and keep a tight rein on him continually. Put the break on if he wants to gallop with you down a hill. Ah! what is the safeguard against the rashness of our younger years? It is something of which Plato knew little, and says nothing at all. We want a Heavenly Companion on the box, to help us drive. Prayer is the rein, the break of a young man's life; it is the secret flange below the railway wheel that keeps it on the line. If a young man is looking up to God with surrender of will, for guidance in every step of life, they are safe. But O how many have rued bitterly, in after years, that important letter written without prayer; that momentous promise given without prayer; that valuable situation thrown up, or that dangerous situation accepted, without prayer; that marriage engagement contracted without prayer!

HOW TO DRIVE A PAIR.

From a Photograph] [*By* LASCELLES & Co.

GOOD-BYE TO WINTER.

The Young Folks' Page.

"WHAT IS THE USE OF OWLS?"

I WAS once asked the question by an inquisitive small boy, who would give me no peace until I had invented an answer. Since then I have inquired of the nearest owl, and this is the reply: "Huibou, houhou, bouhou, ouhow!" These, I know, must be words of great wisdom, not to be mistaken for our own terms, "Hullaballoo, boo, hoo." What they mean it is not for me to say; but a learned naturalist tells me they have something to do with mice. The owl, in fact, is a flying cat. When the barn-owl is hungry it will bring a mouse to the nest every twelve or fifteen minutes. The young owls are fed on meadow-mice, wood-mice, shrew-mice, and house-mice by turns; and to their healthy appetites the farmers owe a debt of gratitude, for the parent owls rid the fields of all sorts of vermin.

Stories abound telling of owls which have found themselves shut in a room with a visitor to the country. Which is the more frightened on such occasions it would be difficult to say. On one occasion the supposed dread of men for owls saved the life of a king. The founder of the Chinese empire, so the tale runs, having been put to flight by his enemies, one day was compelled to take refuge in a wood. An owl is said to have aided in his escape; for when the searchers came near the spot where he was in hiding the owl hooted, and, very naturally, they thought it impossible that the same covert could shelter both a man and the bird of night.

To this intelligent ancestor the owls of China owe the veneration with which they are now honoured; but as these Celestial owls have gained in favour, so have the British owls lost any popularity they may have enjoyed. Even a schoolboy does not like being called an "owl." Sleepy stupidity would seem to attach itself to the name nowadays; but this the owl does not deserve. Though the rats and mice might wish it were only true, every farmer must bear witness to the thorough way in which the scavengers of the dark perform their duties. There is no chance of the owl growing too sleek and spoilt to care for work like its indoor helper, the domestic cat.

R. S.

A MOTHER'S EXPECTATIONS.

"MY mother does not expect me to be out Sunday riding," said a young lad to a companion.

"Never mind if she don't, you can go."

"Yes, I can go; but if I go, I shall fall below her expectations, and I shall try never to do that," was the noble reply.

"WHAT IS PRAYER?"

A DEAF and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is Prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

"THE LAND OF 'PRETTY SOON.'"

I KNOW of a land where the streets are paved
  With the things which we meant to achieve:
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
  And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
  And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
  The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels, of possible fame,
  Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
  Covered with mould and rust.
And oh! this place, while it seems so near,
  Is farther away than the moon,
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
  The land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
  Is strewed with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
  Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
  And farther at night than at noon;
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
  The land of "Pretty Soon."

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

1. SHOW that the Holy Spirit is compared to three active elements of nature.

2. "The care of the little ones is one third part of the Church's charge." What passage is this remark built upon?

3. When might the Sadducees have been convinced, if they would, that there are such beings as angels?

4. How many cases of the dead being raised are recorded in the Bible?

5. Saint Peter adds two things to the history written in Genesis; what are they?

6. And Saint Paul (2 Tim.) one thing to the history written in Exodus.

7. Name four who had wilderness-times of preparation for ministry or further ministry.

8. What proof have we in the Acts that God does not will that angels should preach the Gospel, but men?

9. And what proof that the Lord knows the homes of His people, however obscure?

ANSWERS (See MARCH No., p. 71).

1. Comp. Matt. ii. with Exod. ii.
2. Comp. Matt. xi. 29 with Num. xii. 3; Heb. iii. 2.
3. Gal. iii. 19; Deut. xviii. 15.
4. Comp. Matt. iv. with Exod. xxxiv. 28.
5. Comp. Matt. xvii. 2 with Exod. xxxiv. 29.
6. Judges xx. 26. 7. Matt. xxvii. 52.
8. God's Word, "It shall be forgiven him" (Lev. iv. 20, 26, 31).
9. Pilate's wife. Matt. xxvii. 19.

King Baby

HIS CARE & CULTURE

By LINA ORMAN COOPER. Author of We Wives.

V. HIS FOOD.

IT may be laid down *ex cathedra* that our babies are generally overfed in the nursery. On the other hand an aphorism easy to bear in mind is, that it is always better to underfeed than to overfeed. I have already impressed on my readers the importance of regularity in feeding. I must now talk a little about the kind of food necessary for King Baby. Of course, nature provides the best possible nutriment for growth and other necessities. It is never too hot or too cold, never too thick or too thin. It can *only* disagree when a mother has wilfully and selfishly disregarded every rule and warning about her own meals. But I would say here, that if from the first King Baby is accustomed to a varied diet on the part of his Prime Minister, he will not mind it. It is a sudden change of diet that affects our lacteal fluid, but fruit and vegetables taken in moderation ought to be good for him.

Alas! very many little infants nowadays have to be fostered and hand-fed. If this be the case with our special Home Ruler, we must realize that plenty of milk and water is the secret of growth and health. Every four hours give him a bottle of slightly sweetened "half and half." It is much better than any prepared patent food for a healthy child. If you use an old-fashioned boat bottle, let Baby take as much as he will at a time. Most children thrive on the cow; if not, goat's milk is easier of digestion and better than any peptonized fluid. When the little creature is six months old, not before, he may have one meal a day of Mellin, or Neave, or Benger. Very gradually increase the number of these meals until "pearlies" show between the red lips. Then Baby may be allowed to eat bread and butter out of her hand—*stale* bread and the best of butter, or you will upset his digestion.

Remember that you are dealing with a bit of most delicate mechanism. A very small thing will put it out of gear. One currant has been known to set up convulsions, one gooseberry skin to bring on stomachic croup. Remember, then, that uniformity is required in feeding a young infant, though variety is necessary in catering for older children. The infant becomes a child when he has cut his eight front and two back double teeth. Then—he will generally be about twelve months old—let the King eat fresh, ripe fruit (sucking their juices, but never swallowing any skin or seeds), bread and milk, rice, farola, and frame food.

The practice of giving Baby a "bit" of everything eaten by his subjects results in an enormous child death rate! Once, and once only, I treated a baby in this fashion, letting him be "amused," whilst we were at table, with sugar and bread-crumbs scattered on the cloth, and kept "quiet" by mouthfuls of bread and jam at intervals. Result: an attack of vomiting, a high temperature, and a day's anxious watching of a baby boy in a cradle.

I will give you now a diet table for a child of a year old. You can ring many changes on it, according to taste and fancy.

6.30 A.M. A cupful of warm milk, and a slice of stale bread.
10 A.M. A cup of bread and milk.
2 P.M. One egg beaten up and made into a custard pudding and a biscuit; or some mashed green peas with gravy, followed by a sago boil.
5.30 P.M. Rusks soaked in milk, or a cup of prepared food, followed by bread and butter and a cup of warm milk.
10 P.M. A drink of milk.

If the King has all his teeth at twelve months, an occasional slice of chicken may be cooked for him after the following method. Put a bit of the breast, just covered with water, into an ordinary jam jar. Add a little *over* vegetable (N.B.—Any that grow overground, such as peas, beans, cabbage, are preferable to underground growths, such as potatoes, celery, or artichokes), or a teaspoonful of well-washed, well-soaked pearl barley. Cover the crock closely and stand it in a saucepan of boiling water. This will prevent the meat itself boiling, which is a process to be avoided in the nursery. When meat once boils, albumen hardens, and it becomes indigestible. Simmer gently for several hours. Mutton, beef, or fowl thus treated is partially digested before it enters the child's stomach, and may be said to be *peptonized*. It melts in the mouth and is most delicious. If carrots or turnips have been added to this stew, they must be passed through a sieve before serving, and every morsel of potato must be mashed.

I think every mother ought to make herself mistress of the theory of nourishments. She ought to know which particular diet gives most sustenance for a given sum of money. She ought to understand that variety is the soul of housekeeping. She should study the subject from all sides, for it is her bounden duty to maintain the standard of her children's health at its highest level. A fresh herring offers a larger amount of nutriment for two farthings than any other kind of food. Scientifically speaking, it contains 240 grains of carbon and 36 grains of nitrogen; yet we ought not to feed King Baby on halfpenny herrings, as he lacks sufficient saliva to extract their value. Milk, as we all know, contains every essential for a baby's growth and development, and yet to strengthen digestion we give a solid with it, to lessen the bulk of fluid and thus assist digestion. "To be God's special servant, His instrument for any particular purpose, is the highest dignity to which a human being can attain; and no one undertakes the care of a child without being raised to it." For this reason, consideration of details in food preparation is not trivial. An exclusively cherishing tenderness should be the law of the nursery. Knowledge should outrun even love. Any trifling with the health of those entrusted to our care, whether vicious or careless, is really of the nature of suicide. Even in regard to food we must remember that life in the nursery is only held in trust from a supreme authority. Over the ages comes a voice: "Take this child and nurse it for Me." In order to do that effectually we must elevate our most trivial duties into the realm of consecration.

> "A little thing is a little thing:
> But faithfulness in little things
> Is a very great thing."

"HOME WORDS" PENNY ILLUSTRATED STORIES.

SPECIAL attention is called to the issue of our *Penny Story* No. III., entitled

"Fine Feathers: *or, The Pearl of Days.*" By EMMA MARSHALL, Author of "Dayspring," etc.

All who love "Happy Sunday" should unite in circulating this striking story by tens of thousands. We want to reach *a Million*. Never was it more important to "*Hold Fast by our Sundays*": and this Tale, by one of our most distinguished authors, should be placed in every English Home. It has many original illustrations.

Grants of *quantities*, at about cost price, will be made to the Clergy and Sunday School Superintendents, or others, on application to the Hon. Secretary of *The "Hold Fast by your Sunday" Society*, Coomrith, Eastbourne.

SEA BIRDS

Which the Lizard lights to bed.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

GOD'S GOLD.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "A BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

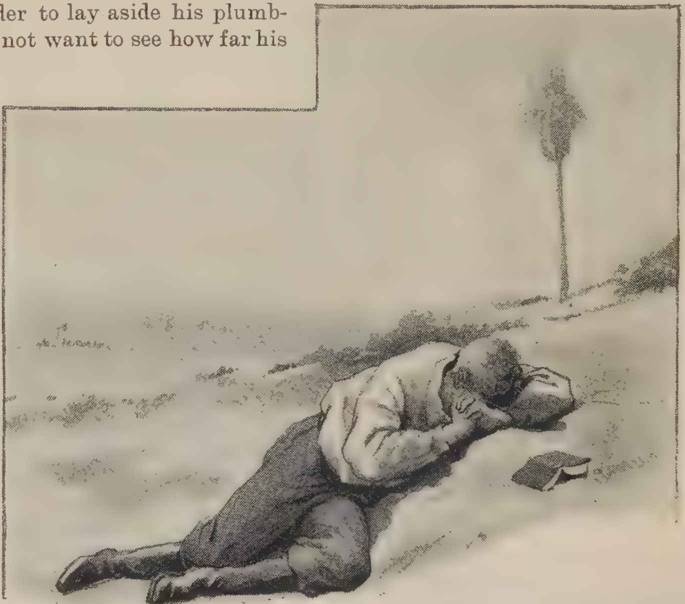
CHAPTER X.

THE "MESSAGE STICK."

THE long Sunday wore through. It was a hot, bright day. Hansen and McCoy seemed particularly restless and irritable. They tried a little work, but soon dropped it, and finally settled down to play cards, opening a bottle of whiskey as part of the entertainment, in all which diversion they invited the Indian and the Kanaka to take part. McCoy said civilly to Arthur Sands, "We suppose you won't?" Arthur answered with a shake of the head, and they took no more notice of him.

Arthur's own restlessness and misery were extreme. Old Beardie's words haunted him. These white men, unworthy of the name, were indoctrinating the natives at their side into all their own dissipation and lawlessness; they were doing so in the worst possible manner, by the force both of example and fellowship. Arthur was doing nothing in the contrary direction! He asked himself what could he do? His ways were not as the ways of these men; yet he said bitterly to himself that they did not seem to make him so much happier and better that he could commend them by preference. He might indeed read aloud a Bible story and start a hymn! The effort required to do so would have been good for himself, and might have led to something better. But he did not make the effort, because it seemed to him that without a warmth of spirit, which he had not got, it would have been a mere formality.

"What would be the good of it?" he asked himself, and ignored a little voice whispering in his heart that if he did so, one result would be that he must keep check on certain words and tempers of his which, after such an effort, might well provoke active criticism. How could he read, "Swear not at all," when he had already yielded to his companions' evil habits, and so interlarded his speech with many an oath? The saucy Kanaka boy would laugh in his face; the polite Indian would gibe behind his back. It would be hard to find a single chapter in the New Testament which would not cast a reflection on himself as well as a reproach on the whole party. Yet this was no more good reason for not reading one than it would be for a builder to lay aside his plumb-line because he did not want to see how far his work had gone off the straight.


" There he lay on the rough bank, his face buried in his hands."—*Page* 124.

A flock of brilliant paroquets flashed by. Arthur started and muttered to himself—there seemed something so human, so almost articulate in their scream. The sight of the grey stunted bush trees grew loathsome to him. They seemed like forms of evil—withered wizards silently watching the working out of some deadly spell.

"Am I going mad?" he asked himself. "Must I go and join those others, and do as they are doing, just to escape from myself?"

In sudden reaction against this sense of abject terror he rose and moved out of sight of the gambling party. But it galled him to feel that his nervous disturbance was such that he would not dare to go away for hours as Ben Crowder did. He paused when he had got just so far that their bursts of loud, raucous laughter came to him but faintly.

In the intervals he might have been alone in an empty world.

Old stories of his childhood came back to him, floating like pictures before his mind's eye. There were Hagar and Ishmael, perishing of thirst; there was Elijah, despairing beneath the juniper tree.

Suddenly, almost as if a voice whispered them into his ear, there rose upon his mind the words, "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them: and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old."

Arthur Sands knew these were "Bible words," but he could not remember where they occurred, nor where he had heard them or learned them. They had meant nothing special to him in the common daylight of his old life; now they were as a lamp borne into a darkened chamber, chasing away forms of fear and darkness.

God was here! God was in the bush. It was God's bush—the unfamiliar birds, the unkindly-looking forest, were simply the Father's furnishing of another room of the mansion of earth which He had built for His children.

The seed had been waiting long on Arthur's mind, but until now the time for sowing had not come and the soil had not been ready. This was the appointed season.

There he lay on the rough bank, his face buried in his hands. Leave him there, and seek not to prove the secrets of that hour. Seeds strike root unseen. To investigate the process is to slay. The Bible writers leave a veil of mystery about Jacob's wrestling with the angel. They do not tell us what happened to Nathanael under the fig tree. Who will dare to rush in where these have paused?

Arthur heard his comrades give a few "coo-ees" as they sat down to their rude mid-day meal. He did not respond. Nor did they often repeat their call. They decided that "Sands" must have gone off with "Crowder," and need not be expected in camp till near nightfall.

Knowing how near he was, and that he could at once allay their anxiety if they gave any signs of alarm, Arthur lingered long in his solitude. He shrank from returning to them. He scarcely shaped the thought in his own mind; but he had an instinctive fear that the new feelings falling on his soul like softening dew, might evaporate amid the coarseness and hardness of the mercenary and frivolous talk. Alas! he knew too well that these made strong appeal to what until lately he had believed to be his whole nature, and the whole nature of every man who was not "cranky" or "soft."

If he could only keep apart a little while and get a firm possession of the strange new self which he felt in birth-throes within him! But this was an impossible wish. If we have voluntarily set our lives among thorns, we must confront their fatal tendency to choke any good seed which we receive.

The men greeted his tardy return with mingled pleasure and dismay. They were relieved to see him. But as he and Crowder were not together, where was Crowder? He was even unusually late, though they had not thought much of it yet, believing that if two were together they were comparatively safe.

They stirred their smouldering camp fire into a blaze, and sat round it rather dismally. Crowder had often given them such hours of worry, and yet all had ended well. They decided that he was only "getting worse." The Irishman remarked, with much strong language, that he should give Crowder a piece of his mind when he came. The Swede growled that Crowder would be none the wiser for a piece of McCoy's mind, but that he, Hansen, should put his foot down on Crowder's ways, once for all; he couldn't stand them.

Night darkened down. Their half indignant uneasiness deepened into real anxiety. McCoy and Sands were both inclined to go in search of the wanderer. Hansen would not hear of such a thing; and though they persisted in one or two futile efforts, he made them promise that they would not go for one moment out of sight of the camp fire, which the Kanaka boy stirred into a brighter blaze. They could see the force of Hansen's reasoning—that if one were lost and even doomed to perish, it was no need that two should follow to the same fate, and also that Crowder's ways had grown so erratic that it might end in his returning to camp while they were losing themselves. They eventually yielded, though it went sorely against their grain to sit helplessly while a fellow creature might be frantically rushing to and fro, perhaps not so very far away. All through the night they kept up the fire, and maintained their far-reaching "coo-ee"—one voice taking it up as the other dropped it. But well did they know that its farthest reach was but a little cup of sound rimmed by an ocean of silence.

At dawn each looked at the whitened scared faces of the others. The Indian suggested an encounter with a snake. The Kanaka boy shook his head and hinted at evil "genii," but the white men thought only of the loss of their track and the terrible death by thirst.

All that Monday and all the two next days Sands and McCoy sought, each taking a dark man and an animal, bearing with them food and water. Hansen showed no desire to join the quest, and as it was well to leave some one at the camp, that post was assigned to him, and from what they heard in the evening he had spent his time, as busily as one man could, in his quest for gold.

On the fourth day their quest slackened. They were wearied out. They knew that they had made their voices heard over as large a tract as they dared to explore, and though many a bush or hole might hide the dead, the lack of response quenched all hope that they would ever find the living. One lingering hope remained, that Crowder, having lost himself, had wandered in a contrary direction, and had either lighted on another camp or had come across some wandering aborigines and had meanwhile thrown in his lot with them, for the sake of water holes and guidance.

Arthur wondered how he would have borne this new horror and doubt, but for the sustaining calm which had fallen upon his soul. As it was they came but to reinforce his new consciousness of absolute dependence upon God, and his new sense of all that makes the reality of life. Also they set afar from him those influences which he had feared might gather round the fresh light in his soul and darken it. For one thing, the horror and doubt had their weight on those influences themselves. They checked the incessant flow of James McCoy's blasphemy and frivolity, and rendered absolutely repulsive the manifold selfishness of the Swede, who thought of Crowder's absence chiefly as the loss of "a hand," and a check on their own industry and possible success.

Their latest effort proved a complete failure. Hansen quoted with a grudge that mysterious encouragement from Crowder, which he had once been inclined to regard as an oracle. One of their camels was dead, their stores were running low, and their number was reduced. They decided to wend their way back to the big mining camp, and there await further instructions from Bert Chance, or any other Perth capitalist who might be disposed to speculate further with them.

On the day when they were starting for their return, a "black fellow," as an aborigine is commonly called, paid them a visit. It was clear that he had somehow become aware of their intended retreat, and was covetous of any nails, canvas, or other unconsidered trifles which they might not care to carry with them. Hansen was for utterly refusing to entertain this stranger, being disposed even to show him the pistols, regarding his presence as that of a vulture, brooding over their misfortunes, if, indeed, he was not the forerunner of a party of bloodthirsty savages, ready to murder them all. But McCoy and Sands took a kinder view, McCoy saying that "sure he could not see why they should make a charity by giving what they could not use themselves," and Arthur Sands feeling that he owed something to the poor native of a country he had been ransacking in hopes of gain.

In return for their little favours, the black fellow showed them sundry possessions of his own. They were most interested in a flat broad piece of wood, with devices traced on its surface, apparently by a fine-pointed red-hot wire. It was not easy to understand what was meant. There were dots in a meandering line. A good way aside from this there was something which might be a representation of a human body, lying down, and a little lower there was a very big and black dot. Then a light irregular line was drawn from side to side of the whole device, as if to signify that it was erased, though everything was left perfectly visible.

"They stirred their camp fire into a blaze."—*Page* 125.

The black could not speak a word of English, and professed absolute inability to understand the few native words with which Sands and McCoy plied him. The Kanaka boy, who had lived long in the country, was more successful. To begin with, he knew what the piece of wood itself was. He explained that it was a "message stick," by means of which natives communicate with each other, sending it about the country by the hands of men such as its present bearer.

The Kanaka boy had seen many such sticks, and had got some knowledge of what the commoner signs stood for. He examined this carefully, and shook his head over it. Then he turned from McCoy, chaffering with the black over some reels of thread and a broken pair of scissors. He gave Arthur Sands a sign to follow him to a little distance.

"No let black fellow tink me understand message stick," he said significantly.

"Do you understand it?" Arthur asked.

"A bit," he said. "Them dots, they mean track back to camp — way we are going."

"Indeed!" returned Arthur, instantly thinking of Hansen's suspicions.

The shrewd Kanaka saw the change come over his face and laughed.

"No danger for us," he said. "Black fellows fear danger. See that line running about all over drawing? That warn black fellow leave all that part alone for while. See figure, man lying down? Dat mean white man's dead body. Black fellow fear go near; fear be blamed for kill — fear black fellow be hanged."

"A white man's dead body!" echoed Arthur. "On the way back to the camp, too!"

"May be Massa Crowder," said the Kanaka softly. "Big black dot mean water hole. Massa Crowder maybe turn from track to seek that, and go lose himself."

No further explanation whatever was to be had from the "black fellow." Sands told McCoy what he had heard from the Kanaka, and they debated whether the aborigine should not be detained and impressed into their service to guide them to the spot where the body lay. But while they were considering how this should be done, he gave them the slip and made off. They had not guarded against this, as they had his "message stick" in their hands, and had not thought that he would leave without it. But as the Kanaka remarked,—

"He think something go wrong. He go off. He soon make other stick."

Hansen was for disregarding everything. In his opinion the Kanaka was simply lying. If not, then probably he and the Indian and some band of aborigines were all in league to entice the party oft the track, murder them, and bury their bodies where they would never be found.

The Kanaka reiterated his tale. In his opinion, if they meant to go on this quest, they would reach the spot where they should diverge from the track at the end of the second day of their return journey. When they drew near the place, he pointed it out. According to his belief, they would not have to diverge far; the dead man, whoever he was, had doubtless simply become bewildered, and had wandered round and round within a small circle, equally unable to find the water hole or to regain the track. The water hole itself was known to the Kanaka, who had once been there himself.

"'No let black fellow tink me understand message stick.'"—*Page* 126.

Hansen grumbled a little, but could not resist the determination of the others, though he camped on the main track, where, keeping the Indian with him, he resolved to await them. By-and-by they lighted on the track of a booted foot going hither and thither in the sand. Following it, they had to double again and again, as the wanderer had evidently done. At last, guided by the Kanaka, they made direct for the water hole, resolved to camp there for the night. Near it they lost all traces of the booted foot. It was clear that the wanderer had never reached what must have been his desired goal.

With the earliest dawn they resumed their search. This time it was speedily brought to a close. It was still quite early, when beside a sand drift they came on the dead body of a man.

The relentless powers of Nature had already worked their will on the remnant of poor mortality. It was by little but the rent clothing that they could be sure they were looking on the last of Ben Crowder!

How came he there? Could he have ignorantly wandered in the wrong direction? Or why had he turned from his own party and set his face back to the settlements?

There could be no doubt that he had perished of thirst. There were traces which showed his end had been one of fevered madness. His boots were thrown afar, his shirt was in shreds. But, strangest of all, he seemed to have made some effort to dig a hole with his hands and to bury his jacket. It was half hidden in the sand.

Nothing remained but the last sad duty of burying the dead out of sight. Leaving McCoy and Sands with the corpse, the Kanaka boy returned to the water hole, to bring a spade and a sheet from the stores. While they were alone the two men disentangled Crowder's jacket and freed it from the soil. It was an old garment which Sands knew well. He had seen Ben wearing it in the quiet old streets of Crover!

"Let us bury it with him," he said: "it would serve no purpose to send that home with his other things."

"But there are some articles in the pockets," observed McCoy. "We ought to look at them. Men often carry their chief treasures so."

There was an empty flask, with no smell of spirits about it. Ben had evidently hoped to keep it filled at water holes. There was a pencil, some string, a purse with a few coins in it, and last of all, wrapped in a red handkerchief, three small paper packets, neatly done up, and each marked on the outside with a different date.

The dates were of three of the Sundays which had passed since the party had been engaged on its latest venture! One of these they carefully opened.

(To be continued.)

A Missionaries' Song of Trust.

GOD has given me a song,
A song of trust;
And I sing it all day long,
For sing I must.
Every hour it sweeter grows;
Keeps my soul in calm repose:
Just how restful no one knows—
But those who trust.

I sing it on the mountain
In the light,
Where the radiance of God's sunshine
Makes all bright.
All my path seems plain and clear—
Heavenly land seems very near,
And I almost do appear
To walk by sight.

And I sing it in the valley
Dark and low,
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
Pain, and woe.
Then the shadows flee away,
Like the night when dawns the day.
Trust in God brings light alway—
I find it so.

Tekkali, 1898.

"Guard Your Sundays."

BISHOP WESTCOTT'S COUNSEL AND "SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS."

"HOME WORDS" readers will all have heard of the invasion of the Day of Rest by Sunday newspapers. The great artisan and industrial classes are, above all others, affected by this movement. They will have to do the *work*. It is said, indeed, by the Editor of one of these Sunday papers—"*All* the work connected with the publication is done upon the Saturday." But Prebendary Peploe has well replied in *The News*:—"There is a painful avoidance of the real matter at issue. I ask, is not the paper itself printed on Sunday morning? What, too, of editorial and reporting work to the last moment, to give 'latest news?' And what of the distributors, the 50,000 news agents, and the 250,000 news boys in the streets of our large towns? What, too, of the work of editors, writers, reporters, compositors, and others, gathering fresh news all Sunday for the columns on Monday, hitherto filled mainly by Saturday's news, prepared and set in type on Saturday night?"

Another correspondent, "A Worker," also puts the matter admirably, and we think unanswerably. He says:—"I desire to thank you most heartily for your strong protest against Sunday newspapers. No man or woman, with any true sympathy for their fellow-workers in the battle of life, can possibly encourage this invasion of their 'rights' if they give the matter any consideration at all. Quite apart from the exhausting strain upon those who will have to do the work and sell the papers, it can only rob the readers themselves of their Day of Rest—rest of *mind*, if not rest of body.

"The workers who produce the papers may at first get the tempting bribe of more pay—but very soon those who have deprived them of GOD's priceless GIFT will further wrong them by requiring *seven days' work for six days' pay*. What, too, of their sons, who will be lured from the Sunday School by a few pence to sell their birthright to an English Sunday? Will any one compensate them for that? How, too, will those who buy these Sunday newspapers regard the purchase when their own Sundays are ending, and they are compelled to remember that they did *their part* in training the young *not* to 'Hold fast by their Sundays'?" These are weighty considerations, and we hope they will reach those whom they deeply concern.

But our present purpose is not simply to record a protest. We believe in "overcoming evil with good": and we may certainly all learn from these Sunday newspaper workers how important it is to be *as* earnest and active as they are—only in a nobler direction. We wish, then, to call special attention to a practical proposal (details of which are given below) to circulate throughout the country a *million* copies of *The News*. If this proposal is adopted and carried out, the Sunday Question will at least be placed before a very large portion of the community, including, we hope, very many of the 15,000,000 of the population of our nominally Christian land who (as far as statistics can be arrived at) are at present *outside public worship*: and therefore utterly fail to appreciate, in its true character, God's "free Day" of Rest and Gladness—a Day for Home happiness, and for cultivating hallowed communion with "the Author and Giver of every good gift."

We hope thoughtful and earnest consideration will be given by every one of our readers to this proposal. We see no way in which the invasion of the "Sunday newspapers" can be really met except by the Press. How else can we reach those who are *never* found in the House of Prayer? But the Press, as "God's modern miracle," supplies an instrumentality which, without great effort, and with comparatively little expense, can at once secure *a national hearing for Christian truth*. Meetings, however large, will not gather the right people. Books, too, and tracts, however useful, are also necessarily costly.

The News, as a newspaper, will be the more readily welcomed *because it is a newspaper*. The newspaper, in fact, is becoming the library of the people. Every one reads it. A *million* copies of *The News*, if they can be issued, will probably be *read* by ten or fifteen million readers. We hope to secure for this Special Number the ablest and best known writers of the age, and to present to every reader "the gain of Sunday Rest," from the physical, social, family and religious points of view. If only the conviction of the "blessing" God has attached to the Day can be fastened on the minds of the people—if they can be led to feel, in good and great George Herbert's words, that—

> "On Sundays Heaven's door stands ope,
> Blessings are plentiful and rife—
> More plentiful than hope,"

we believe many hearts will be won, and a Revival of "True Religion" will soon be realized in our land.

There are many Christian patriots who are asking at the present crisis, Raikes' question, "Can nothing be done?" Let each of us remember Raikes' answer to the question—"God said, 'Try': and I did try, and *see what He hath wrought!*"

Already a wide-spread interest has been aroused in this proposed counter-effort. We might give a list of names that would fill pages: but we think one testimony will suffice—that of Dr. Westcott, the beloved and venerated Bishop of Durham. In sending "a word of most hearty good-wishes for the work," to the Editor of *The News*, the Bishop says:

"In every Confirmation Address I endeavour to press on all who hear me the simple counsel: '*Guard your Sundays.*' I believe that England owes her stability and greatness to the general observance of the Day of Rest, and the Study of Holy Scripture. The two are bound together, and exactly in proportion as we neglect one or the other we prepare our national ruin. In these times of restless excitement and engrossing business I do not see when we can reflect calmly on the greatest things—the things unseen and eternal—if the quiet of Sunday, 'the Day of the Rest of the Heart,' is taken from us.

B F Dunelm."

We leave this impressive testimony without a word of comment. If our effort had only called forth this striking letter from one who not only holds a foremost position amongst our Bishops, but is revered throughout Europe as a most distinguished scholar, and—still more—is known and loved by "workers" everywhere, we should be indeed thankful we had made it. May we never forget those words of counsel:—

"GUARD YOUR SUNDAYS, and SEARCH HOLY SCRIPTURE."

A Message to England.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS: A COUNTER-MOVEMENT.

"Sixty miles of shops are open for business on Sundays in London alone."

WE shall not think the less of Missions abroad after our C.M. Centenary if we now remember the almost equal need of a Mission at home. "Beginning at Jerusalem,"—beginning at home—is the Divine order of Missionary effort.

The invasion of the Day of Rest by *Sunday newspapers* has been a sad introduction to our Centenary. The boasted success attending it really means *fifteen millions* of the population of our so-called Christian country "*outside public worship.*"

Every Christian patriot is asking "Can nothing be done?" In reply, we have planned *a counter-movement*, which we trust may place the Sunday Question, as one of the secrets of our National greatness and Home happiness, before the millions of our home brethren who have yet to learn to appreciate

"The Day most calm, most bright, The first and best of days!"

We hope, by issuing A MILLION EDITION OF "THE NEWS," to place before at least 10,000,000 OF THE POPULATION "the gain of Sunday rest," from the physical, social, family, and religious points of view.

If every reader of *Home Words* will at once aid this movement by ordering copies of the Special Number of *The News* from any local Bookseller, or from *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., we shall then, for once, and we hope continuously, secure "*a National Hearing for Christian Truth.*"

The Press is "God's Modern Miracle." Let us use it, and ask His blessing upon our effort. We need to be *as* earnest and active as the Sunday newspapers—and prayerful as well.

OR BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNARD, AUTHOR OF "LIGHTER THAN AIR."

DOES Mr. Marconi need any introduction to my readers? Surely not. Three years ago he came to England, a young man—scarcely more than a boy—with a wonderful instrument, which could talk through stone walls, or send a whisper over half a county. So said Rumour and Gossip, and half a dozen other wireless telegraph boys whom we know only too well. They are not too accurate, those same urchins, and, to tell the truth, they have done a deal of harm in their time. Don't send your news by them, my friends.

A great many people laughed at the bare notion of Marconi's "imperence," as Mrs. Brown would say. What right had he to teach his grandmother, the General Post Office, to suck news from the ends of the earth? Still these doubters came to see Marconi's experiments. A large hall was hired, and the young Italian set up an instrument, remotely resembling dumb-bells slung on gallows (see illustration) at the platform end of the room, while a plain box of unknown contents, to which were attached two strips of metal, was placed in the gallery. Marconi was ready.

What did he pretend he could do? Ring a bell in the gallery; send a message to the gallery. How? By means of the queer dumb-bell apparatus. He was as good as his word.

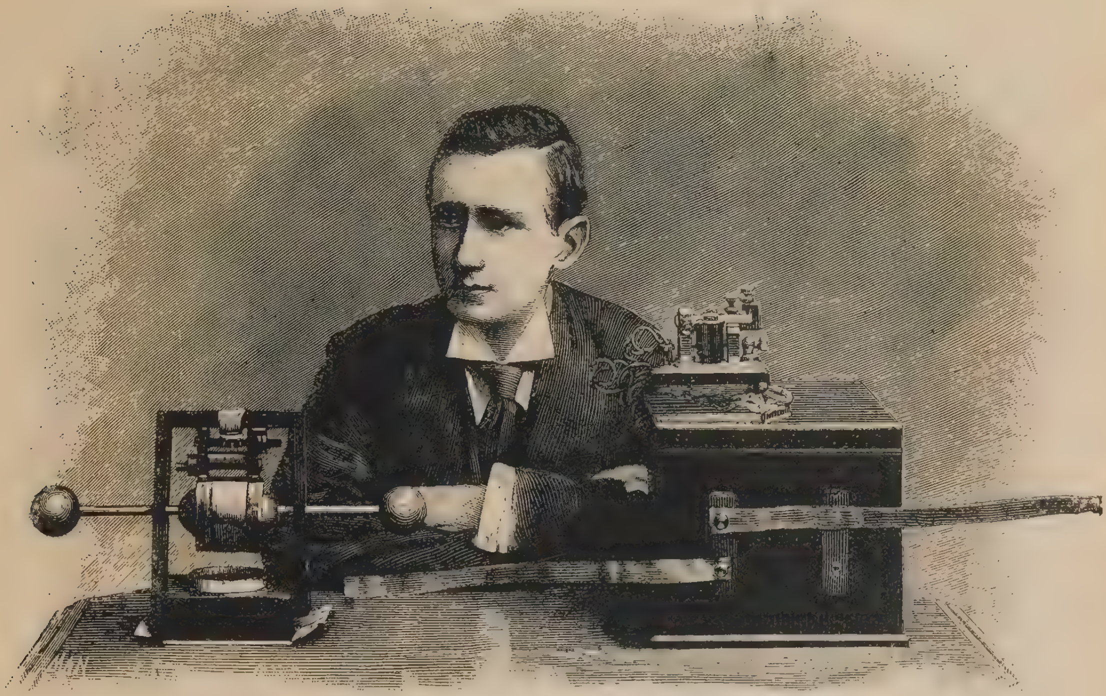
"From the two bells at the end of this rod," he explained, "electrical waves are thrown off from my battery into space, and roll onwards till they reach the receiver in the gallery." They did not take long to roll. Instantaneously the bell rang; the message passed like a flash. Marconi had gained his first triumph.

Then the papers began to talk of other inventors who had done similar feats, but it was admitted that the Italian had immensely improved upon former work. Later, they began to get enthusiastic. Marconi gave an exhibition at Salisbury, and communications were sent between two points seven miles apart.

How was it done? It is not very easy to explain, for even Marconi himself can tell you next to nothing about his substitute for wires. He does not know how his messages are carried; he only knows that they are. A strange kind of invention, you say. Let me try to put you on the right track.

The other day I was out for a walk in the country, and came across what we down South know as a

Photo by H. S. MENDELSSOHN] [*Pembridge Crescent, W.*
SIGNOR MARCONI, TO-DAY.



SIGNOR MARCONI AND HIS INVENTION IN 1896.

dew-pond—simply a large, round concrete basin sunk in the grassy downs. On a windless day the pond is like glass. Throw a stone into the water close to the edge. Away travel the ripples in ever-widening circles, till they lap the furthest limit of the pond. You have sent a wireless message across.

Now it has long been known that we live in a marvellous ocean which the wind never ruffles. We cannot see it; we only know that it exists. How? Possibly some scientist threw a stone into the ocean, and was astonished to find that a delicate instrument recorded the fact. He tried it again and again, with the same result. The ocean was not exactly air, or atmosphere. You can shut out air, but you cannot shut out the ocean; its waters, so to speak, pass through everything—a brick wall, a glass case, even the solid world itself. That strange ocean which flows round us, aye, and through us, we call the ether. But how can you throw a stone into the ocean? It was discovered partly by accident.

In 1837, between Euston Square and Camden Town, a distance of about a mile and a half, the first telegram was sent over the wires. Did the inventor himself, Professor Wheatstone, know why it was that the unseen electric fluid fled round and round his circuit at terrific speed? Did he know how old Mother Earth acted as part of the circuit, the wires being the other half?

Marconi and others discovered within recent years that not only would wires and Mother Earth carry the electrical influence, but also that unknown ocean of ether. Only you needed exceedingly delicate instruments to catch the ripples. From the two knobs of the dumb-bell the electrical disturbance falls, as it were, into the ocean, and instantaneously the effect is felt miles away. How many miles away we don't yet know, and perhaps we never shall, for we may not be able to form a sufficiently sensitive receiver. This is not so marvellous as it may seem. There is a scientist in the Isle of Wight who can feel—or rather his instruments can—when there is an earthquake in Japan. His instrument registers the tremor of the earth.

So Marconi's receiver registers the tremor in the ocean of ether.

I need not try to explain the beautiful delicacy of Marconi's receiver; how the ripple in the ether serves to make certain minute particles join in line, and connect an electrical circuit within that plain-looking black box. Let me pass on to recent results. This spring, Marconi has followed up his successful experiments between Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight by placing the Goodwins and the South Foreland Lightship in direct communication, and "telegraphing" without wires across the Channel. His apparatus, with the exception of a flagstaff and 150 feet of vertical wire, "he can place on a small kitchen table, the appliances costing not more than £100 in all, for sending messages across thirty or even a hundred miles of channel." In all weathers, by night and day, the messages go at a speed of from twelve to eighteen words a minute, these being printed in the Morse code of dots and dashes on the usual slips of paper. Paris is to be joined to London by wireless telegraphy, and even London and New York. Many costly telegraph cables will no longer be necessary, and loss of life and property through shipwreck may be considerably reduced.

Outposts of Our Church

VI.—EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

BY R. STUART WRIGHT,
AUTHOR OF "EGYPTIAN IDYLLS."

THE Garden of Eden—an outpost of our Church! The very suggestion seems like some dream of the enthusiast. The birthplace of the human race—why, it may be urged, we do not know with certainty where it is; and even if we accept the theory that the vast African Continent contains the "garden of the four rivers," how can we hope that to Great Britain will fall that special parcel of land? Yet there is much which promises a realisation of the dream, if dream it is. Should it come true, what a beautiful meaning we can read in the Bible narrative of the planting of the garden: "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads." May the river of the Water of Life flow out from Eden to the millions of Mussulman tribes who now live within our sphere of influence.

Could we select a more thrillingly interesting post for missionary work than the land of the Garden of Eden? There are, at least, two possible sites which have been discovered by recent explorers. Mr. H. W. Seton-Carr warmly upholds the claims of Somaliland, where he found a spot which, he says, "bears out, in a wonderful way, the description given in the book of Genesis." Others have pointed to the fertile Bahr el Ghazal. All that we know is that scientists have declared that the flint implements of Northern Africa, and specially of Somaliland, are exceedingly ancient; and that no other portion of the surface of the globe so closely answers to the geographical details we possess in the first book of the Bible.

It will not be easy for our missionaries to "go forward" in our newly acquired protectorate. Some years may elapse before a Missionary Church can be founded, and even from such a centre it will be hard to influence the millions of Mussulman race in the Soudan and beyond.

At the present moment missionary enterprise is held back by order of the Sirdar; but we have every reason to believe that this is only a precautionary measure. Leave to work among the tribes would be given if it were considered safe. An immediate attempt to Christianize these Arabs "would," in the words of an authority, "at once set a spark to the religious fury of all Mussulmans, and an explosion would occur, the effects of which would be most harmful to the stability of the British protectorate over Mussulman Africa." But quite independently of such a risk we believe it is not the best method of winning a hearing for the Gospel to follow up the sword with a new religion. Let the natural animosity die down, and our opportunity will be given.

That is the opinion of one who has worked among the Soudanese. "Much as I should like to be able to give you a different answer," he said to me, "I cannot disguise the fact that the door is not open as yet. When it does open, in God's good time, I believe there will be showers of blessing. Now that the people are freed from the raids of the Dervishes, and need no longer fear slavery and torture, they will be ready to listen to those who have proved themselves liberators. But the responsibility is heavy."

"You mean there are so many for us to reach?" I asked.

"No," he answered at once. "I was thinking of

A NILE STEAMER.

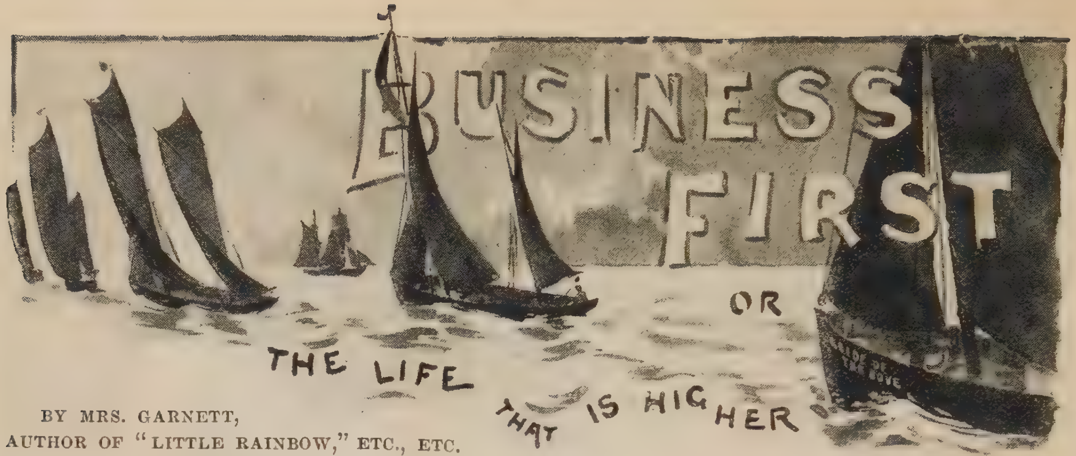
the influence exerted by traders. As you know, Greeks, even to-day, penetrate far into the interior, bringing with them civilization, but not Christianity. But if the schools of Khartoum are to teach everything but duty towards God and man, I am convinced that the Arabs will copy the business cheating and trickery which they see carried on by European merchants. I am speaking from experience when I say that the tribes which have come under our rule are far in advance of the natives of Central and Southern Africa. They understand how to govern; they are hospitable; they are anxious to learn, and therefore willing to listen. Such is the Zandeh tribe, for example. They are a small nation with a high regard for justice and good faith. As has been pointed out more than once, there are among them men with blue eyes and fair complexion, which seems to argue a previous connection with Westerners."

Lastly, a word or two in explanation of the illustrations which accompany this article. In the heading we have a striking photograph of the Egyptian mother and her child. Note how closely veiled is the former; she lives a lonely life, shut out from what we know as social intercourse. When she travels across the desert she is even more carefully hidden: for on the camel which carries her, and perhaps her two children, is erected a curious kind of tent, provided with cushions, on which she reclines. I am glad to say that in Alexandria and Cairo the Mohammedan mothers are beginning to take great interest in the Christian teaching of their children in the schools, and many of them have learnt texts and hymns from the lips of their daughters. They have even been induced to come and see magic-lantern exhibitions illustrating the Gospel story.

AN EGYPTIAN DONKEY-DRIVER.

PALM TREES AND PYRAMIDS.

Next we have a typical Nile steamer. Every year during this month (June) the great river begins to rise, until, three months later, it completely floods the surrounding country, swamping fields and hiding the islands under its muddy waves. Were the river to fail to rise to a certain height, famine would be the inevitable result, while should it exceed the limit, whole villages would be swept away. Happily the waters rarely pass the bounds, which have been the same for centuries, and so regular are the rise and fall that the inundation can be fixed exactly, though the cause exists at least 2,000 miles away. The land, it must be remembered, is rainless, and but for the overflow of the Nile the soil would be entirely barren. The remaining pictures speak for themselves.



BUSINESS FIRST OR THE LIFE THAT IS HIGHER

BY MRS. GARNETT,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FISHER-FOLK.

THE fishing village of Sutton-Gullscane is built of grey stone and roofed with grey slates. The houses are darkened or bleached, according to their position, by the salt breezes from the Northern Ocean. The cottages are packed back against the sides of a gully, which steeply descends to the grey sea. The monotony of colouring is broken here and there by a tall red chimney, by many patches of cloud shadow, and by lines of crisp, silvery foam on the waters.

On this morning—now some years ago—the sun shone, and its rays were caught and reflected on the cottage windows, which winked and twinkled cheerfully, and on the autumn flowers in the few patches of garden.

Men in sea boots, blue jerseys and sou'-westers, carrying masses of nets and bags, balancing baskets of bait on their heads, were making their way to the beach, where a score or more of "three-man" cobbles were drawn up; farther out, four "seven-man" boats were seen riding on the waters. Once there was a fleet of them; but now the fishermen were too poor to replace them, as they wore out or were wrecked. Women as well as men were helping to push the cobbles out, while others, with little ones clinging to their skirts, stood watching them, knitting swiftly as they did so.

"I've see t' day when twice as many boats as yon would put to say on a morn like this."

The remark provoked no rejoinder—the fact was too well known.

"Sutton-Gullscane isn't what it was—there's a sight o' empty houses about," the voice pursued.

"No, Grace," broke in another speaker; "it fair goes to my heart to see t' cold hearths and empty winders, and to know your flesh and blood are addeling their sup and bite, working in a big dirty place like Millboro', when their hearts are at home here; and if they do come to see one, wi' their pale faces and all t' life out o' their ee'n, it's just miserable. All our fore elders lived on here, and anywhere else is nobbut a foreign land. T' say is there as good as ivver, and we can't get a living out o' it, and for why?"

"Well, it's these here steam-trawlers; if law was made for t' poor instead o' rich, there would be one to stop 'em. They sweep up all there is, and fairly trail t' ocean."

"It's not t' Lord," put in Delia's stern voice, "it's t' devil. Rich men put these trawlers on t' say, and they mak' fortunes out o' our starving. They beat even t' big boats."

And as though she could not bear the double companionship of her bitter thoughts and her neighbour's, she turned away and climbed the rough steps to her cottage.

"Ah, Delia feels it!" remarked Grace.

"Yes, yes; poor Jim and her eldest lad both lost t' same night and t' cobble too."

"See, honey! there are Sam'l and Dave wi' th' new nets for t' *Bride of the Cove*. God bless you!" called out the women.

"Five of 'em partners, and every one not paid a penny less than £50, and it's been so hard to scrat together," remarked Mrs. David as she joined the group, after helping the nets into the small boat, in which her husband and his six companions were going out to one of the large cobbles. "It's a deal to venture!"

"Ah! and then there's t' worth of t' boat, near five hundred, and the wages of four chaps to help; it's all our heritage; but a big boat's our only chance!"

"So it is! but t' say is t' Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

So spoke an old woman, with silvery hair hidden under a print hood, worn like her neighbours, so tilted on her head as to shade her steadfast grey eyes. Her toilsome, weather-beaten face had on it a look of settled peace.

The other women assented, and so the group broke up.

The cobbles were running out before a fair wind, and some of the brown sails had already disappeared, when on the deserted beach another group appeared—a lady holding up her long, black dress, two girls in serge frocks, and two young men in flannels. They boarded a pleasure boat from the rocks, and she vanished over the ridges of foam which barred the entrance of the Cove.

Old Bathsheba, as she pegged her washed quilt on her drying line, called across the street to her neighbour,—

"Delia, yon's a good seet."

Delia shaded her dark eyes with her hand. "Ah! so *she's* comed!"

"Yes, and the young ladies and Master Reggie (bless him!) too, and another gentleman. I shouldn't wonder if he's after Miss May; bless her bonny face."

"Handsome is that handsome does. I say Miss Hannah's worth two o' Miss May, tho' she is more fancy to look at."

"But, yer see, gentlemen aren't like working men; they don't want them to kill themselves wi' toil, but to be like t' flowers that toil not, neither do they spin; pleasant, like bits of posies, to mak' home bonnie," and Bathsheba looked lovingly at her few nasturtiums and three tall sunflowers.

Delia gave a contemptuous glance at her neighbour's wee garden.

"Aye, these gentry's full of fancies. I'd a deal sooner ha' rosemary and southern wood in my borders, than bits o' yaller nasturtiums; soft things!"

"Well, you see, Delia," said Bathsheba, "one canna mak' pickles of 'em."

"Aye, they may be useful, though not much to crack on. But you know what I mean; if I'd my will, I'd like to see all the fine folk that live at ease, as the song says, pickled with affliction; may be *then* they would be some one's meat; *now*, as the Book says, all they are fit for is to be cast out, and trodden under foot of man."

"Another group appeared."
—*Page* 134.

"Nay! Nay!" said Bathsheba quickly, "the Book says that of *professors*—not of *possessors*. Mrs. Conybere is a possessor if ivver there was one; where should we all be in winter, but for her knitting club? I'll be bound she has plenty of toil getting all our things sold."

"I'm saying nothing agin *that*," said Delia. "Mrs. Conybere *is* good, but look yer at Lady Vane; is she a right one? Wouldn't it do her a sight o' benefit to suffer like we folks have to? Maria says (and she's one of the kitchen-maids) she begins with tea in bed of a morning, and she's at it till nine at night, eating and drinking—and scores of us here, not a mile off, never knowing all winter through, what it feels like to be once right filled. Wouldn't you, Bathsheba, with all your religion, if you'd the chance, make a right good meal for yourself and your old man, who's all crumpled up with rheumatics, off *her*?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Bathsheba steadfastly.

"You wouldn't!"

"No! my Lord's promised He'll see my bread sure; and if He's so hard up, He can't give it, I'll not grumble at Him."

There was a quiver in the old woman's voice as she ended and entered her house. Delia, many years her junior, gazed fiercely towards the dark blue belt of distant trees, which hid the Hall from sight.

"Wait, my lady! there's a reckoning day coming; that's t' comfort of religion."

And Delia turned and toiled up the steep and rugged road out of the village, and so reached the patch of sandy waste land cultivated by her as her garden.

CHAPTER II.

TWO SIDES OF LIFE.

"Ah!" said Lady Vane, "perhaps so; but I really know nothing about these kind of things."

Lady Vane was a very handsome woman. She shared her coffee and looked up with a charming smile at Mrs. Conybere, who stood on the hearth-rug and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"But it is so very hard," replied Mrs. Conybere.

"Yes; but why distress yourself about what is impossible, I suppose, for any one to remedy? No one can prevent storms at sea. It is bad enough to hear the moaning noise, I assure you. I can hardly sleep on such nights! Why make one's self wretched imagining horrors?"

"But," said Mrs. Conybere eagerly, "if the mere recital of one little incident is depressing to you, think, Victoria, what it must be to endure a *life* in which such sorrows face you constantly—a life of hunger and pain, in which a woman is compelled to see her dearest share."

Lady Vane looked up steadily with cold displeasure.

"I think it is not nice of you to force these quixotic whims upon me."

A silence fell between the two. Mrs. Conybere was struggling to suppress a bitter retort. Lady Vane did not feel deeply, and was always amiable; so with a little laugh she recovered herself and said,—

"The Colonel looked critically at the young man."—*Page* 136.

"How absurd you are, May! Always the old May—you are always full of miseries. Dear, pray do be happy; and I positively refuse to be made wretched to gratify you. Here are the gentlemen."

"Well, Mrs. Conybere, so you have returned?" said a pleasant voice; "to every one's delight, we assure you; and your girls are more charming, if possible, than ever."

"I am afraid, Colonel Carruthers, you are prejudiced in our favour, but I do certainly think they look well; and what do you say of my boy?"

The Colonel looked critically at the young man.

"I like to have a good look, you see," he said. "How exactly he is like his father! Of course you have been into the village? and I hope you found all your protégés flourishing?"

"Not very much so. These steam-trawlers are ruining the cobble owners. The village will disappear, if something is not done to ward off absolute starvation; many families have had to leave their homes and migrate to Millboro'. Oh, Colonel Carruthers, you are a Member; won't you do something? Could not the trawlers be prevented coming in near shore? Could not compensation be given, when steamers or other vessels destroy whole sets of nets?"

"My dear lady, I know how hard it is, and grieve to see such a fine race of men being exterminated. Something certainly ought to be done. There ought to be a fisherman's champion, a second Plimsoll."

"And cannot you be he? You will take up their cause in Parliament, will you not?"

"Thanks for the compliment, but though backed by such a pleading face, I beg to decline. To champion a cause means at least a dozen years of hard work; and one is too old for that. Besides, unhappily, I represent a fishing town, and my supporters are the very men who own the trawlers, and invest their capital in demolishing the fishermen. It is so all over; the many little farms are absorbed into the few large ones,—individual traders into companies. If I stood up for fishermen, I should lose my seat. We live by votes, not conscience, at Westminster."

"In other words," said Mrs. Conybere solemnly, "you work there for the interests of those who have most votes."

"Just so," laughed the Colonel; "self-preservation is the first law of nature."

"But think of these poor people, honest, brave, content with so very little, loving the sea and the fresh breezes, forced away from all they care for, or remaining to starve."

"I know, I know, and it is shameful, but it is the way of the world—scrape a pile together anyhow, only get it. Every man can justify practices which make him a rich man, no matter what others suffer thereby. In England money can produce anything."

And, with a good-natured smile, the Colonel rose and left her.

"Mother, I want you to know what a real good chap Faber is," said Reggie, coming across and taking his seat on the couch by her side. "He is in the Varsity eleven, and splendid all round at athletics. He has a good

"'There is a gale blowing up.'"
—*Page* 137.

head on his shoulders too, is rich, and has a fine position. But, mater," added the young man, dropping his voice to almost a whisper, "he has not had such a mother as we have."

"Is that all he needs? Does he know the great secret?"

Reggie moved uneasily.

"Mater, one does not like discussing another fellow—it feels so disloyal. Faber is miles ahead of me. One can't somehow speak straight to a man like him. I think it's the only thing he does *not* know.

"My boy, words are difficult, but you remember that line in 'John Inglesant,' 'He who feels the touch of Christ in his palm, cannot easily sin.' It is a secret worth sharing, this knowledge of salvation, and of the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit."

"I would if I could," said young Conybere sadly. "Some day it will be easier to speak; acts come before words; and by this shall all men know,—'If ye *do* My commandments.'"

Hardly had her son left her, when Mrs. Conybere was to receive another confidence. Her face invited them, and she was trusted and relied upon by most people she met.

Mr. Faber came to her.

"May I sit here, Mrs. Conybere? One has heard so much incidentally from Con yonder, about his mother and sisters, that one felt it a great compliment to be invited down to make their acquaintance."

"And Reggie has spoken so often of you, we do not feel we are receiving a stranger. And you will do me a favour by spending as long as you can spare with us. You will drag my son from his reading; he should not read in the vacations."

"No, indeed. You've no idea, Mrs. Conybere, how he saps at Cambridge, and yet he's the most popular fellow in Trinity. He's so cheery and bright, and he's good, too—has Mission Services and all that. No one can doubt *he's* the real sort. He'll put himself out no end to do a kindness."

"My son greatly values your friendship, Mr. Faber."

Faber turned red with pleasure.

"There's a gale blowing up," said Reginald Conybere, as the young men stood a moment at the door, before following the ladies into the old house, which in all their wanderings they thought of as "homee." "See those dark, far-off lines? they are rising. Come in, Faber."

(*To be continued.*)

The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

III. THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE Norman Conquest was a turning-point, some term it *the* turning-point, of all English history. It was "the daring act of a bold, strong man"; and whilst greatly helped by the Pope in securing the kingdom, William no sooner felt the crown was his own, than he manifested his "masterful spirit" in resisting, to some extent, at least, the advancing Papal claim of supremacy.

The errors of Rome in doctrine and ceremonies he accepted and promoted. Personally, he may at first have been, like Gallio, indifferent to "these things": but policy taught him the prudence of thus far retaining the Papal friendship. Hence he accepted "a cross-embroidered banner," sent by the Pope, at his coronation; and in a very short time, although reserving to himself his Royal independence, the Conqueror became really "a Pope's man."

Normans and Italians were appointed to all vacant bishoprics. In less than five years only one Anglo-Saxon bishop was to be found in England. Of course Roman errors crept on apace—especially Hildebrand's doctrine of transubstantiation in the mass, and the doctrine of celibacy in the priesthood. Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a man of remarkable powers, was thoroughly Roman in his views—"the Hildebrand of the British Isles." He was even called "the Pope of England" (Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, iv. 347–349). Celibacy was now enforced by him: although many of the clergy resisted. But there was no promotion in the Church without it: and presently there could be no ordination! The immense power thus given to the Pope, detaching the priests from all social and family, as well as loyal relations, rapidly told in favour of Rome's supremacy. Add to this the dogma of Transubstantiation, and all it involved as to the almost Divine power of the priesthood, and the advance of Rome was a sure result.

But William at length discovered that he was dealing with a sword that cut both ways. Roman sacerdotalism was rapidly preparing the way for Papal dictatorship, and the subjection of kingly and national rights. Hildebrand's claim to Divine authority over kings and kingdoms, the power to depose even emperors and absolve their subjects from their allegiance, the right to "judge all men while he himself is to be judged of none" (*Butler's Eccles. Hist.*, ii. 26), became a Papal position held more or less by the English bishops. William was roused by the threatening peril: and when Hildebrand sent a demand for "Peter's Pence," and a profession of submission by the king, the Conqueror's reply was short and decisive. He would pay the money, but he would not yield the crown to any Ecclesiastical or foreign power. England should have one head, and one head only: and no edicts (or bulls) should be received from Rome until the king had first seen them (*Freeman*, iv. 438).

How far the Conqueror, in this firm utterance, had clear views even of the Royal supremacy and its limitations, as we now happily recognise it and enjoy it under our doubly Royal Queen, we cannot say. We do not suppose he was a man of high religious tone. He no doubt loved power, as most men love it. But he was thus far a true king and patriot, in that he would give place to no autocratic invasion of his kingly authority by the Pope of Rome, And in the good Providence of God he thus gave expression to national rights which ultimately, after a season of darkness and even subjection, were restored to our Church, and to the State, at the Reformation.

"Some Humours of our Irish Parish."

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE GLORIOUS DREAMER," "WE WIVES," ETC., ETC.

"With the bees bumming round yez, and the chuckeys clucking."

THE average Saxon has little idea of the brightness and humour which enlightens every thing and every duty in Ireland. Well may this Emerald Land, set in its silver settings of breakers and spray, be called Tér-na-nog, or the Country of the Young. Graceful retort and quick repartee illumines life with brilliant flashes of wit. Englishmen come over to Ireland anxious to gather pearls and diamonds, which are said to fall from Celtic mouths. But it needs to live in their midst to know how the garment of every-day existence can be broidered and beautified with imagination.

Our parish is a wedge-shaped one, bounded by a sandy seaboard, and hemmed in with gently rolling hills. It covers many miles of peat land, acres of golden gorse, and fields of silky bog cotton. Here and there tiny cottages are dumped down, usually reached by narrow lanes called "boreens," and flanked by heaps of manure. Nothing can seem more squalid and miserable than some of these Irish homes. Yet their possessors wear spectacles of wisdom, and see a beatific vision even in the potato patch.

"I am *so* lonely, John," quoth a maiden to one of these open-eyed men one day.

"Lonely is it, Miss Dorothy?" was the answer, in a tone of surprise. "Lonely is it? With the bees bumming round yez, an' the chuckeys clucking, an' the flowers blowin' all over their faces, the darlins! an' the good God above us all! Sure Miss Dorothy darlint! 'tisn't lonely any one could be."

And sure enough from that hour the young girl was never solitary.

"For Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.
Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'"

This is the bright attractive side of life in Tér-na-nog. But we must hasten on to the humorous.

One day the Vicar's visit was paid to Biddy Colgan, living up Whitestairs, just under the Robbers' Cave. Biddy was reputed to have a cure for the "neuralgy." In reply to her clergyman's question as to whether she possessed such a recipe, she modestly replied, "I believe, your reverence, that between myself and God Almighty we cured John Kenny last autumn."

You will perceive Biddy credited herself with the primary move in this action.

A certain man in our parish has "a nice reticence in speech," which occasionally degenerates into a stammer. What better way could his habit of slowly muttering his words be explained than—

"It's a quare sort of a way Martin talks. It's as if he took the words out of his mouth and looked at them before he gives them to yez."

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Dempey?" was the question addressed sympathetically to the greatest grumbler in Tallyhinch.

"Ah! very, very bad! but the doctor—God bless him—is after givin' me a description, an' if it don't cure me he'll describe me agen."

With an unmoved face proceeded Mr. Archdeacon (for we learn to compose our countenances in an Irish parish):—

"What is the matter with you, Mrs. Dempey?"

"Shure 'tis the desgestion—like a hive of bees a-buzzin' an' a-buzzin' in my buzzum!"

"Is it always the same?" inquired the Vicar, his eyes twinkling and the corner of his mouth curling with a not-to-be-suppressed smile.

"Nay! not at all, your reverence. 'Tis often like a load ov bricks a-poundin' an' a-poundin'—that's when the bees aint a-buzzin'."

For a "possession" such as this I fear even a dispensary doctor's "description" could do but little! Long continued absence from the Emerald Land does not destroy this innate fund of quaint expression. One lad, who had been brought as a bare-legged gossoon, with a Connemara pony, was taken out west by his indulgent master. The Vicar went towards the Rockies one well-earned holiday, and in Calgary livery stables came across his old parishioner.

"So you've left Mr. Villiers, Larry?" he said, shaking hands with the spruce "hired boy." "What is *he* doing nowadays?"

"He's drivin' the mail coach, your honour."

"Does he run the mail himself?"

"Oh no, sir! He have got an antidote," was the quick response, and the Vicar smiled. For the wrong word in the wrong place recalled his own dear Emerald habitation with a flash. Soon afterwards wedding cards with a silver edge came to our Irish parish, announcing the marriage of Larry of Cork to a well-to-do, well educated woman.

On his return from Canada the Archdeacon visited a "bhoy" of eighty, who lived as a "bachelor man" all his life.

"An' your reverence never got married there?" was the first question put rather suspiciously to his smooth-faced, white-haired parson. "Never once! Bob—I'll give my word of honour," replied the visitor.

Old Bob lifted his arms thankfully, "And hadn't your reverence great luck that ye didn't *get yourself implicated* with a family?" was his cordial comment as he shook congratulatory hands with the clergyman.

After this fashion is parochial work made delightful in the Country of the Young. The cheerfulness which can continually recall the fact, "'Tis the will of God," whether in the matter of "dear grey rain" or the virulent pestilence, greatly helps in the battle of life. It turns a downpour into a "nice soft day, thank God," and the grievous murrain into a "visitation."

Any one attempting to delineate the Celt, without giving due prominence to his confiding trust and confidence, though too often, alas, misplaced in superstitious errors and fancies, is omitting the largest and most beautiful part of the national character. There is, of course, the darker side, in the meaningless use of the Name of God in ordinary talk, and the credulity which leads the uneducated to believe in the follies of superstition, involved not only in the teaching of Rome, but in the perversion of natural mysteries. The people in our parish really believe in "Leprechanns" or little people: to visit the wizened witch doctor to have the "dead hand" exorcised from bewitched butter, and to hunt a mythical hare as often as living red game.

A case taken from a county court report of police proceedings in Ballyhinch may fitly close this account of some humours of our Irish parish.

Scene—A police court. Prisoner—A bibulous personage. Prosecutor—A well known dignitary, appearing on behalf of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society.

"And, you, Mister Dane, you were in the public house?" came the first question.

"I was, sir," confessed the unwilling and guilty culprit.

"And, may I ask, Mr. Dane, did you take anything in there?"

"I did, sir."

Great sensation in court.

"Oh! you did, Mr. Dane, did you? And may I ask, Mr. Dane"—with a strong and decisive accent — "*what* you took, sir?

"I took a chair, sir," answered the quick - witted witness. "And further than that, I took notes, sir; and here they are, sir." Amidst a roar of applause, the notes were handed up and the prisoner committed.

But to know the humours of the Irish one must have lived in Ireland.

"Nothing can seem more squalid and miserable than some of these Irish homes. Yet——"—*Page* 138.

How to Drive a Pair.

A TALK WITH YOUNG MEN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. S. THORNTON, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF BALLARAT.

II.

GREAT is the nonsense some people talk in the hearing of the young, about the advantage of "getting the wild oats sown." No doubt a good crop of wild oats serves to show that the soil would have grown a good crop of something better: and in nature, wild oats, I suppose, may be so sown, and then ploughed up and burnt, as to do the soil more good than harm: in fact, clean it and manure it. At any rate, in a few years the literal wild oat may be got rid of again. But it is not so with the wild oats of this one life-year of ours. You can't get their roots up again, altogether. An undisciplined youth pollutes the memory, and stains the imagination, and impairs the better will.

But again, that dark horse is liable to jib, as well as to bolt. The strength and energy of youth is delightful, but there is a danger in it. Young people are often the most active and persevering—they are often the most perverse and lazy of mankind.

Your youth will rush away, my young friends! It will only last a very little longer, and can never come back with its precious opportunities again. Don't, don't idle and trifle any of it away.

> "An all-important time from age to age:
> Tho' much and well the wise have waged, the man
> Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour."

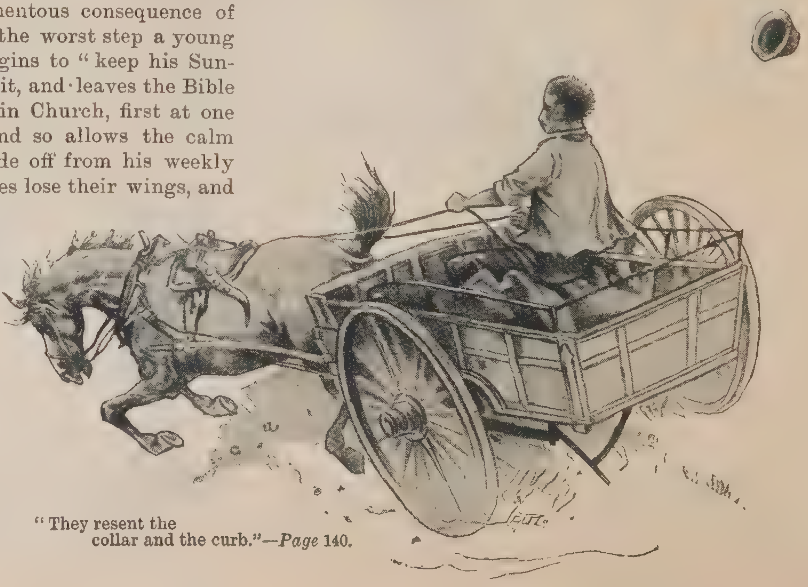
Oh what a safeguard it is to a young man, to spend, as an invariable habit, a serious hour, morning and evening, on the first day of every week, in God's house of prayer, and get reminded there afresh each Sunday of the *under surface* of things visible, and the momentous consequence of these our fleeting days. It's the worst step a young man ever takes, when he begins to "keep his Sundays for himself," as he calls it, and leaves the Bible class and forsakes his place in Church, first at one service and then at both, and so allows the calm holy light of eternity to fade off from his weekly life. It is thus that the horses lose their wings, and the dark horse pulls the car aside, and the soul's course is emptied of its heavenly purpose, and sinks down toward the level of the dwellers among the pots and the cleavers to the dust.

We have seen that young men are warm-hearted, and have to beware of being impulsive and passionate. We have seen that they are strong and energetic, but may be wilful and wayward, and thus lazy and purposeless in their lives. But there is another thing that dark horse does sometimes, besides bolting and jibbing. *It rears and prances, and even kicks.* Very pretty it is to see a fine horse do the first. A fiery horse, curvetting and gambading, leaping and plunging, looks very graceful and effective—much prettier than the jog-trot pace of the poor jade in a cab, at the end of a long day's journey about town—very pretty, and, within limits, very natural and admirable; but the horse won't get the chariot up to the heavenly vault in that way.

There is an exuberance of life about young men; a joyous pride, a glad scorn of all the bothers and ills of life, that I, for one, would not move a little finger to damp down; but there is a kind of rearing and curvetting also that I don't think promises well. I will out with the secret at once, and frankly say, that I mean *vanity and conceit.*

More than one educationalist has told me deliberately, what I can hardly bear to believe, that one of the chief drawbacks in teaching young students, for all their apprehensiveness and desire to progress, is the self-importance and conceit which is so noticeable a failing in many of them. They rear, they "prop," they curvet, and resent the collar and the curb. My young friends, no one ever does things well who is easily satisfied with himself in the doing of them.

Not a hundred years ago, at a place in the bush where I was going to lecture in the evening, I met a young man who told me he could master anything if he only tried. "For instance," he said, "I resolved to learn shorthand, and I did; I write shorthand perfectly: and I am going to take down your lecture to-night," he added, "every word of it." My heart


"They resent the collar and the curb."—*Page* 140.

"But that dark horse is liable to bolt."—*Page* 140.

sank on hearing this: and, as the event showed, not without reason. My clever friend not only "took down" all the lecture, but sent his report to the local paper, which published it *in extenso* as he sent it! A more wretched hash I never read! He had put down something for every sentence as it came, but had missed the real point of almost everything I had said.

If he had only mistrusted himself a little more! "No one is a poet," said Matthew Arnold (a good judge), "who is satisfied with his verses." "No one ever obtained eminence," said Canning, "who did not relish the society of his superiors." And that is what a conceited man never does. Of course, all self-confidence is not conceit, any more than all anger is squabbling. There is a self-respect that is the truest modesty; there is a humility which is the most disgusting of egoism. But I speak of vanity and self-importance; and you know what I mean by them. A friend wrote me a character of a young man the other day as follows: "You will hardly believe me when I say, that this young man, *tho' very musical*, is nevertheless modest, and sensible of his own deficiencies!"

Oh! vanity is a common trick of the dark near-side horse for many a young man and woman! Unless they break it thoroughly in, their soul's chariot will not rise heavenward.

If there is one good turn which true Religion does for youthful character more than another, it is this, to keep young people humble in their own sight. I don't see how a young man can prepare for communion regularly with real, thorough self-examination and prayer, at the foot of the Cross, and at the same time have a conceited self-important spirit growing upon him.

Plato ends his myth of the Chariot of the Soul very beautifully. He says that the chariot drivers that succeed pierce through, at last, the crystal vault of the heavens, and come to take their seat there, outside, and are carried round in the revolution of the heavenly sphere, contemplating the perfect truth and beauty. What a fine conception!

How forcibly it reminds us of the inspired aspiration of the Christian Apostle, "Now we see in a glass darkly, but then face to face"; and what a lesson it is on the untrustworthiness of human intellect unguided by revelation, to remember that the Plato who taught these beautiful things could nevertheless in his moral blindness, lacking Divine teaching, gravely argue that women ought to be employed in the army, because female watch-dogs are employed to guard a house as well as male ones!

You have had almost enough of Plato and his myth; but I will just draw this final lesson from it.

Let us *keep the wings upon our horses* in the drive of life. The great blessing that results from associating people in Parishes, and around the House of Prayer, is, that it keeps before their view the higher ends and aims of our existence in the world. However old we are, let us never, like the ants, drop our wings—the aspiration of our youth—or cease to be soarers! After all, the oldest amongst us is but an infant, in view of the timeless life of the eternity before us.

It has been asked, what will be the age in heaven of the friends we lose here at different stages of their earthly life? We may answer, with Moultrie:—

"Their age we cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where they have gone to dwell!"

You remember what was once said to an aged woman who asked about the aged entering Paradise:—"There are no aged ones there!" And when she burst into tears of despair, she was told, "They all get *young again* who pass that gate." May the oldest amongst us pass that gate and find it true, that to the life of heaven, if our soul's chariot enter there, shall be found to belong for ever all the sunny vigour of youth, as well as the calm dignity of spiritual maturity!

Drawn by] [Cecil Aldin.

LITTLE FOXES HAVE LONG EARS.

The Young Folks' Page.

LITTLE FOXES HAVE LONG EARS.

LONG ears, silky ears, beautiful ears in their way, but not the ears for you and me. Ears, too, that can distinguish sounds which we cannot hear, no matter how hard we listen, ears that catch the faintest footfall, ears that prick up even if a bird ruffles its feathers. Long ears, good ears, you say? Wait a moment. How do these young foxes hear? Is it a case of in at one ear and out at the other? Do the long ears remember what they heard yesterday, last week, last month? Or are they like the big, open pitchers, which the hot sun soon robs of their contents? It is worth asking these questions before we think how nice it would be to exchange ears with little foxes. Our shell-like ears, with their winding pink passages, can hold fast what they hear. They are like the pitchers with the narrow neck—the sun cannot drink up the water in them, and they pour out their contents but slowly.

Surely, we should have a care what goes down those beautiful byways of the ear—byways that lead straight to the brain. How can we think of the things of "good report," of the things that are lovely, of the things that are holy, if we allow bad words to linger in our ears? We are given these marvellous ears, which hold fast what they receive, these wonderful brains, which store up treasure, year after year, as talents from our God. Let our life motto be: "What wouldst Thou have me to do"—to hear, to speak, to enjoy, to feel—all is included in that simple word "do."

R. L.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

1, Honest; 2, Pure; 3, Intelligent; 4, Active; 5, Industrious; 6, Obedient; 7, Steady; 8, Obliging; 9, Polite; 10, Neat.

Any boy who wishes to make a mark in the world should possess these ten points. Thousands of places are open for thousands of boys who can come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. Places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them, no doubt, are filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One boy within our knowledge is fond of smoking cigars and dressing too much. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to do so. His employer is quietly watching him, and we shall expect soon to hear that he has been detected, and his place filled by some boy who is getting ready for it by observing No. 1.

Other places will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare show to their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts gathered from these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys are ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies?

Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into the vacancies in the front ranks. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind; they will be worth more to you than diamond rings.

C. B.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

1. NAME a title which is only once given to our Lord, except by Himself.
2. What man is said to have had a "tender love" to another?
3. When did fire, at the touch of a staff, rise out of a rock and consume a feast?
4. Who was warned not to seek great things for himself?
5. What was Abraham's first possession in the land of Canaan?
6. The names of three daughters were given in memory of special mercies to their father. Mention the names and their signification.
7. Name the three Apostles who were of Bethsaida.
8. Where is Moses spoken of as "the man of God"?
9. In what text is Palestine described as "the land of promise"?
10. What verse would lead us to suppose that our Lord was in the habit of relieving the poor?

ANSWERS (See April No., p. 95).

1. Acts i. 3.
2. Acts i. 2; x. 41.
3. Acts i. 3.
4. John xxi. 6.
5. Acts i. 12.
6. Mark xvi.; Luke xxiv.; Acts i.
7. Ps. viii. (Heb. ii.)

The Million Crusade.

HOW TO GET A 7s. 6d. BOOK.

WE hope all the Young Folk who read this page have resolved to "*Hold Fast by their Sundays.*" Don't be tempted to sell your birthright to "The Day of Rest"—God's Gift to all—for a few pence—*not* earned—by selling Sunday Newspapers. If you are tempted by any one, say "There are no white slaves in England."

The Publisher of *The News* is issuing, as you will see on another page, "A Million" copies of that Week-day Newspaper. We think some of our "Young Folk" might easily help to make this widely known. Every *tongue* can do almost as much as anybody's *purse*. To encourage such help, the Publisher offers to present to any one who secures 100 *orders* for the Special Penny "Hold Fast" Number of *The News*, dealing with "The Gain of Sunday Rest," a copy of

"THE FIRESIDE ANNUAL,"

a magnificently bound volume, of nearly 800 pages, with many Art Illustrations, selling for 7*s.* 6*d.*

If you think of trying to get this splendid book for your "Library," speak to your clergyman about it. Ask him to authorize you to call at each house and receive the pence. Everybody will be willing. Then send the 8*s.* 4*d.* to Mr. Charles Murray, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., and he will despatch the 100 copies to you for delivery, as soon as the Special Number is published, together with the Presentation Volume. Only be sure you do it *at once*, or the volumes may all be gone.

MIDSUMMER VOLUMES.—Our three Midsummer Volumes, *Home Words*, *The Day of Days*, and *Hand and Heart*, will be ready, as usual, with the June Numbers of the Magazines. They are marvels of cheapness. Sixpence each. (*Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.)

King Baby.

HIS CARE AND CULTURE.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

VI. HIS NURSERY.

To keep an infant in health is a comparatively easy matter, to tend him in sickness a very difficult one. In order that King Baby may flourish, we must give him plenty of air, plenty of food, plenty of sunshine, and plenty of warmth. We must see to it that he not only goes out every day, but that his bedroom is well ventilated. Many young mothers think windows and doors should be hermetically sealed whilst baby is asleep. Consequently, the boy passes more than half of his existence in an atmosphere likely to develop throat troubles or lung mischief. In his dainty white cot he is cuddled down under warm blankets, curtains are drawn round his head, gas is lit, whilst the air is further exhausted by the breath of two adults in the bed beside him. Now the best preventative of, as well as the best cure for, disease, is fresh air. No germs can live long in sweet, pure air. They are fed and fostered in an impure one. Breathing the same air over and over again, baby breathes in the deadly, poisonous, carbonic acid, given off from his parents' lungs as well as his own. Drowsy, headachy, feverish, the wee person tosses restlessly all night, and rises in the morning unrefreshed and peevish.

Mothers note! "No food should be kept in a nursery or bedroom."

It is most important that outside air should be admitted, in order to counteract the vicious atmosphere of a closed-up house. Of course all *draught* must be avoided: so the King's presence chamber should be thoughtfully arranged. Bed and cot should never stand between window and door; then an inch of the upper sash may safely and at all seasons be left down. A fire in the bedroom is not a luxury, but generally a necessity, for a tiny child. *It* burns up carbonic gas, and thus purifies air, whilst at the same time it keeps baby warm. For real health a small fire on the hearth and a small piece of window open is the height of hygiene. Never take the King out of a warm parlour and lay him to sleep in a chilly bedroom. We English women often do this, and sow seeds of pulmonary and other affections. It is not real economy—one week of a doctor's visits, a few bottles of medicine from the chemist's, soon run beyond the price of a ton of coal. That amount of fuel would provide a small fire all the winter in King Baby's bedroom. It has truly been said, "Domestic economy consists of spending a penny to save a pound; political economy consists of spending a pound to save a penny." Now mothers should never introduce politics into the nursery! So a few shillings spent in briquettes, and coal, and slack is a wise expenditure, as it surely will save much in doctors' fees.

Plenty of sunshine is another grand thing for King Baby. In some parts of Bohemia a "sun-bath" is an advertised cure. We ought to give such to our boy whenever foggy Albion draws the veil from her face. What matter faded carpets, curtains, or pictures! The colour in our Home Ruler's cheeks is far more beautiful than any crimson even in a Turkey square, the bright eye far more to be desired than brilliant curtains, and the sweet dimpled chubby little face than the most beautiful picture in the world.

No blind should ever darken the window of the nursery. Short curtains, running easily on slender rods, are far better. They can be drawn quite back, and hinder neither light nor air. Sunshine is needed to test the secrets of corner and cornice, to see where dust lurks and spiders spin. "Where the sun never comes the doctor comes" is an old woman's adage, but a very true one. Carpets should be conspicuous by their absence from the nursery. In order that the floor need not be washed too often—a practice not to be recommended, as damp floors are a fruitful source of ill-health—it may be stained with a solution of permanganate of potash. Half an ounce of these crystals, dissolved in a bucket of water and applied with a large brush, will colour the boards a deep, rich brown. They may then be polished with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine (just enough of the latter to cover the shreds of wax, and melted in a pan-crock on top of the range).

Instead of washing the nursery every week, this may be rubbed on with flannel or brush until a hard, shining surface results. A clean, delightful smell is noticeable when this course is followed, and at the same time the potash acts as a disinfectant and deodorizer. This is the method of staining and polishing in hospitals, and is both sanitary and most inexpensive.

Rugs must be laid down in the nursery. Quite cheap ones will do. These should be shaken outside every day. Then, when King Baby is sitting on one playing with his toys in a flood of sunshine, he will not be enveloped in a golden halo of dust! The health-giving shafts will travel down no ladder of floating particles, but touch the little face with pure, soft finger-tips. A few pictures should hang on the nursery walls—not any dark, ugly "cast-offs," but bright, well-coloured ones. The smallest baby takes delight in a picture of the Good Shepherd.

A fire-guard should be found in the King's room. Thereon may be always airing the garments that we mothers love to provide for him. A screen is a useful thing too, made from an old clothes-horse and covered with cretonne. It can be drawn round baby's bed or chair, keeping him safe even when windows are open and doors ajar. It is necessary, too, when the daily bath is given, or when mother is nursing him. No *food* should be kept in a nursery or bedroom. A cupboard outside can hold the milk-jug and basin of lime-water wherein lie the bottles in use. Even a few drops of milk spilt on shelf or floor of the King's room give it a sour, unwholesome smell. No napkins should be dried there either, and no soiled clothes rolled up.

From the Picture by FRED MORGAN.]

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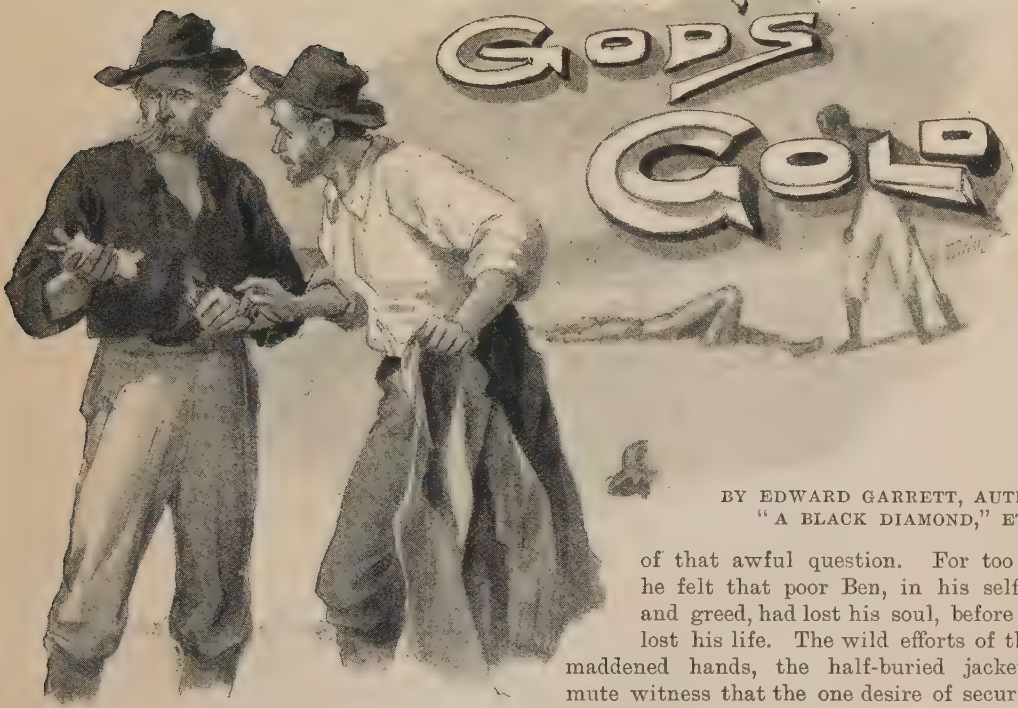
"WE'VE CAUGHT A SWIMP!"

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.



GOD'S GOLD

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "A BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE DEAD MAN'S HAND.

ARTHUR SANDS and McCoy looked at each other. Their faces were pale and shocked. Their breath came hard.

"Gold!" gasped McCoy.

The packet they had opened held a tiny nugget. In the two smaller they found gold dust.

It was evident that the unhappy Ben had spent his Sunday leisure prospecting entirely on his own account. At last he had good reason to believe he had struck ore. This probably explained his urging the party to remain where they were, fruitlessly working, while he kept his secret. On the fatal Sunday of his final departure, he had resolved to return to the settlements by stealth, possibly with a view to making arrangements by which he would come back and secure the whole prize for himself.

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Never before had Arthur realized the stern practicality of that awful question. For too surely he felt that poor Ben, in his selfishness and greed, had lost his soul, before he had lost his life. The wild efforts of the poor maddened hands, the half-buried jacket, bore mute witness that the one desire of securing his treasure had remained with him even till the very last!

As soon as the Kanaka lad came with the spade, they buried their dead comrade where he lay. He did not have quite "a dry funeral," though Arthur remorsefully felt that the tears he shed were less of grief than of emotion stirred by the whole position. Nor was he buried without some attempt at decent form. Arthur had his Bible with him, and managed to read out a few of those exquisitely tender words of the Apostle Paul, which have been breathed over so many graves all the world over.

Hansen and the Indian came up before the sad little ceremony was quite over. Hansen had determined to leave the place where he had camped at first, and to abide for the night by that water hole which poor Crowder had sought and had missed, when it was so nearly within his reach. This determination gave Arthur Sands and McCoy time to set a rude mark over the grave of their comrade, which might at least remain long enough to indicate the spot if any special enquiry was deemed necessary, when the pitiful story should be repeated in the mining settlement.

The touch of solemn human emotion which even Hansen had felt when he first heard that the evil fate they had dreaded had really befallen their old mate, vanished, however, in sheer wrath and chagrin, when the two others disclosed their conjectures as to the cause of Crowder's disappearance, and displayed the little packets they had found in the dead man's possession.

Gold! gold! gold! They had gone out for gold, they were returning without it; and this wretched Crowder had tapped the secret, and in his greedy wish to secure it for himself, had carried it away with him where it could neither profit himself nor them; while, had he made timely disclosure, the time, the power and the means which he had encouraged them to waste, might well have enriched them all. James McCoy tried to soothe himself and his irate companion by suggesting that perhaps Crowder's find might not have come to much after all,—that surface finds were often most inviting when they had least bottom to back them up. Hansen could not accept this consolation. He felt as if he had been defrauded out of the biggest claim that had yet been found in the land.

"And even if so," urged James McCoy, "it might not have served you so very well in the long run. Wasn't it old Flanagan who made out the mine they call 'Flanagan's Reward,' and isn't he living on charity after all?"

"What are you here for, anyhow, if you don't look for anything but that?" retorted the Swede angrily. His blasphemous imprecations on the name of the dead man were terrible to hear.

As day after day, now short of one man and one camel, and all alike disheartened and weary, the party wended their way back to the settlement, Arthur gave many a thought to their starting forth, full of greedy hope and of complacent self-assurance that they would be above the weaknesses and vices which they had seen so manifest in so many others. He was filled with loathing for the life he had been leading for months, and which he saw others had been leading for years, —the present wholly sacrificed to some uncertain future,—to some "turn of luck" which depended no more on skill and industry, than does the gyration of a gambler's "wheel of fortune."

It struck him that there were certain "Bible words" which he began to understand better than he had ever understood them before. "Take therefore no thought for the morrow": "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," had once seemed to him "very unpractical" and "not suited to the present day." He had heard those words quoted by idlers and spendthrifts, who had used them in excuse for their own ways. He had not then paused to ask whether our not worrying about to-morrow may not be quite compatible with working our hardest to-day? and whether the caution not to go out to meet the unknown evil of the future, does not actually imply the cultivation and enjoyment of all present good? And does not the future always evolve out of the present, as the present has evolved from the past? and if to-day be made useful and blessed, is not that in itself the best promise for to-morrow?

He began to understand all this now. He began to see that it was really his "taking thought for the morrow"—his desire to avert "evil" from the future—which had seduced him from the pleasant paths of honourable industry, neighbourly respect, and domestic joy. He had thrown all these away for a wild, vague hope of "making a fortune." And if he had proved the one out of a thousand who did succeed in attaining wealth, could wealth bring him anything better than what he had thrown away? For what is better than independence, usefulness, peace, and love?

The party got little sympathy when they arrived in the mining settlement. Prospectors who had failed were but too common there. Also, a cloud was over the place, for typhoid fever was rife. So many "hands" were down with it—and most would rise no more—that McCoy and Sands had no difficulty in securing wage-earning work in one of the mines. The wage would have been high in England, but as commodities were proportionally dear, it was not high enough to admit of rapid saving: and it could not secure comforts, or scarcely decencies, because those were not to be had at any price.

The party at once broke up. Their animals were sold to a man who would give them rest and food till they were fit to work for another prospecting expedition. The Indian and the Kanaka boy hired themselves out to other masters. Hansen alone went on to Perth, to consult with Chance and any others who might be prepared to back any further effort with further cash. Hansen's own funds were now exhausted, but in view of the possibilities so nearly opened up by Ben Crowder's secret, he hoped to make a good bargain for himself in any new arrangement.

The one ray of light resting on Arthur Sands' life were the letters from Lizzie which he found awaiting him, and even over these there darkened the consciousness that in his first letter to her he must lay upon her the burden of telling Crowder's mother and sister of his terrible end.

By the postmarks on the envelopes he got Lizzie's letters into sequence before he opened one, and so read her simple story of the months into its proper connection.

She wrote very cheerily. Mrs. Crowder and Bell had "Christmased" with her and old Mr.

Maxwell. So also had Mr. Latter. She had to tell Arthur all about this Mr. Latter—a well-to-do man of business from London, who had taken such a fancy to Crover and to her grandfather—"not that she could wonder at it." He was a constant visitor, and she owned that he was not a very cheerful one, "having seen a deal of troubles and sorrows, which seem to lie on him like a weight, as troubles and sorrows do unless they give us wings to rise." However, Mr. Latter was always very kind, "behaving to grandfather as dutiful and respectful as if he had been his son, and always so interested about Arthur himself, and asking when letters could be expected from Westralia."

"Managed to read out a few of those exquisitely tender words."—*Page* 147.

A later letter had some most astonishing news, which Lizzie narrated with a sort of gentle deference, as if she did not wish to vaunt it over Arthur. Mr. Latter had made up his mind to spend so much of his time at Crover, that he wanted to have a settled home there, always ready for him, to which he could come at a moment's notice. "And what do you think, Arthur? He does not like any place in Crover so well as our cliff, and so he is building two rooms on to our cottage; and as he is at this expense, he is not to give us any rent for them, but is to pay grandfather at the rate of a pound per week during such time as he spends with us. Of course, it is a great help. But, Arthur, I can't help being glad that he means to spend his time in his own parlour, and is to have grandfather in there as his guest. For while he has been only a visitor, and has had to sit in our kitchen, he has sometimes made me feel quite low-spirited—there's such a gloom hanging over him. Yet he seems to be a good man, and all through Crover one is always hearing of kind things he does."

In another letter, Lizzie admitted that they had all been quite struck by the "Ted" and the "Fisher" and the "T. F.," that Arthur had found on the walls of his inn at Westralian Perth. The grandfather had said it was his belief that those whom God has once joined together in life, generally remain bound by cords which may stretch far or dip deep out of sight, but which still hold, and pull together again in the proper season.

Lizzie wrote, "Grandfather said, 'That's a grand comfort for many a loving and longing heart, and it's my faith that if it does not come true in this life it will in the next.' And grandfather sighed, thinking not only of Ted, but of Aunt Kate.

"But Mr. Latter said, 'That's all well enough for such as them, but if you've wronged anybody, how will you feel then?'

"'Well,' answered grandfather, 'you've got to meet God anyway, and I should rather think you'd like to meet them first.'"

These letters cheered Arthur a little, though they gave him a very sickness of longing for the homely, happy life they brought so clearly before his mind's eye. It was a sore bit of work to him to have to write about Ben's death. He could not bear to tell of Ben's selfish silence and his desertion of his mates. Ah, many such tales of woe return from far countries, too bald and brief to heal the breaking hearts that crave for some homely touch; and yet if the strange omissions of many of those bald tales were filled up, loving hearts would break with something far bitterer even than sorrow.

All that Arthur said was that Ben was dead, that he had wandered away from camp and had evidently lost himself, and they feared he had died of thirst. Through some "black fellows" they had found his body, had given it proper burial, and had placed a mark above the grave.

That sad missive being duly despatched from the land of his old golden hopes, Arthur turned sternly to his daily toil of gold-washing for a weekly wage. He was well-nigh penniless now. However ready to return home he might feel, he could not straightway do it. His present duty was clear,—it was to work where remuneration was certain. He put his future course out of his mind. When he had accumulated a few pounds, then—and not till then,—would be the fitting time for him to decide whether he should use those pounds to take him home,—even a poorer man than he had gone away—or whether he should apply them to yet another venture.

It was a comfort to him to put this decision away from him for the present; for he felt his nature was at war with itself on the point. He knew well enough that if he could but put himself back where he had been at Crover, he would not again leave it. His heart was longing for Lizzie and love, and all the good old ways. But on the other hand, he knew well enough that he could not put himself back where he had been at Crover. Life does not stand still while we gad about. Another workman would have taken his place at the quarry. The overseership might have fallen vacant and been filled up by some young man who would hold it for years. Then, too, there was part of his nature which still said that it would be very galling to return quite empty-handed—that he would become the laughing-stock of those on whom he had formerly looked down; and these feelings reinforced themselves by a sly whisper that it would be very hard on Lizzie to marry a man who had wilfully thrown away prospects with which she had been quite satisfied, and who had brought her nothing in their stead!

Only somehow it seemed strangely easy to silence all thought whatever, strangely easy to toil on in a mechanical, dreamy way, strangely easy to fall asleep (though one never awoke refreshed).

There came a day when Arthur Sands dropped his tools, and said to James McCoy that he could not go on any more. His comrade looked at him and told him to go and lie down. Arthur went. He did not seem to care. He did not wonder what ailed him. He only thought that the way seemed strangely long between the mine and his sleeping place. He never afterwards remembered how he got there, or how he went to bed, or when he fell asleep.

Only he woke when James McCoy came in. James asked him how he was? and he said "Better," and dozed off again.

Next morning he did not attempt to stir or to answer the gay chat which the irrepressible James rattled off while he was dressing.

But at last he said to James,—

"I wonder if it will come again?"

Then James turned and looked at him and cried,—

"What?"

Whereupon he answered in the most matter-of-fact way,—

"I mean the skeleton that has sat at the door these two nights."

And James came close to him and gazed keenly at him, with a strange look of awe upon his face.

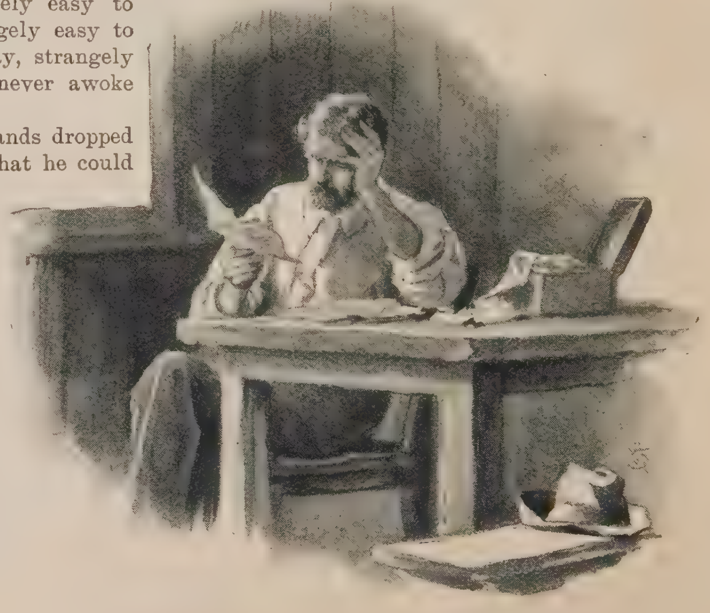
"Was it any one you knew?" he whispered.

Arthur dreamily answered "No; it was like a picture I saw in a medical student's book long ago."

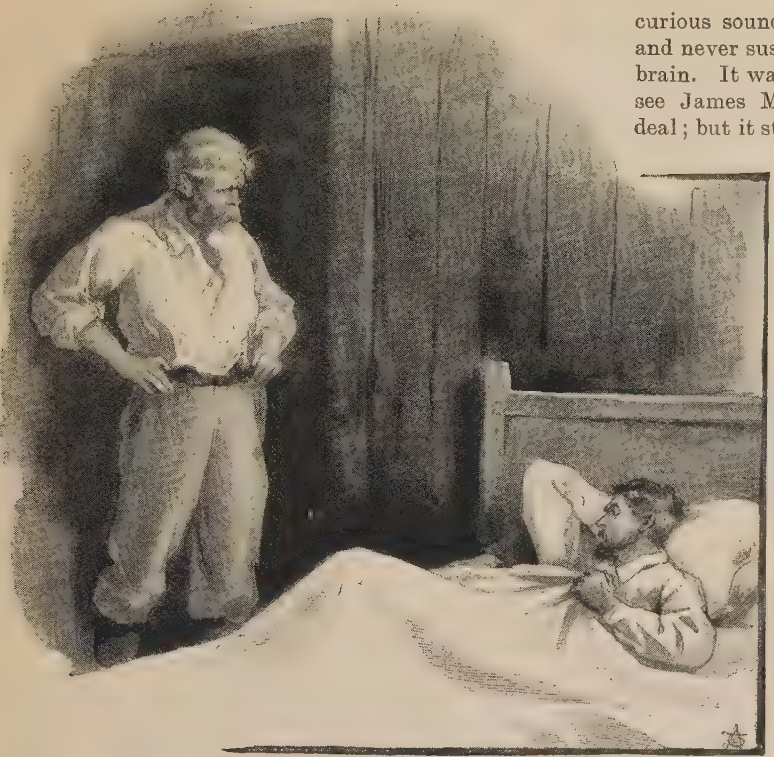
Then James said, "It's quite time there was somebody looking after you, old boy," and he hurried out of the place; and Arthur wondered what he meant and where he had gone, and went off again to sleep.

By-and-by he had a sort of dream of two or three people coming in—James among them. They whispered together, he could see their lips move, though there was no sound, and they touched him and felt his pulse, and they seemed to ask him questions, but he could not hear what they said. He only wished they would leave him alone. He thought somebody must be ill. He wondered if "typhoid" was the trouble, and he was sorry for the poor fellow, whoever he was. Then he went to sleep again.

After that, there was a dream in which the bed



"He opened one, and so read her simple story."—*Page* 148.



"James asked him how he was? He said 'Better.'"—*Page* 150.

seemed to be moving. There was a trampling of feet too, and a sound of shouting, though he only heard it in a strange, muffled sort of way. And the bed went jogging on, and he slept again.

Suddenly he woke. There seemed a great scuffle under his bed, and a great bustle of people round him. With one last great lurch the bed was at rest. The people stood back. He was in a big, roughly-raftered room, with a bright fire burning at one end. "Where am I?" he thought, but he didn't seem much to care. Then a tall old man, with a long grizzled beard, came to his side. Arthur looked up at him; and whether he knew him or not, he said to himself,—

"I'm all right now," turned feebly on his side, and went off to sleep.

Arthur Sands was in "Old Beardie's" house on his sheep run. Dangerous as it had been to move a man in his condition, "Old Beardie" and McCoy had decided that it gave him a far better chance of recovery than he had in remaining where he was.

So days passed on, while Arthur lay in the dull coma of typhoid, rousing up a little sometimes, though not so far as to be able to distinguish between the life round him and the phantasmagoria of his fever. Dreams were real, and realities were dreams. He would not have been surprised at anything. He noticed there was a curious sound of monotonous bell-ringing, and never suspected that it was in his own brain. It was quite natural that he should see James McCoy hovering about a good deal; but it struck him as only a little queer when once, wishing to make some remark to him, he opened his eyes, and addressed the person present as "James McCoy," though he could see quite well that this was not McCoy but another man. Nor did it surprise him much when James McCoy seemed to put in no further appearance; nor did he give any sign of recognition or astonishment when it seemed to him that Ted Fisher, the truant of Crover—but grown into a fine, sunburned man—came and stood beside his bed. When this impression revived on his mind, he thought it had been a dream. The only thing about it that puzzled him was why he should dream of Ted Fisher as standing with him here, in the rough-raftered bush house, while, when he dreamed of McCoy or Hansen, or anybody else whom he had met only since he came to Australia, they were always along with him in the Maxwells' parlour or on the cliffs of Crover.

He was too ill to know that he was ill, to ask any question, or to feel any pity for himself. But by-and-by his consciousness gradually came back; and when he first wanted to make enquiries about many things, he found that his voice was too weak to frame more than a few words at once.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

"OLD BEARDIE" sat with Arthur a good deal at that time. He used to read the newspapers, and sometimes the Bible and other books, quite unaware that the silent invalid was closely observing him. "Old Beardie's" voice was ever kind and cheery, and whenever he turned to his patient he always smiled. Yet Arthur, watching him, thought to himself, "What a sad face the old man has!"

When Arthur asked for James McCoy, his host looked gravely at him for a moment without reply; whereupon Arthur added almost pettishly,—

"I have not seen him here lately."

To which "Old Beardie" at once rejoined, "No;

he has not been able to come. But the last time I saw him he asked after you."

It was quite true. It was not till many days later that Arthur learned that "Old Beardie" had "last seen" James McCoy on his death-bed. The deadly fever had seized him too, and had swiftly terminated fatally. It had been impossible to move him. "Beardie" had made such arrangements for his comfort as were possible where he lay, and he had died in the bare little shanty which he had shared with Arthur. His last words, spoken as to some presence visible to his dying eyes, had been, "I ought to have written to you long ago." "Beardie" also had seen him buried, and had, by the common consent of the miners, taken possession of the few things he left behind him. Among these—as the old man told Arthur, when he was well enough to hear all the sad news—was nothing giving the slightest clue to friends or kindred in the old country. Indeed, there was nothing at all, beyond recent purchases of common necessaries, such as coarse shirts and cheap socks, save the little book of prayers, which Arthur had once or twice seen in McCoy's possession. In this little volume they discovered that a name had once been written on the fly-leaf, but it had been carefully cut away.

"Very likely McCoy was not even his real name," "Beardie" remarked; "but we shall never know now. There are many such stories out here."

"He was not the sort of man one suspects of a mystery," said Arthur. "Poor Jem! I don't believe there was anything very bad about him."

"Perhaps not," "Beardie" answered; "but I'll tell you what I've often noticed: that some queer twist in life—the sort that may drive a man out from his home and fellows—doesn't always alter the make of the man's general nature. Sometimes, again, he is a better man after it than he was before, though it's not easy for folks to believe this. He has been shown himself as he is, and he takes a kind of warning."

It was Jem's death which first made Arthur understand the depth of the danger he had skirted so narrowly. But he was too weak physically for deep feeling of any sort. He could not throw his thoughts into past or future, and even among the things of the present they moved faintly and feebly. "Beardie" did not try him by much talk; for he noticed that when a scrap of conversation passed between them, the invalid did not seem able at once to lay hold of it and carry it on,—but it had to sink into his mind,—and then next day he would resume it at the point where it had dropped, so that "Beardie" sometimes could not readily understand what he meant.

It was sufficient joy to Arthur to lie still and listen to the clatter of pots and pans and voices in the "kitchen," from which his chamber was divided only by a rude log partition, through whose chinks he could see the blaze of the hearth fire, and the rough figures pottering round it.

Thus he lay and reflected over "Beardie's" remark that there were strange stories among the mines. Then he thought of Ted Fisher, and suddenly recalled his "dream" of having seen him.

(*To be continued.*)

England's Sunday.

Frank Buckland, the distinguished Naturalist.

"I AM now working from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and then a bit in the evening—fourteen hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday. The machinery has time to get cool, the mill wheel ceases to patter the water, the mill head is ponded up, and the superfluous water let off by an easy, quiet current, which leads to things above."

Adam Smith.

"The Sabbath as a political institution is of inestimable value, independently of its claims to Divine authority."

French Opinion of the English Sabbath.

"England owes much of her energy and character to the religious keeping of Sunday. Why cannot France follow her, as the Sabbath was made for all men, and we need its blessing?"—*La Presse.*

The Earl of Beaconsfield.

"Of all Divine institutions, the most Divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner-stone of civilization. It (the Sunday opening of museums, etc.) is a great change, and those who suppose for a moment that it could be limited to museums will find they are mistaken."

Count Montalembert.

"There can be no religion without public worship, and there can be no public worship without a Sabbath."

The Earl of Shaftesbury.

"If you open your galleries and museums on Sundays, you will greatly multiply the number of cab-drivers, omnibus men, tram-car men, railway officials, who will have to work on that day of rest. Are these classes not entitled to be thought of as well as the people of leisure who wish to indulge their taste for science and art?"

"The Times" (*9th Dec.*, 1865).

"How much we all owe to the observance of Sunday, it would be difficult to estimate. It is probably the only institution which prevents work from becoming continuous. Such are the increasing demands of labour, that, to men without this enforced break, life would become one perpetual whirl of occupation."

"Thy Word is Truth."

V. JESUS HIMSELF.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS."

HOW happy are they who fix their thoughts and affections on the individual personal Christ: *Jesus Himself.*

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find."

Some trials and temptations come on us so quickly that we have hardly time or power to think much: seasons when the heart's sickness is such that it can scarcely dwell upon statements of truth. There are times also when something to be done, or to be left undone, is so hard that we need the help of a great Example to carry us nobly through. Or it may be that the whirl of business—the pressure of work is so great that we can, as it were, but take a look—a glance; we have no opportunity to think. What comfort, what strength, at such times to realize that Christ is ours. "All that He was, all that He did, all that He is—He was, and did, and is for us!"

And then when we come into contact with the borders of the spirit land, shall we not want deep truth in simplest words? It will not then be *about* Jesus, but Jesus *Himself* we shall need. It may be, that owing to the breaking up of the body, the thoughts will be confused and unable to take in much at a time. Then will come in this personal knowledge in its mighty power. When all that the soul knows or wants to know is, that Jesus is with it, just enough of reason is left to know that, having Him, it has all. His personal love cannot fail.

"I have got the victory," shouted good old Rutherford on his death-bed:—"I have got the victory: and Christ, my Saviour, is holding out both His arms to embrace me."

Therefore as the medicine for all weakness and fear, let us seek to hear Jesus Himself speaking.

"And when the wearied hands grow weak,
And wearied knees give way,
To sinking faith, O Jesus, speak,
And make Thine arm my stay:
That so my heart drink in new strength,
And I speed on, nor feel the length
Nor steepness of the way."

This is how many very simple believers have great power and peace. They have with them the very presence of Jesus—a Jesus whom they know, and so far understand, that they are sure that the fact of its being *Himself* is all they need.

VI. "MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

I. *Personality* in Religion.	"My" . . . "thee."
II. *Inexhaustibility* in Religion.	The Ocean of Grace.
III. *Reality* in Religion.	"Is," not "was," or "shall," or "may be."
IV. *Infinite Satisfaction* in Religion.	"Sufficient."

Application. Nothing *but* the *Grace* of God *can* be sufficient for any sinner or any sorrower.

A long and difficult lesson to learn!

When it is learned we "*hang* upon God." "Nothing in my hand I bring."

And then we are *next door to heaven!*

Let us aim to be earnest students of this Divine lesson, and to take a good place in "the School of *Grace!*"

VII. "HONEST DOUBT."

BY THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, BAYSWATER.

I CANNOT think a man is an honest doubter who treats religious matters in a flippant spirit. Remembering these things concern eternal destinies, remembering what Jesus Christ is, remembering what He has done, even taking Him at the lowest computation; remembering what the Bible has effected in the world; remembering what Christianity has done; remembering how this faith—superstition though some may hold it to be—has soothed the dying bed, has comforted the mourner, has relieved the oppressed, has rescued the slave—I say, recognising what the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has done, the youngest doubter will come to the study of it with *Reverence*, even though he may not accept its conclusions.

Such a doubter Jesus invites to *come closer to Himself*. "Jesus said unto them, why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" And He bids each doubting one, "Behold it is I Myself." Yes; the Gospel invites us to search, and see, and examine; our Lord invites every doubter to come near to Himself, for He Himself is the great central evidence of Christianity. Unbelief is invited to test Him, and try Him. Ah! brother, when you are brought into close contact with your Lord and Master, then you will fall down with Thomas, and say, "My Lord, and my God." I do not believe that we shall effect very much by argument: but I do believe that when men are brought face to face with the Crucified, when they see how Jesus Christ does deal with men, and does strengthen men, and does change men, when they taste and see how gracious the Lord is—then their doubts will vanish.

This man is the honest doubter: and this is the man for whom the Lord Jesus Christ has a Gospel. He is the man who is not content with remaining in doubt, but who searches earnestly, so that he may end his doubt, his suspense, in one way or the other: who comes to this study in Humility and Patience, not puffed up with pride in his own intellect, but humbly as a little child, willing to learn the truth from Him who can teach him. He is the man who lives up to the light he has, and follows in the pathway he can see. He is the man who deals with these subjects with Reverence; who feels that he is face to face with the greatest mysteries upon which the human mind can engage. And he is the man who will not seek his arguments only from fellow Christians; or from the mere study of books, however hopeful, but who recognises that Jesus Christ Himself is the great central fact of Christianity, and seeks to learn more of Him.

"Guard your Sundays."*

UNDER the striking title of Bishop Westcott's motto, "GUARD YOUR SUNDAYS," the Special Number of *The News* has met with a remarkable welcome in thousands of parishes. At least 300,000 copies were bespoken before the issue of the Number. In one case 3,000 were at once planted in every home in a large London parish—St. Paul's, Stratford, E.: and the Vicar of St. Stephen's, Tonbridge, who has circulated 1,600 copies, hopes the total issue will reach not merely one, but five millions.

As to the main purpose of the effort, we have a growing faith in the readiness of all classes, now seldom seen in the House of Prayer, to give a *thoughtful consideration* to the infinite importance of God's gift of the Rest Day. We have recognised with thankfulness the widespread feeling evinced throughout the country, even by those who have hitherto understood little of the higher blessings of the Day of Days. It is something when those who have been practically indifferent to Religion begin to see that at least *one* gift which we owe entirely to Religion is worth "guarding." Many may, at present, think only of the relief from "white slavery" in the attempted infliction of seven days' labour for six days' wages. They may think mainly of a mistaken pleasure-seeking and seldom-finding Sunday—which has really prepared the way for the encroachments of grasping business millionaires in the issue of Sunday newspapers, and other ways. But, nevertheless, the first step in true Religion is, we believe, often a very simple step: and "Bright thoughts of God" as the Giver of the Sunday may soon lead to "brighter" thoughts still of God as the Giver of "the Unspeakable Gift," and all other gifts, in Him.

It is this thought which we desire to realize more and more in this Million effort. We want, by the hearty help of our readers, to reach the 15,000,000 wanderers from our Father's House: and to say to them, as they resolve to "guard their Sunday" because it is a day of Rest from the labour of the week, "Be sure you *guard it for* GOD: and so, most truly, and *only* truly you will guard it for yourselves." There is really nothing "good" or really "gainful" if we separate it from God. We want to point to the old church of childhood's days, to recall the memories of influences powerful with us all—the memories which, it may be, lead us back to the most sacred spot on earth, a praying mother's knee, and then with brotherly heart and voice to say: "Let us enter His gates with thanksgiving, and His courts with praise; let us be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name. For the Lord is gracious: His mercy is everlasting: and His truth endureth from generation to generation."

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* "*Guard your Sundays*" is published at *Home Words* Office. It gives 16 large pages, with many Illustrations; a new complete tale, "St. Clement's Bells," by Edward Garrett; a tale of "A Work-a-day Sunday," by the Rev. P. B. Power; a special paper by Bishop Westcott on "Sunday the Rest of the Heart," and many other contributions. Price 1*d*. A reduction on quantities. Address: The Manager, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Flowers of the Sea.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

WHAT a romance is in the very name of a gold mine! It suggests poverty and untold wealth; the eager digger with his feet upon nuggets of virgin gold, and only six inches of earth between. One stroke of the pickaxe, and rags can be exchanged for costly attire, and meagre fare for luxurious food. He has found the treasure upon which his heart was set, and, for the moment, is happy.

A person who gazes for the first time into the clear depths of a rock-pool left by the receding tide, probably experiences a pleasure as keen as the gold-digger's, and certainly quite as pure: for he sees there things more beautiful than fine gold, and of infinitely greater worth. In that pool there is life, various, quiescent, vigorous, wonderful. As the sea-weeds are moved back, tiny fishes dart away and hide themselves in the crannies, shrimps with a flap of the tail jerk their bodies backward out of the reach of finger and thumb, periwinkles and star-fishes wink perhaps at each other, and crabs, yellow-brown and speckled, peer out of their queer eyes, raised as if on lamp-posts, and seem to say to the intruding hand, "What impertinence! Why, this has been our pool as long as we can remember."

As a matter of fact, the crabs are only temporary tenants. The real owners are certain quiet, respectable creatures, resting on the rock which forms the sides of the pool, and on the stones at the bottom. These are the limpets, in their conical roof-like shells, under which they defy the fiercest gales; and the sea-anemones, mere knobs of crimson, or orange, or green jelly, are equally able to withstand the lashing waves.

Sea-anemones are more like flowers than animals, but this need not surprise us: for Nature, which makes the flowers so beautiful and so symmetrical (or regular) in pattern, delights in symmetry both in animal and vegetable life, and even in things without life, and often places in the sea what seems to be a copy of something dwelling on the land. Thus things so unlike as starch and snow-flakes crystallize in set patterns. Look at the next pound of starch you have and count the sides of half a dozen pieces, and examine your window-pane the first time there is a sharp frost.

So there are stars in the pool as well as in the sky, sea-cucumbers as well as garden cucumbers. There are sea-slugs, and sea-urchins: and the knobs of jelly I have mentioned seem to blossom into carnations and sun-flowers, into marigolds, and daisies, and anemones.

But

> "Things are not what they seem,"

Longfellow tells us. A sponge looks like a vegetable and a coral like a stone, but both are animals which grow from the bottom of the sea, the substances visible to us being simply the skeletons of the living creatures. Anemones, although related to the corals, have no skeletons, and "lumps of jelly" is the phrase which comes to our mind when asked to describe them. There is, however, no real resemblance between a sea-anemone and a jelly-fish. The latter is transparent, and is little else than a disk of salt water. A not very wise old farmer once found an immense number of large jelly-fishes on the beach, and ordered his men to carry them into his field. "They will make capital manure," he said. To his astonishment they dissolved and disappeared. The solid matter in a cart-load might have been put into the old gentleman's waistcoat pocket.

Anemones are more like lumps of liver, if lumps of liver could ever assume such beautiful shapes and colours. For these lowly beings are so exquisite in their flower-like forms that enthusiastic collectors have considerable difficulty in finding names to fitly describe their peculiarities. There is the Snowy and the Plumose, the Opelet, the Beadlet, and the Pimplet, the Eyelet, the Muzzlet, the Gapelet, and the Pufflet. With all this difference of colour and of petals, if we may so call their tentacles, they have a common family likeness.

To begin with they have no bones. They are simply knobs of flesh, the flat base of which usually rests on and adheres to the rock. An oval opening at the top of the knob serves as a mouth, and such domestic arrangements as pertain to digestion are carried on in a simple bag in the interior. The body is highly elastic, expanding and contracting at the owner's pleasure by means of muscles under the outer skin, which is known as the tunic. At the top of the knob a large number of thread-like tentacles project when the creature is undisturbed, and give it the appearance of a beautiful flower. And just as flowers are more for use than for ornament, attracting by their colour and perfume the insects needed to carry the fertilising pollen from one plant to another, so the tentacles of the anemone are used for stern business purposes. They are the bait to lure the shrimps and young crabs, and the hands to seize and hold them fast. Although apparently fragile, they close on the vagrant and curious prey with resistless force, and convey it to the oval mouth on its way to the stomach. Anemones possess excellent digestions, and soon nothing is left but an empty shell, which is tidily and deftly ejected.

Like many lowly organized animals the anemone has what is sometimes called "good flesh for healing." Thus a crab can jerk off a leg and grow another, and a lizard can easily renew its lost tail, occasionally even growing two to replace the original article. An anemone cut or accidentally torn from the tentacles to the base dies, but one which has unhappily been amputated across the middle of the back makes light of the accident. The top piece simply sprouts another bottom, and the bottom part another top, and trouble themselves no more about the matter. The only result of the little episode is that there are two anemones instead of one.

Although anemones are so little affected by what we should regard as fatal accidents, they are by no means wanting in susceptibility. A touch with the finger will cause the open flower to contract to a mere button, and the tramp of footsteps on the sand in which some of them live is felt at a considerable distance, and the anemone ejects water and disappears. More striking still, even the shadow of a cloud passing over the shoal water in which they are lying is sufficient to cause them to contract instantly. They are marine sensitive plants.

It is difficult to ascertain the limit of life of any but domesticated animals. In their wild state animals cannot well be kept under observation, and in captivity the conditions of life are so unnatural that it is not easy to say whether life has been shortened or prolonged. Obviously, anemones can only be watched to much purpose when kept in aquariums, and we must be content with such evidence as is thus obtained. Whatever may happen in the sea, where they are exposed to the violence of the waves and the teeth of enemies, it is certain that anemones protected by man live to a ripe age. A specimen of the commonest species, the Beadlet, taken at North Berwick, lived so many years that she became almost historic, under the name of "Granny," outliving three or four generations of caretakers.

Young Beadlets attach themselves to rocks left bare at half-tide, as if to take the air for their health's sake, but when grown larger and more staid betake themselves to deeper water. This best known species is usually liver-coloured; but crimson specimens are also found, and brown, and pale green. If the liver Beadlets be touched when open, the tentacles immediately contract and disappear, leaving a row of blue beads around the rim, and from this the animal derives its name.

In contrast to this richly-coloured species, and, perhaps, more beautiful, are two anemones, white and cream respectively, and exquisite in their flower-like forms, known as the Snowy and the Plumose anemones. A near rela-

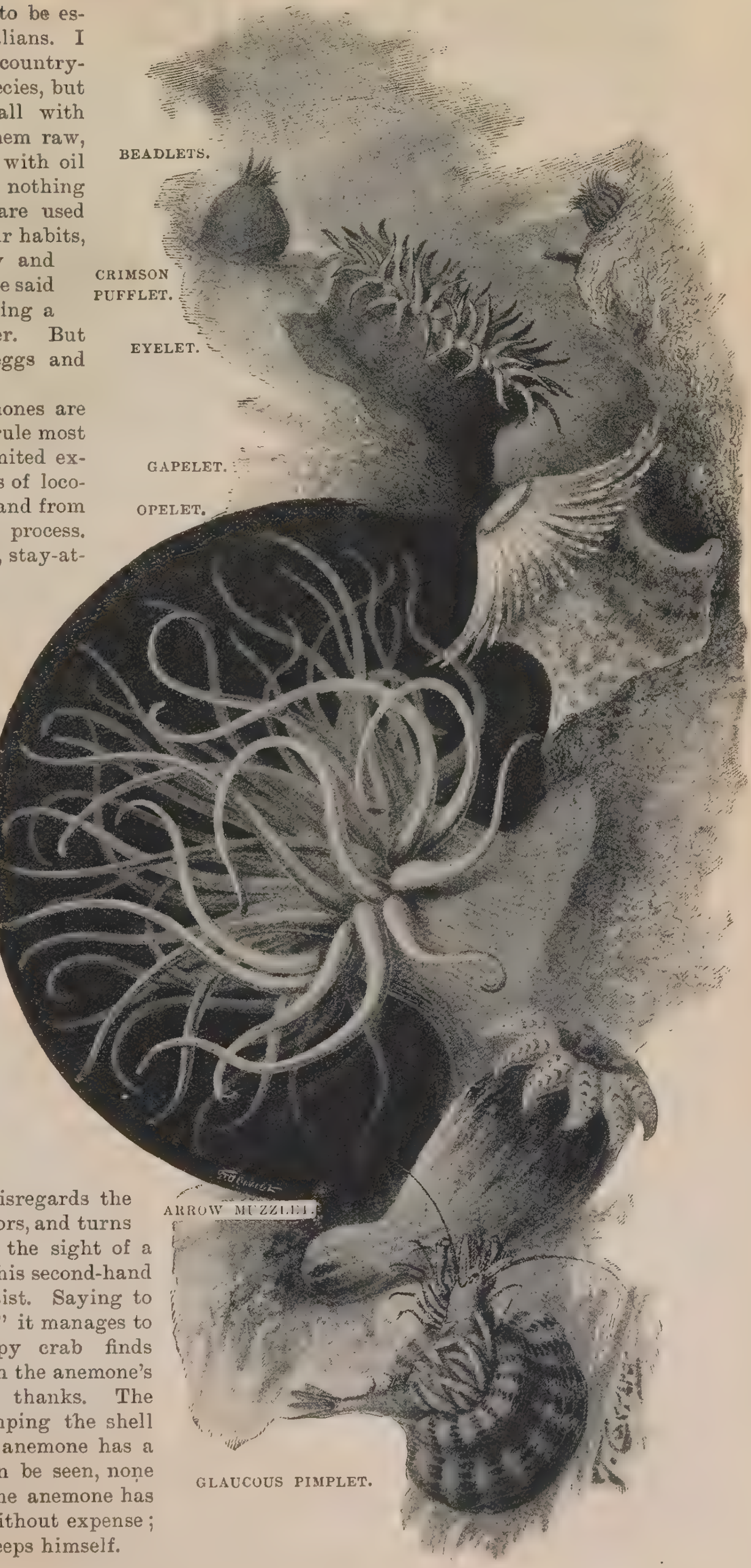
PALLID ANEMONE. PLUMOSE ANEMONE.

DAHLIA ANEMONE.

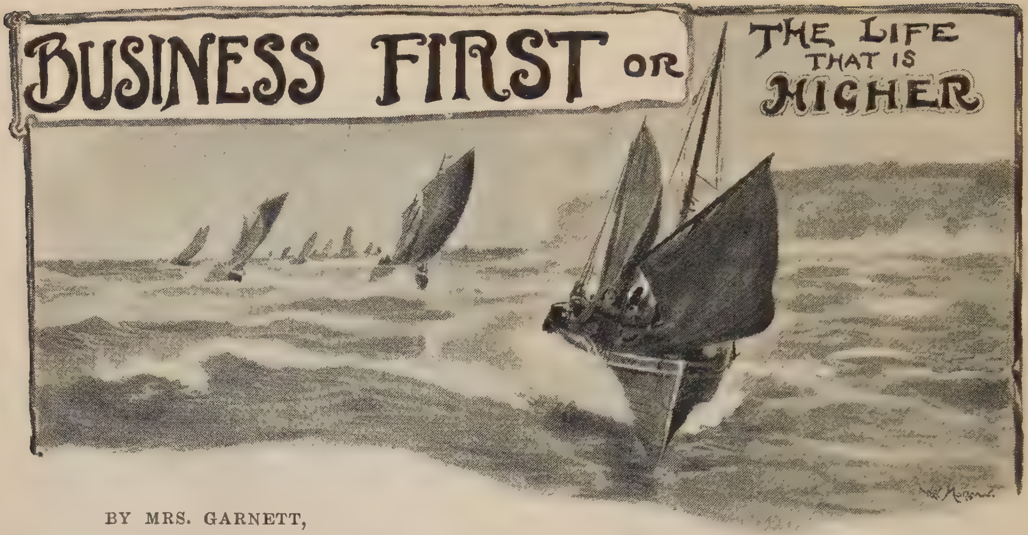
tive of the Snowy anemone is said to be esteemed a great delicacy by the Italians. I am told by an Italian friend that his countrymen are not particular about the species, but impartially and readily eat them all with great gusto. They often swallow them raw, and flavoured with a little garlic or with oil and lemon juice. After all, there is nothing repulsive in this when once you are used to it, for anemones are clean in their habits, and are doubtless easy to swallow and nourishing when swallowed. They are said to be excellent when boiled, resembling a mixture of calf's-foot jelly and lobster. But perhaps they are best fried with eggs and bread-crumbs.

I have already said that sea-anemones are able to change their position. As a rule most of the species do this to a very limited extent. They have no effective organs of locomotion, and sliding from rock to rock and from stone to stone is necessarily a slow process. But some species disdain such a slow, stay-at-home life, and roam, not exactly where they will, but where the sea pleases to take them.

Others again are, I regret to say, members of that degraded class of beings known as parasites. These parasites apparently love a wandering life, and, having no legs of their own, are clever enough to turn to their use the legs which belong to somebody else. Strictly speaking, it is carriage exercise they seek, and rapid motion. It is managed in this way. There are certain crabs, known as hermits, which, having no covering to protect their bodies, are in the habit of thrusting themselves into some shell, such as that of a whelk. They are never happy until they get possession of some other person's house. There is nothing dishonest in this, for they do not intrude until death has given the original owner a notice to quit. Now the parasitic anemone disregards the whelk as long as the latter keeps indoors, and turns up its nose at the empty shell; but the sight of a hermit crab hanging up its hat in this second-hand home is too great a temptation to resist. Saying to itself, "Here is a chance of a ride," it manages to climb up behind, and the unhappy crab finds itself doomed to act as the donkey in the anemone's carriage, without payment or even thanks. The hermit crab has its revenge in bumping the shell over the stones, but this particular anemone has a very thick skin, and is, so far as can be seen, none the worse for the violent exercise. The anemone has the satisfaction of seeing the world without expense; it keeps a carriage, and the donkey keeps himself.



BUSINESS FIRST OR THE LIFE THAT IS HIGHER



BY MRS. GARNETT,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW PLEASURE.

HIS friend lingered, as he lighted the ladies' candles at the hall table; he looked his regret as May took hers; and thought, as the slim, beautiful girl followed the others upstairs, what a fair vision she was.

The shutters and thick curtains shut out the moaning of the wind, and the groaning of the trees, from the ears of the sleepers, both in the Hall and Manor. But in Lady Vane's poor cottage, whose door and window-frames rattled with the gale, Bathsheba lay awake, and prayed God to "bring in t' boats wi' first streak o' morn," remembering that autumn, years ago, when the morning only brought to her the certainty that her two fine lads would never say "mother" again.

"Spare these other women; bring in t' cobbles, Lord, with not one lad short."

Delia was awake too, but no prayer was on her lips; she paced up and down her little "house place," and she, too, thought of that same storm, when the boat which carried her passionately-loved husband and eldest boy also went down.

God had not even left her her Jim, the image of his father; and again she cried out: "My man and my lad, best and bonniest in all t' Bay, t' say's gotten, and my youngest is a prodigal!"

For a short distance out at sea, the racing waves were visible, and then the driving cloud of milk-coloured spray hid the world of waters. As the day wore on, the rain beat down the storm. At the Manor, above the village, were other anxious watchers. At length, on the horizon a speck was seen, then another and another; the cobbles were gathering home.

"Here, Reggie, take the glass; my eyes are not so young as yours. Can you make out which is the nearest boat?"

"Samuel and David Call's—the *Bride of the Cove*; I know her lines well."

"Thank God; they have so many little children, and their *all* is in that boat."

"Ah! and there are the three other big boats."

"See!" cried Hannah, "another is just rounding the point."

"How many boats went out?" asked Mr. Faber.

"Four seven-man cobbles, and twenty-three little ones."

"The big boats of course have the best chance in a storm; let us go down to see them land."

And as boat after boat came in, wives, children, and mothers pressed forward to greet the incomers. The men brought in no fish, so food would be scarce; but life is more precious than all else.

"I wish we could give them all a good supper, something nice!" sighed Hannah.

Mr. Faber looked at the plainer sister curiously; she had a sweet, though not a lovely face.

"What would you call 'something nice'?"

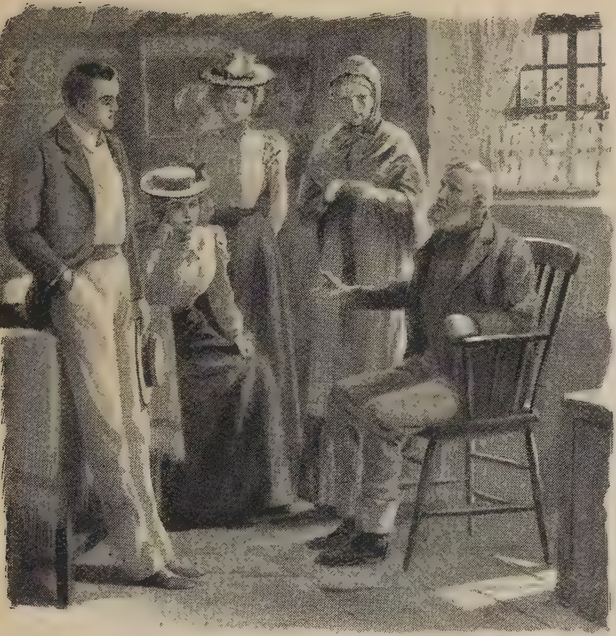
"Beef-steaks and—let me see—onions; how they would enjoy fried onions!"

"How absurd, Mamy! Why, we are miles from a butcher, and they will go to bed early to-night."

"It is not the distance or the time; we could soon do it if we had the money. Mr. Faber, do you ever wish to be rich? One could give such happiness if one were rich!"

May looked at her sister with a really distressed expression. Faber saw it, and changed the conversation. A few minutes after, they separated, the girls following their mother to old Bathsheba's cottage, and the young men strolling off together.

Three hours later the friends returned, rushing in laughing. "We have had such a jolly afternoon, mother! What *do* you think Faber has been up to? He proposed we should give a supper to all the Bay! beef-steak and onions, Mamy. I acted as courier, and he paid the bills. Well, we went to Anderson's farm and made them produce a horse and cart, and bought up all their sides of bacon and hams, and the best part of a sheep they killed two days ago; and strings and strings of onions. We could not get enough there, so on we went to two more farms, and then came back to the Bay, and we went down one street and up another with our two carts, and doled out. I can tell you they are frizzling and feasting! I should think they never have had such a tuck in. It wasn't half bad, was it, Faber?"



"'Yes, but He answers them that cry to Him.'"—*Page* 159.

"I must own it was scrumptious. We owe all the fun to you, though, Miss Hannah."

"We cooked old Dick and Bathsheba's supper, mater, or rather, old man, *you* did; all you let me do was to chop the onions up; I wept over them."

"You don't look like weeping now," said May, laughing.

"No, Miss Conybere; the cause is removed."

Many a wearied head lay down to rest that night; a sad day had ended in a sunset hour of sympathy; but not one was happier than Henry Faber. He had tasted a new and exquisite pleasure, and had awakened to a fresh interest.

Next morning the whole party went down to Sutton-Gullscane. They soon heard that three men had been hurt the previous day,—Tim Call worst of all. Delia met them at her door with a face of sullen anger.

"Yes, the men are all in safe enough, but my poor Tim! If ever there *is* ill-luck about, it allus comes in at *my* door."

"But how much more sorry you would have been had he been lost: and Ben tells me it was a miracle they were able to get hold of him and drag him in again."

"Yes, mum, right enough, but there were none of 'em lost, and it was just my lad that was hurt."

"We will do what we can to help. Delia and I have opened the Working Society to-day, instead of waiting to the middle of October."

Mr. Faber was in the door-way. "Miss Conybere sent me to tell you that she and her sister had gone to Richard Call's."

The young people were great favourites with the old couple, and the sound of their voices filled the little place. Bathsheba had put another piece of wood on the fire, and was standing with her knitting in her hand, smiling. Richard was speaking.

"Yes, Master Reggie, the gale came on so sudden, if the Lord had not held the lot of them in the hollow of His hand, ne'er a boat would ha' weathered round the Point. I'd ill fears in the morning. Yes, but He answers them that cry to Him."

"And not one was lost," said Reggie.

"Not *one*, sir; but the *nets* were."

"Were *all* the nets lost?"

"No; Ben and Tom's boat that came in this morning, brought theirs and three yesterday, but the others have lost every one; only the *Bride of the Cove* got her pole net.

"And every big set is worth fifty pounds, and every little one fifteen! Aye, and some of the chaps that lost theirs yesterday have lost as many as three sets in their time."

"I wonder how you live!"

"Well, sir, we can do on very little. You see, it's all what you uses yourself to. Me and my missus, we've never been without some bread: but then we always put away the loaf when we've cut our bit."

"But why? you might wish for some more."

"True, sir; but wishing must do. You see, there's always our bit of rent to pay."

"Who's your landlord?"

"Sir Frederick. He owns all about here. Some, sir, are born rich, and some poor. It was so when the Lord was here, and it will always go on so."

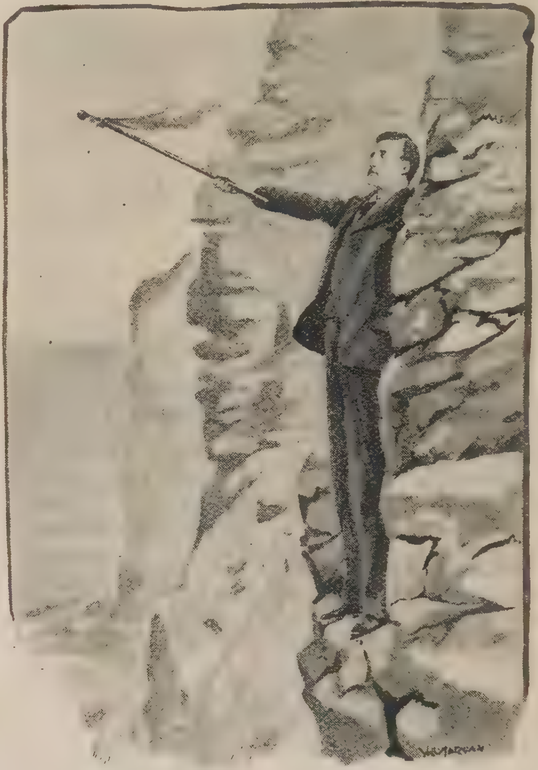
"And," added Bathsheba eagerly, "the Lord Himself were poor. He chose it; and what was good enough for Him is good enough for the likes of us. Miss Hannah, there, will be reading to us

"A long crack in the earth beyond him, which widened every instant." —*Page* 160.

again on Sunday nights, and happen Miss May will bring her fiddle; it will cheer us all up."

The girls blushed, but promised to begin what Richard called "The Meeting" at once. The ladies had other houses to visit, so the young men set off for a walk along the cliffs.

As they returned back in the evening, they came upon three or four of the fisherwomen carrying home some potatoes from their patch of gardens on the hill. They all had a smile and a curtsy for "the gentlemen," and one of them said: "We shan't soon again have such a supper as you gave us last night, sirs; but most of us have saved a bit to make the taters go down to-day." "Thank you," the others chorused.


"He tied his handkerchief on his stick."—*Page* 160.

"I wish we could give them it again."

"Nonsense, Faber; you can't feed the village for ever."

"You're right, Conybere, but I've felt yesterday and to-day as I never have before; it's a shame for me to be well off, and my fellow-creatures so miserably poor."

"But they are not *your* tenants."

"No; I'm thankful to say I have not a score, and none of them badly off. But what can one do for these poor folks? It seems to me replacing the nets is all; don't you think so?"

"Another storm might come. Besides, it is the steam-trawler business that presses most hardly on them. A storm is an accident, but the other is always there, and compels them to go out distances which are dangerous for small boats, and stay out many nights, when formerly they used to be at home. And after all, it's only to earn a scanty pittance, and bring in their 'takes' to an uncertain market; and they are more at the mercy than formerly of those middlemen, who come and buy the fish to resell it to the markets and the large fishmongers. For instance, you would pay one penny each for fresh herrings from a fishmonger; the middleman would have paid fifteen or eighteen pence for one hundred and thirty here."

"But why don't they sell direct to the fishmonger?"

"Ah! I wish that *could* be arranged, and the railway rates of carriage lowered; they are most oppressive."

The friends relapsed into silence until they reached home, where a very happy evening was spent.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LANDSLIP.

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come."

THE voice was very clear and sweet, but where did it come from? Faber stopped on the edge of the cliff, but not a soul was in sight.

He waited lingeringly, but the hymn had ended; yet, as he walked on, his eyes wandered over the moorland. He had been ten days at the Manor, living in (to him) a new atmosphere. He had thought religion a respectable idea, but found it a living reality; and the wish to have a belief such as his friends enjoyed, daily grew more strong within him.

A secret voice in his heart said, "Not yet"; there was so much to enjoy, and he would take his fill of all that the world could give, and at a far-off day would change, but—"not yet."

He strolled on, enjoying the fresh air and the warm sunshine, and idly watching the distant steamers cross the horizon. Suddenly all was changed. The ground trembled and then slipped under his feet. There was no noise, but a swift glance landwards showed him a long crack in the earth beyond him, which widened every instant; and, on the impulse of the moment, he tried to spring beyond it.

Faber jumped, but failed to clear the distance, and the next instant he was being carried downwards on the rush of the landslip.

The descent shelved for about a third of its distance, and then fell sheer; only one break was to be seen in the horrible smoothness of this path to death. In an instant Faber saw that to gain this point was his only chance.

As he slid downwards he made his effort. Both hands clutched a rocky hold, and, in a moment, the landslip was pouring past like a cataract. It was some minutes before he dare look upwards—only to discover that there was not foothold for a goat. His chance of escape was little, indeed, unless help should come. Far out at sea there were boats in plenty: and he tied his handkerchief on his stick and waved it to attract attention.

(*To be continued.*)

England v. Australia.

(LION *v.* KANGAROO.)

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A., AUTHOR OF "MATIN BELLS," ETC.

NOW our daughter
Sends us here,
From our heart's own hemisphere,
And across a world of water,
Gallant lads who will not fail—
Whom we honour all and hail!
May the best men conquer, and the others
Know that even the worst defeat
Can be noble—not retreat:
And they are but beaten by their brothers;
They will live to fight again,
And to win—if worth ordain.

See they scatter,
While they range
Cunningly the sides and change;
Cricket is a serious matter,
Picture of the larger life
And our equal manly strife;
Where among grand losses or gay winnings
All who do a worthy part,
All who have a brother's heart,
Hold their hour the batsman's post and innings,
Ere the summer's day is gone,
And are smiled upon.

Moonbeams.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

WE all know the "Lady Moon"—round-faced and pale, calm and distant, yet most faithful to us. She never wanders away; never seeks another travelling companion in her long wanderings through the depths of Space. True, she keeps her distance, and if at no time very far away, she is also at no time very close. But we may always count upon this neighbour of ours, for she is most regular in her habits, and she never fails to put in an appearance at the expected hour. If we do not see her, that is our fault, not hers,—the fault of earth-mists, which rise and shut off her gentle shining, not any failure in that shining itself!

One would rather have her steadfast and dependable light, however chilly in kind, than the will-o'-the-wisp flash of a passing meteor, or the erratic and uncertain visits of a comet. Through countless ages the Moon has been *our* Moon. Not Jupiter's Moon, not Venus' Moon, nor Mars' Moon, but Earth's own particular private possession. Not even the Sun's Moon in any distinctive sense, further than that the Moon, like the Earth, is a planet of the Solar System; and all planets of the Solar System belong to the Sun.

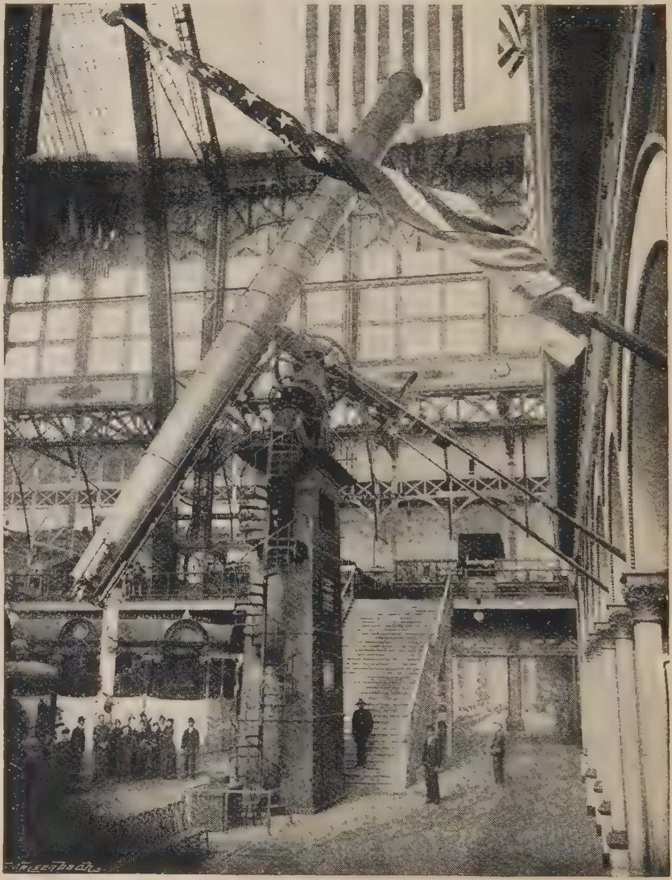
We are rather apt to think and to speak of the Sun and the Moon together, because to us the one is king of day, the other is queen of night; and to our vision the two appear to be very much of the same size. In reality, there is an extraordinary difference between them, as to size, and as to importance. The Sun is to all his planets, more or less, what he is to us. The Moon is to us what she is to no other heavenly body in the whole Universe. The Sun is enormously large, the Moon exceedingly small. Only, the Moon being very near, and the Sun very distant, they occupy about the same space in our sky, when looked upon from the surface of the Earth.

Our Moon is a round globe, about two thousand miles from one side to the other, straight through her centre. A piece of tape six thousand miles long would wrap round the Moon's body, the two ends just about meeting. But to make a globe the size of our Earth, you would need nearly fifty Moons, and to make one Sun such as our Sun, you would require many *millions* of Moons.

The Moon's distance from us is not always exactly the same. She travels round and round the Earth in an ellipse—that is, in a path of slightly oval shape; and the Earth is not precisely in the centre of that oval. So in one part of her month's journey our companion is more than twenty-six thousand miles nearer to us than in another part.

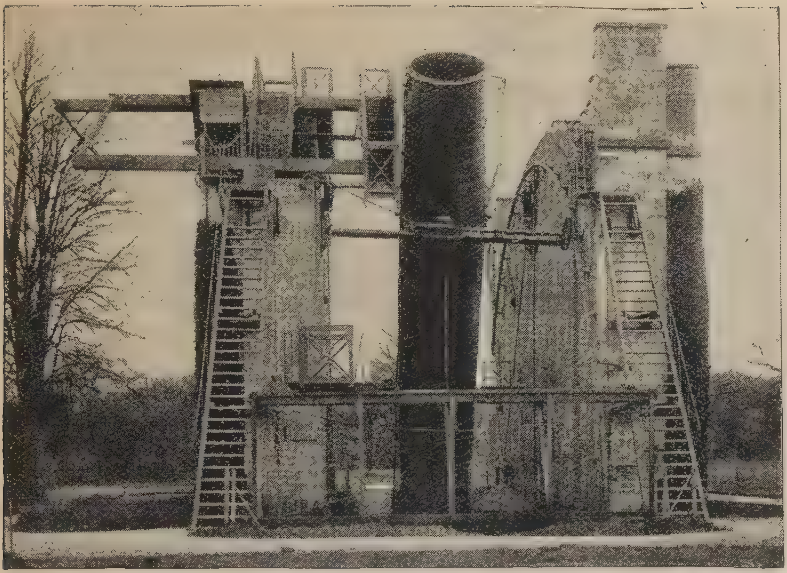
She has no radiance of her own to give. Such brightness as she can bestow is all borrowed. When we look upon the soft gleams of moonlight, we are really looking upon reflected sunlight. Nothing more than that.

Long, long ago, the Moon was herself doubtless a little sun, radiant and dazzling; but that is over now. She is cold, lifeless, and seemingly dead. No glowing gases sweep her surface. No raging tornadoes of fire send their gleams earthward. The Moon can only act as a mirror, catching and giving



From a Photograph.]

THE YERKES TELESCOPE (LARGEST IN THE WORLD).



From a Photograph by] [MORRISON, *Birr.*

THE GREAT "ROSSE" TELESCOPE AT PARSONSTOWN.

forth again such beams as reach her from the Sun. That is all.

Everybody knows the Moon's features; but not quite everybody, even in this century of education, knows what those markings really are.

The Moon's surface is very unlike Earth's surface. Little or no air is to be found there; and apparently no water; and certainly no grass or trees, no animals or men, because for all of these air and water are an absolute necessity. But there are vast craters, and mountain ranges, and shadowed depths, and wide plains which long ago were supposed to be seas,—and probably they *were* very very ancient sea-bottoms, once upon a time under water, though the water has now completely disappeared. The craters are believed to be craters of dead volcanoes, which once were active; and long ages since the Moon most likely had an atmosphere, which has nearly vanished. The grey face-markings, which we see with the naked eye, are some of those so-called "seas,"—not really seas—between mountains and hollows.

Useful as the Moon is to us as a companion, she would hardly do for a summer resort, even if we could manage to cross the gulf of 40,000 airless miles lying between. Not only has the Moon no air at all worth mentioning, but also the cold upon her surface, even in blazing sunlight, is believed to be awful; far beyond the utterest chill of Earth's most frigid regions.

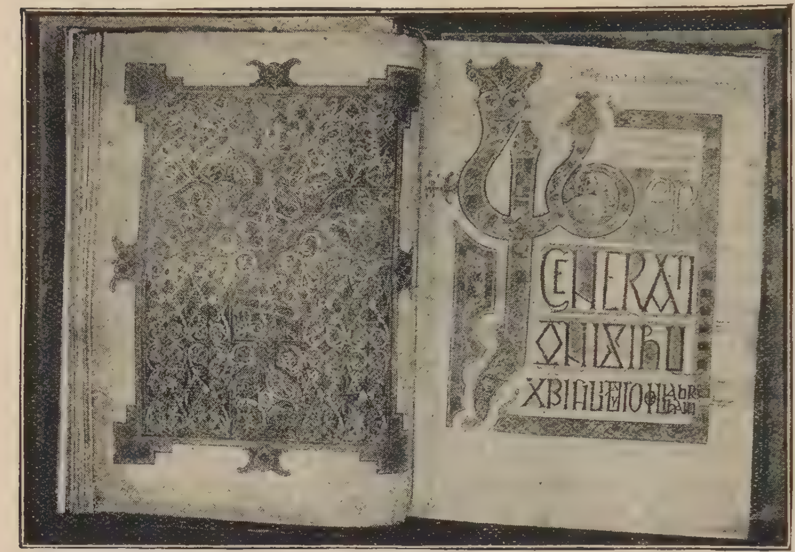
One mountain on the Moon, very much the same height as our earthly Mont Blanc, has received from astronomers the same name. About thirty-nine other lunar mountains, all measured from Earth, have proved to be even higher than the said Mont Blanc. But if by any possibility we could spend a little while on the Moon, we should find the climbing of those mountains a most easy task. For the Moon, being a much smaller body than our Earth, has also far less power of attraction; therefore a man's weight on the surface of the Moon would be greatly lessened. While here we toil slowly and breathlessly up a mountain side, there we should be able to leap from peak to peak, in a manner which no chamois can rival.

Only one side of the Moon is visible to us on Earth. This is due to the fact that the spinning of our friend on her axis, and her revolution round the Earth, are two movements accomplished in precisely the same length of time. If the one were just a little faster than the other, we should then gain views of the Moon all round, each part in succession, as we do with the Sun and our neighbour Planets.

Despite the puzzling pathway of the moon we may be sure of one thing,—that she is always true in her allegiance to the Sun, and always faithful in her friendship for the Earth. So far as is possible, under the circumstances of her existence, she gives us light by night, when the Sun is out of sight.

Ancient British Bibles.

BY WALTER CAMERON.



THE DURHAM BOOK.

WE need not go back to the most ancient manuscripts of our Bible to judge of the patient labours of the earliest British translators. We must remember that when the first Bible in the English tongue appeared, Greek and Hebrew were almost unknown tongues in England. A translation from existing translations in Latin was all that was possible. Yet marvellously few mistakes were made.

Richard Rolle, who died in 1349, when Chaucer was a boy of nine or ten, may claim the honour of having been the first to attempt a literal translation into the tongue "understanded of the people," a tongue which we, in these days, would find some difficulty in speaking! These are the queer words in which Rolle explained his translation:—

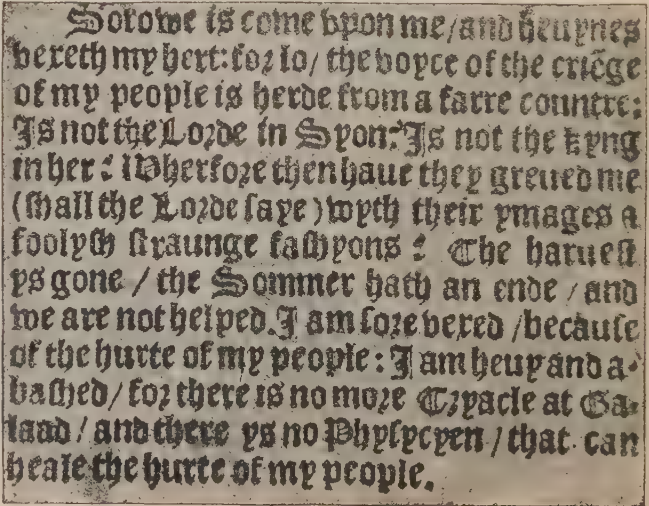
"In this worke I seke no straunge Ynglys, bot lightest and communest and swilk that is most like unto the Latyne, so yt thai that knawes noght ye Latyne, be the Ynglys may com to many Latyne wordis. In ye translacione I felogh the letter alsas m I may, and thor I fyne no proper Ynglys I felogh ye wit of the wordis, so that thai that shall rede them thar not drede errynge; in the expownyng I felogh holi doctors; for it may comen into sum envious manes honde that knowys not what he suld saye at wille saye that I wist not what I sayd, and so do harme tille hym and tyll other."

Rolle was a Yorkshire man, and there are not lacking in his version likenesses to the broad speech of the broad shire.

Wyclif's translations were also from the Latin Vulgate. One can imagine his bewilderment if he had been asked to translate from the original palimpsests in Hebrew. Some of these ancient fragments have been discovered to be written in an abbreviated form which it would be impossible to decipher if we had not other and fuller versions. Thus some of great rarity give the initial letters only of familiar passages: "In the beginning G. c. the h. a. the e." (Gen. i. 1), the reason being obvious when chisel and pen were the only means of "making thought visible."

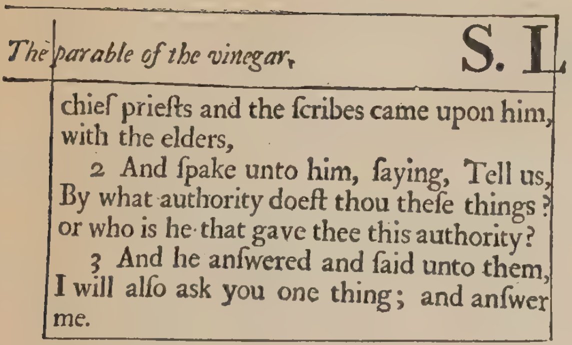
But Wyclif's task was no light one in turning the Latin into English so that "pore Cristen men may some dele know the text of ye Gospells with the comyn sentence of olde holie doctores."

About 170 manuscript copies of Wyclif's version are extant, many of them very beautifully written and illustrated. Tyndale, of whose New Testament six editions were sold from 1525 to 1550, professed to translate from the Greek, but there is abundant evidence that he made great use of older German versions. It is a remarkable fact, as showing how the language had by this time acquired consistency, that only thirteen changes are to be found in the Authorised Version from Tyndale's translation of St. Matthew's Gospel, and these for the most part of slight importance. To Miles Coverdale belongs the honour of first producing the whole Bible in



Sorowe is come vpon me/and heuynes vexeth my hert: for lo/ the voyce of the criẽge of my people is herde from a farre countre: Is not the Lorde in Syon? Is not the kyng in her? Wherfore then haue they greued me (ſhall the Lorde ſaye) wyth their ymages a foolyſh ſtraunge faſhyons? The harueſt ys gone / the Sommer hath an ende / and we are not helped. I am ſore vexed /becauſe of the hurte of my people: I am heuy and abaſhed/ for there is no more Tryacle at Galaad / and there ys no Phyſycyen / that can heale the hurte of my people.

THE "TREACLE" BIBLE.



The parable of the vinegar. S. L

chief prieſts and the ſcribes came upon him, with the elders,

2 And ſpake unto him, ſaying, Tell us, By what authority doeſt thou theſe things? or who is he that gave thee this authority?

3 And he anſwered and ſaid unto them, I will alſo ask you one thing; and anſwer me.

THE "VINEGAR" BIBLE.

English. In his dedication to King Henry VIII., Coverdale honestly confesses that he has translated from "The Douche (German) and Latin," disclaiming a scholarship to which he had, perhaps, but slight pretensions.

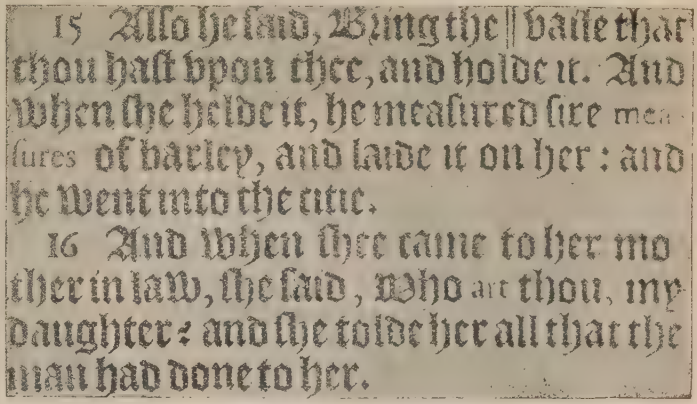
The wonder is that so few printer's errors crept into the early copies of the printed Bible. Those which contain any slight mistake are now exceedingly valuable. We reproduce the page heading to St. Luke xx. which shows how the "Vinegar" Bible got its name, the word being a misprint for "vineyard." The date is 1717.

The Great "He" Bible received its name from the passage also reproduced in facsimile, " . . . He measured five measures of barley, and laide it on her: and *he* went into the citie," Ruth iii. 15. Of course, it should be "she," since Ruth is meant. This Bible was Barker's folio authorized version, published in 1611. The printer corrected his error in a second edition, which is known as the Great "She" Bible.

A very quaint translation is found in a version of 1575. "There is no more balm at Gilead" (Jeremiah viii.) is a phrase we have all read or heard; but in this Bible it is rendered, "There is no more *treacle* at Galaad."

Needless to say, as soon as the mistakes were discovered the copies were recalled so far as possible.

Our first illustration is of the Durham Book of the Gospels, in the Latin version of St. Jerome. The manuscript was written and illuminated—according to a note at the end of the book—in honour of St. Cuthbert by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died in 721.



15 Allo he ſaid, Bring the ‖ vaile that thou haſt vpon thee, and holde it. And when ſhe helde it, he meaſured ſixe meaſures of barley, and laide it on her: and he went into the citie.

16 And when ſhee came to her mother in law, ſhe ſaid, Who art thou, my daughter? and ſhe tolde her all that the man had done to her.

THE GREAT "HE" BIBLE.

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

A NONCONFORMIST TESTIMONY.—"You rarely hear in any church a prayer spoken in English that is not indebted to the Prayer-Book for some of its choicest periods. And, further, I doubt whether life has in store for any of you an uplift so high or downfall so deep but that you can find company for your soul and fitting words for your lips among the treasures of this Book of Common Prayer. 'In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us.'"—*The Rev. T. R. Beecher, an American Congregational Minister.*

The Marriage Service.—The *Marriage Service*, more than any other, has kept its old shape in our Prayer Book. Ancient copies of the Manual—"Handbook"—(for instance, of Edward I.'s time) give, in the midst of the Latin Service, the English (or, as the word stands, "native") sentences with which the parties accept one another, and pledge their troth. These are very nearly the same as now. For instance, we read: "Wyll you have this woman to your wyf and luf hir: and wirschepe hir and kepe hir in hele and in seknes . . . and in all othere degres . . . be to hir als a husband suld be to his wyf . . and all othare forsake . . . and hold ye only to hir to your lyves ende."—*Professor Moule, D.D.*

The Collect for Peace.—This Collect is as old as 490. The beautiful Latin runs, exactly, "*Whom to know is to live, whom to serve is to reign.*" "Standeth" means "*consisteth.*" See the words (Auth. Version) of Heb. ix. 10.—*Idem.*

The Burial Service.—In a comparison of the *Manual* ("Handbook") of the mediæval Priest, with the Reformed Prayer-Book, Professor Moule mentions several striking particulars. "At burial the difference is very great between the two. The doctrine of purgatorial suffering after death threw a deep gloom over the Manual Service. The awfulness of death was made extremely prominent, and the state of the dead person was treated as uncertain. The chanting was doleful, and the whole occasion did anything but suggest the thought that 'blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' Let us remember that all this was totally unlike the funerals of the early Christians, which are described as occasions of joy and triumph."—*Idem.*

MASTER DIOGENES. [See page 167.

The Young Folks' Page.

MASTER DIOGENES.

We called him Master Diogenes because he lived in a tub when he was not taking his walks abroad. You remember the old fable: A learned philosopher named Diogenes, whose home was a tub, was discovered by a small boy, who called his chum to come and have some fun with the old gentleman. They proceed to squirt at him through the bung hole, until poor Diogenes comes out of the tub like a drowned rat. Then the boys fly—only to return when Diogenes has gone back to his retreat. Then they begin to set the tub rolling: but their clothes get caught on a nail, and round they go with the tub until they are rolled out quite flat. After which Diogenes lives happily for the rest of his days.

The only enemy of Master Diogenes happens to be a big black cat, but she contents herself with chasing him into his tub. Some day the tables will be turned, unless, indeed, the two make friends after the manner of a dog and cat I was told about the other day. These two used to go for walks together, until one day, when the cat disappeared. For some time nothing was heard of her. At last her friend the dog, when out with his master, found her so badly hurt that she could not move. She was brought home to the delight of the dog, who nursed her (if licking can be called nursing) back to health.

R. S.

"GOD IS LOVE."

BY THE REV. T. E. BROWN.

At Derby Haven in the sweet Manx land
A little girl had written on the sand
This legend—"God is Love." But when I said,
"What means this writing?" thus she answered—
"It's father that's at say,
And I come here to pray:
And . . . 'God is Love.'" My eyes grew dim.
Blest child! in Heaven above
Your angel sees the Face of Him
Whose name is Love.

BEST OUTSIDE.

"I don't want to hear bad words," said little Charlie to one of his schoolfellows.

"It does not matter," said the other boy; "they go in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," replied Charlie; "the worst of it is, when bad words get in, they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them outside."

That is right. Keep them out: for it's sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.

"ONLY."

From "only one word" many quarrels begin,
And "only this once" leads to many a sin;
"Only a penny" wastes many a pound;
"Only once more," and the diver was drowned;
"Only one drop" many drunkards hath made;
"Only one play" many gamblers have said;
"Only a cold" opens many a grave;
"Only resist" many evils will save.

"LADIES FIRST."

Some boys in one of our Schools were being examined in Scripture. One of their special subjects of Scriptural study for the year had been the life of Moses. "What would you say was the life of Moses?" asked the inspector: "what sort of a man was he?" "Please, sir, he was a gentleman," piped forth a pale-faced, bright-eyed lad of eleven or thereabouts.

"Gentleman!" repeated the inspector, with a look of surprise, "what do you mean?" The little boy promptly replied: "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'"

WHAT I CAN BE.

If I cannot be a sunbeam,
Shining full and far,
Lighting up the earth with radiance,
I will be a star.

If I cannot be a lighthouse,
Gleaming out at sea,
I will be a tiny glow-worm,
Shining cheerily.

If I cannot be a river,
Flowing deep and strong,
I will be a merry streamlet,
Hastening along.

If I cannot be a song bird,
Making music sweet,
I will be a homely sparrow,
Chirping, "Tweet, tweet, tweet!"

If I cannot be a jewel,
Precious, rich, and rare,
I will be a crystal dewdrop,
Sparkling, bright, and fair.

If I cannot be a rose-tree,
Shedding fragrance sweet,
I will be a modest daisy,
Blooming 'neath the feet.

If I cannot be a poem,
Thrilling all who read,
I will be a thought of comfort
Just to one in need.

Alex.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. Where in the Old Testament are we told to love our neighbours?
2. Are we ever told to hate our enemies?
3. Give eight texts about birds.
4. Name the first instance of *silent* prayer recorded in the Bible.
5. Where is a pulpit first spoken of in the Bible? When was it used, and who used it?
6. Who was the founder of Nineveh?
7. When were the three chief languages of the world employed to declare a truth in which the world was deeply interested?
8. Where is the mother of our Lord last mentioned in the Bible, and how was she engaged?
9. Name the people of whom we read in Old Testament history, who wanted to keep well with *both* worlds, fearing the Lord and serving their own gods.
10. On what two occasions was a person with a pitcher given as a sign and token to indicate God's mind?

ANSWERS (See May No., p. 119).

1. 1 Thess. v. 19; John vii. 37-39; John iii. 8.
2. John xxi. 15, 16, 17.
3. Acts vi. 15.
4. Nine: 1 Kings xvii., 2 Kings iv., 2 Kings xiii., Matt. ix., Luke vii., John xi.; the Lord; Acts ix., xx.
5. Noah's preaching, Lot's vexation.
6. The names of the magicians.
7. Moses, Elijah, the Lord, Saul of Tarsus.
8. Acts xi. 13, 14.
9. Acts ix. 11.

King Baby: His Care and Culture.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

VII. IN SICKNESS.

IN the last two papers I showed some of the essentials to health on behalf of King Baby. A longer, sadder page must be filled with advice concerning his treatment in sickness.

It is recognised by all mothers that we can only go a certain distance with our bairnies. We can feed them carefully, clothe them warmly, treat them hygienically, and feed them scientifically. Thus far we can go, and no farther. Illness *will* come, death *may* come. The passing of a scavenger's cart, an unsolicited kiss, the shake of a carpet, may carry the germ of disease to our darlings. What are we to do when bright eyes grow dim, red cheeks too crimson, and little lips paler? These three symptoms are the danger-signals hung out by Dame Nature, and a watchful mother will ever be on the look-out for any of them. Strange to say, the onset of illness takes place often at night. For this reason no mother will leave her precious baby with a nurse in the hours of darkness. No hired help can have the wakeful tenderness required. If the wee King be restless, mother will not smother the rolling head in blankets, and thus asphyxiate him into slumber. She will touch the little wrist and brow, put her ear to the labouring chest, and take the Baby's temperature, even in the middle of the night. Mother will not turn away from the restless, peevish wails, but will be ready to find out the cause of fretfulness. When an infant sleeps badly, and seems wakefully cross at night, first assure yourself that no ruckle in binder or gown is hurting the tender skin, and that no pin is pricking him. See if he be thirsty, by giving him a sip of cold water. Turn him from one side to another. Lighten the coverings over him if it be a hot night, or add to them if a chill be in the air.

A SWEDISH MOTHER.

But if he be feverish at all, a spoonful of castor oil must be administered. This is a panacea for most of the ills Baby's flesh is subject to. It is perfectly harmless; and, when reduced to a fluid state by warmth, quite odourless and tasteless. Castor oil, unlike other aperients, leaves no ill effects behind it. It never hinders the appearance of any rash. It soothes in a wonderful way, and Baby *fattens* on it! In our own youth families were *reared* on this preparation, but ten years ago it was the fashion to decry it on every occasion. Now, again, we believe, and have proved, that it is *the* most useful medicine in our home pharmacopœia! No nursery should ever be without an ounce bottle of the same.

If the wee King still remains hot and feverish—not synonymous terms, my readers; for heat of skin does not always mean fever, nor does moisture infallibly indicate absence of the same—you must do more. See if his gums need lancing. If the teeth are pressing hard on the outer membrane, Baby will go into convulsions unless you have them attended to. Generally—so quick are developments in infancy—he will be in one before you know where you stand. If this be the case, prepare a bath of 100°. By putting your bare *elbow* into it, you will see if the water be too hot to bear. Unrobe the Home Ruler before a fire, and place him in up to his neck. Keep him there a few minutes, all the time holding a sponge full of *cold* water on his head. Our object is to draw blood from the brain, and the cold application helps to drive it into the extremities. After five minutes, lift the Baby on to your lap and dry him quickly, *under* the folds of a blanket, with a hot towel. Roll him in a woollen shawl, give another teaspoonful of oil, and lay him in his cradle. Generally he will fall into a quiet sleep, awakening in four hours' time to have his bowels moved and to take a warm bottle. Sometimes, however, he will fall from one convulsion into another, until the teeth be liberated by a lancet, or until free evacuation has emptied his bowels of undigested matter. I have seen a baby boy go into thirty-six convulsions, one after another, and yet have had the joy of welcoming him back to life. So never despair. Babies have wonderful vitality. One thing for our comfort. When a convulsion is turning in toes and thumbs, pulling the tiny face awry, and twisting the little limbs, the King is in no suffering. He is unconscious of everything. It is *we* who suffer, watching the helpless, wee thing. Never suffer any one to persuade you that it would be a mercy if he were taken. Whilst there is life there is hope, and we mothers should put forth every effort to keep

"the trailing clouds of glory"

which have been given us.

Croup is another infantile illness very alarming to those around. There are *four* sorts—spasmodic, stomachic, inflammatory, and diphtheritic croup. I have put them according to their severity. Both the two first may be almost chronic, and need constant watchfulness and care. Minutes are more precious in this disease than any other. Once a baby has become subject to this spasm of the glottis, a mother should never be without a 1 oz. bottle of ipecacuanha wine, a tin box of linseed, and a bronchitis kettle. At the first sound of that terrible metallic cough the latter should be filled, and, whilst the water is coming to a boil (on a handy oil stove, if it be summer time), make King Baby sick, by giving him a tea-spoonful of the pure wine. He will generally bring up an undigested meal, or a quantity of glairy mucus, and thus relieve the spasm. When the kettle is boiling put a couple of table-spoonfuls of linseed, with one of mustard, into a small bowl and mix a poultice. It should be neither too thick nor too thin, but of such a consistency that it leaves the basin quite clean when poured on to a square of muslin or brown paper. Make it to fit the throat from ear to ear, and cover from chin to collar-bone. Do not blister the sick darling by applying too hot. When the *back* of your hand or the smooth of your own cheek can bear the heat *easily*, place it in position. Baby will cry whether it be hot or only lukewarm, so have a steadfast mind and firm hand. By the time this is comfortably in place, the wee King's stomach ought to be settled enough to give him a spoonful of castor oil. *Never omit this.*

During an attack of any kind of croup a low diet is necessary. No kind of solid food must be allowed. Milk and water (*hot*) help to reduce inflammation and keep up the little patient's strength sufficiently. Quite lately I received the following advice from a very clever physician: "It does not matter so much the latitude a child lives in. For ultimate outgrowth of this tendency I place far more reliance on careful and regular feeding, moderate and sensible clothing, laxity of bowels, and constantly being out in the open air when weather permits." Another famous child's doctor bid me: "Look well to the drainage of your house, the purity of your water supply, and the source from whence you get your milk." I pass on these two bits of common-sense advice to the mothers who read *Home Words*.

OFF TO THE FISHING GROUNDS: SENNEN COVE, CORNWALL.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

God's Gold.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "A BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS OTHER NAME.

SO the next time he found "Beardie" seated near him, and nobody else near, he began, without any explanation, thus:—

"There was a lad, Ted Fisher, who ran off from Crover. We never knew where he went, and there wasn't any reason why he should have gone. I saw 'T.' and 'F.' and 'Fisher' on some walls at Perth. That set me thinking he might have come this way; and I suppose, when I was wrong in my head, that set me fancying that I saw him at my bedside."

"Beardie" put down the book he was reading, and peered at Arthur over his spectacles. Of course, there was no question in Arthur's words, and "Beardie" seemed in no hurry to make any remark.

"I don't suppose you know any Ted Fisher?" Arthur observed tentatively.

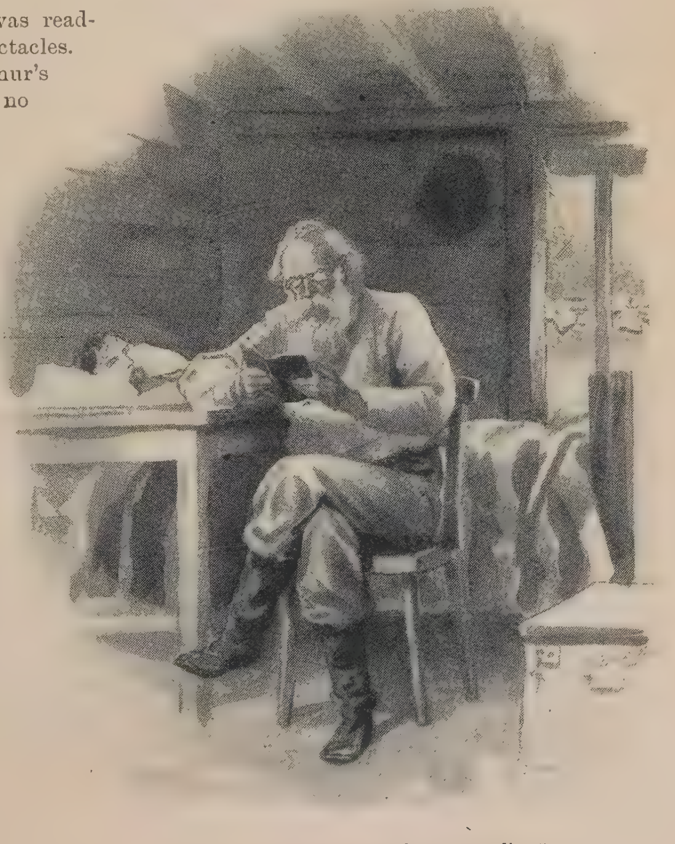
"Nobody saw you while you were ill," said "Beardie," "except the folk you see about now, and my son, who's gone away since with the sheep."

This was no reply to Arthur's words, but he didn't notice that, and was quite satisfied, being himself convinced that his "dream" figure of Ted Fisher belonged to the same category as the "skeleton" which he had seen at the beginning of his illness. But he was interested in hearing that "Beardie" had a son. He knew so little about this man who had been so kind to him! He did not even know his name, unless indeed it were "Beardie," as it well might be, though Arthur had originally taken that as but a nickname founded on the grizzled beard which gave such a patriarchal air to the bronzed old squatter. Nobody addressed him by any name; they simply called him "Boss."

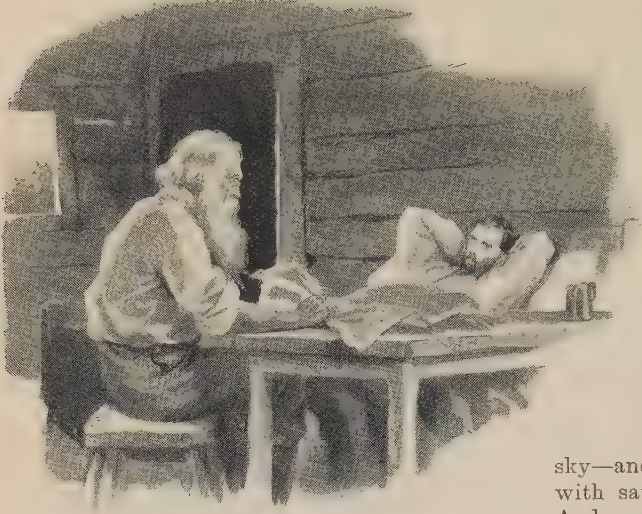
Presently "Beardie" spoke again. "My son wasn't born in this country," he said. "He came out after me, a few years ago. I don't know if you've heard—and you may as well understand—I didn't come out here on my own account. I was sent. You know what that means."

"I heard something of that sort," answered Arthur, "the first day I saw you. But I didn't know whether it was true. They didn't seem sure."

"Beardie" laughed rather grimly. "Oh, I reckon they're pretty well sure, only they don't think it's the right thing to talk about, seeing it's such an old story."



"Beardie put down the book he was reading."



“ ‘If that man doesn't deserve penal servitude, who does?’ ”

“And besides,” Arthur remarked, “supposing that you were sent out, it does not follow that you——” he hesitated.

“Deserved it, eh?” put in “Beardie.” “No, none of them ever do. If you knew much of convicts, you'd know that, according to their account, they are all unfort'nate creatures, hardly dealt with. Therefore, before I'll say another word, I'll remark that I richly deserved all I got—and plenty more.”

Arthur did not know what to say.

“And yet I didn't do the thing I was sent here for,” “Beardie” went on; “no, and had never done aught of the kind. But when a man's lived for thirty years, breaking his mother's heart, and gambling and betting instead of doing honest work, and getting a good girl to leave her happy home, against her fine old father's wishes, and change her good name for his disgraced one, and may be not been very kind to her, either, and broken her heart anyhow—then I say if that man doesn't deserve penal servitude, who does?—even though he may never have put his name to another man's cheque. And that man is me!”

“I wasn't sent to this part of the country,” he resumed presently; “and I didn't serve out all my time. I escaped, and got off into the bush among the blacks, and wandered with them for years. And I'll tell you what, young man, though I don't know whether you'll understand my words,—in the bush I found God!”

“I think I understand,” said Arthur.

“I was like a wild man,” “Beardie” continued. “I knew my wife was dead and my life was spoiled. And I knew there was only one man in the whole world who had any reason to think I was not guilty of the forgery I was condemned for; and that was the very man who was guilty himself! and knew I was punished for his deed.”

“Did you suspect who that was?” asked Arthur.

“I did then,” said “Beardie”; “aye, I said to myself that I knew! There was one man left in England, who if I'd met him in the bush, would not have gone one step farther. Then and there I'd have killed him.”

“Yes,” he repeated, as if determined not to spare himself, “I've often sat in the scrub and gloated over the thought of how I'd feel if he were lying dead before me!

“But out in the bush, there was the sky—and the silence; for there isn't much talk with savages who hadn't a word in common. And somehow—(if you can understand, you'll understand, though I can't put it well into words; and if you can't understand, why, it doesn't matter how well I may tell it!)—but somehow it seemed to put the past all so far away, and there wasn't anything to keep me in mind I was the same man—there wasn't anything at all, but just God Himself! And then and there I found myself standing in His sight, with nothing to say but ‘God be merciful to me the sinner!’ ”

Arthur looked up.

“Ah, I'm making no mistake,” said “Beardie”; “ ‘God be merciful to me the sinner.’ There was a parson used to come round among the convicts; and I reckon he knew the heart of man, and how the worst o' men is always looking about for other sinners as well as himself, as if the crowd of 'em might hide him from God. For he told us they say that in the language the Testament was first written in, that's how the publican's prayer stands, ‘God be merciful to me *the* sinner!’ as if there was nobody in the universe but just God and himself.

“And that's what came to me in the bush. In the silence God answered me and reasoned with me. And then those words were all I had to say to Him.

“By that time, if that man had crossed my path, he'd have been safe. I'd have turned away and left him to God; I don't say I could have fed or sheltered him right away. But it came to me, bit by bit, that, after all, I couldn't be sure he was the guilty one. I might be judging him wrongly, just as I'd been judged. And I've never breathed his name to mortal man. Not even to—my boy.

“But it came to me pretty hard to remember that the one being who would have blessed God for the hope that I was a changed man, was in her grave, thousands of miles away. Yet somehow I could be cheerier-like, even in thinking of her, than I'd been afore, and one day, as I was sitting fishing, I heard, in my mind, those words 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over a sinner that repenteth'; and if the angels know and rejoice, why, I reckon those who are dead and love us know and rejoice too. What the angels know they'll know. So that was all right, after all."

"You never thought of going back to the old country?" asked Arthur, rather wistfully.

"Beardie" drew a long breath. "I thought of it sometimes," he owned; "but I never went. She who would have welcomed me, anyhow, was as near me here as she could be in England. And for the rest, I am a convict—an escaped convict too—even the law might have got another word yet to say about me; but however that might be, that was what I was, and why should I bring up the misery on my wife's people, and my wife's boy? The less he knew about me the better. I reckoned they thought I was dead. A prisoner who escapes into the bush is most likely to be dead soon enough."

"Yes," said Arthur. "I never knew of but one such case, and I know his folks all thought he was dead. By the way, he was the father of that Ted Fisher I was speaking about."

"In the end, however, my boy came out to me," said "Beardie"—he seemed to speak with great effort "He did not find me at once when he came over here,—though he looked for me from the first hour,—but he did in time. Queer it was, that he said he'd never believed I was guilty; and yet it was my being a convict that sent him away from his home."

"People didn't cast it up to him, I hope," remarked Arthur.

"Beardie" shook his head. "No," he answered; 'but my poor boy happened to lose a sovereign that had been trusted to him, and it came into his head that people would never believe he had lost it, because they would say he was the son of a forger, and had the thief's blood in him; and that however innocent he might be, he might get punished just as I had been. So he ran off. He's never sent word home where he is. I've wanted him to write, just to tell them where he is, without any word of me. He never says he won't: he always says 'Some day.' But he's never done it yet. Letter-writing isn't much in his way: and when one has more to say than one can put in any letter, why, maybe, it's little use writing one. 'They think kindly o' me, dad,' he says; 'I'm certain sure o' that. But I must have given them a lot of trouble when I run away; and if they've got over it a little, it's a pity to bring myself back to their minds.' I don't think he's right, myself. But that's his way of looking at it."

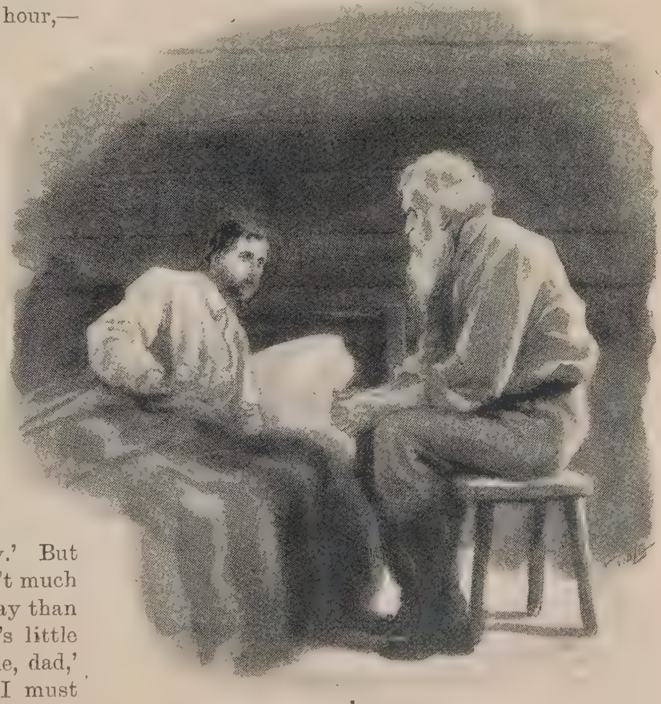
"I think he's wrong," said Arthur. "As I told you, I knew a boy who ran away. Well, I know his friends would be very glad to hear from him. I believe they pray for it."

"Beardie" shook his head. "D'ye know," said he, "I do believe most prayers would get their answer, but for somebody's blunder-headedness getting in the way. I mean that the prayers are answered, but this blunder-headedness makes a breakdown on the message line, as it were, so that those who pray can't know yet awhile that they've been heard."

"I don't wonder at folks sometimes keeping silent when they ought to speak," remarked Arthur; "for I feel it real hard to write back to Crover that I think I've made a fool of myself, and that I wish I was back."

"If that's how you feel," observed "Beardie," "the longer you put off saying so the harder will it get. Recollect poor McCoy, and what I tell you he said at the last."

"It's not easy to own one's a dead failure; it would come easier if one could first pull oneself up ever so little. I shouldn't wonder if that was what McCoy waited for," remarked Arthur. "You see, there'll be no beginning again exactly where I was. My savings are gone,—which might



"Arthur started up."—*Page* 174.

have done a lot for the little home my lassie was so proud of. And likely our old overseer has given up by this time, and there'll be another in his place—which I should have got if I'd been at home."

"And yet, if the Lord has really changed your outlook on life, may not the first thing you've got to do be to own it?" asked "Beardie."

"Aye, I feel that," said Arthur.

"And if it's hard to-day, and you think you'll wait till it's easier, what will you do if to-morrow it is not easier but harder?" urged "Beardie." "That's the way that many a word which ought to be spoken is put off and put off—till it's too late. That's what I say to Ted."

Arthur started up, supporting himself on his elbow. "Ted?" he echoed; "is your son's name Ted too? Surely it can never be! What's his other name?—your name?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARKED SOVEREIGN.

"WELL," said "Beardie," in his driest and most self-contained tone, "my name, and his too, is Fisher. Only I'm "Boss" to my face, and "Beardie" behind backs. I hadn't the least idea who you were till after you were up here. Ted was away that day. When he came home, I told him I'd got a sick Crover man, and when he heard your name and saw you, he remembered you well enough."

"Then it was really Ted whom I saw!" cried Arthur; "it's all very strange! And there they are—the Maxwells—just praying to hear of Ted; and yet I might have come and gone through this place, and never known how nearly I'd rubbed shoulders with him."

"I reckon that's often so," answered "Beardie." "There are three things which have to come together to make a right event,—the right person, the right place, and the right time. If we get a look back over our lives when we reach Kingdom Come, may be we'll find out what makes these come off together at some times and not at others. It may depend more on ourselves than it seems."

"This meeting hasn't depended much on me," sighed Arthur. "I've been carried into it like a log. But unless you'd been given to taking in the stranger, it wouldn't have come off, Boss. I'd seen you before, too,—and felt even then that I'd like to shake you by the hand for what you were saying and doing. But you see,—I—just didn't!"

"When was that?" asked "Beardie."

"The day you took pity on a black fellow whom my mates were jeering at," said Arthur. "I saw you were a man who lived up to what the good Book and the good people at home teach us,—but what we all seem to make haste to forget when we're over here."

"Beardie" reflected, puzzled. There had been so many occasions when he had championed black fellows against white fellows, that he could not recall this particular one. But he let that pass.

"After all," said "Beardie," "this isn't a very wonderful meeting—it's simply a Crover man come across a Crover man. Of course, Crover isn't a big place: and it's kindly for neighbours to meet in a very far country."

"Ah, I forgot Ted has been so long away that he does not know more than that," answered Arthur. "You've heard me speak of a lassie that's waiting for me over there. That's Ted's cousin—Lizzie Maxwell."

"Ay, ay,—that's the way the world wags on," commented "Beardie." "Ted thinks worlds of his cousin Lizzie, and of his grandfather too. 'Tisn't any not valuing of them that's kept him silent. But there was the reason why he went off,—and he had bitter hard times before we met,—and now he says they must have got over it,—and that sleeping dogs had better lie."

"There was never one word said against Ted when he ran away," Arthur declared. "I remember Lizzie telling me not long before I left that his master, a Mr. Bland, wouldn't say a word against him. I do recollect Lizzie also said she felt as if Mr. Bland had something on his mind. It's been about this sovereign which you say Ted lost."

"Ted sent him two sovereigns some time ago," put in "Beardie." "He was down in Adelaide on business, and he sent them from there—without a word of explanation. He did not tell me what he was going to do; and he didn't tell me he'd done it till some time afterwards."

"I wonder whether that was after I left Crover," remarked Arthur. "And I wonder if Mr. Bland ever connected his anonymous gift with his lost pound. If he did, he'd only set it down as the sign of a bad conscience."

"I see what you mean," said "Beardie"; "he'd think it meant that Ted felt he'd wronged him.

So he had, in losing his money, though it was by accident; but even if he'd stolen it, and had re-repented and made restitution, I wouldn't call that a sign of a bad conscience,—but rather of a good conscience that was doing its duty. A man has a bad conscience, when it does not make him repent and make restitution."

"You're quite right," answered Arthur. "I used the phrase only as it is commonly used."

"But we shouldn't do that," persisted "Beardie." "We should look into the meaning of our words, and use them in their proper and real sense. To do otherwise breeds mischief, for it either glosses evil or slurs good. There's a lot of careless talk, aye, and writing too,—specially in newspapers,—and it isn't on this side of the grave that we shall know all the harm it does. Let a lie be called a lie, and not a fib; and let speculating be called gambling, and so on. Don't call over-reaching 'cleverness.' I've thought out many things, looking back over my own ways, sitting here by myself, after hearing men arguing,—seldom over their own thoughts, but often over ideas put into their empty heads by foolish books, written by all sorts of people they knew nothing about."

"Well, I'll have plenty to write home now, any ways," said Arthur. "And if *I* came out here to get gold, and found Ted instead, Lizzie, and the old gentleman too, won't feel I came for naught."

"Aye, things often come easier to us, the minute we make up our minds for 'em," returned "Beardie."

Arthur began his letter next day. As he meant it to be long and full, it would take some time; for it was not easy to write at all hours in the hut. In the evening, the swinging lamps gave but a dim, uncertain light, and in the morning, the one or two rough tables were often in requisition for cooking purposes, or other needs of the house. There was no woman about the place, except the wife of one of "Beardie's" shepherds. At first it had seemed to Arthur that she must have a terribly hard time of it. A little observation proved the contrary. The men all knew how to be useful, and were ready to do all that was required. So, though she was the sole woman on "a place" with several men, she seemed to have plenty of time to give to her little children, and the men always had a civil word of thanks for any service she rendered.

"It is those men who can do a little of the work that is generally left to women, who learn its value," said "Beardie." "And it's the same, I reckon, with the women who put their hands to men's work. But what is women's work—and what is men's?" he asked with a fine scorn. "The Bible says naught on that head. It is 'whatsoever' any hand finds to do, let it do it with 'all its might.' There was a time when my poor Kate used to brush my boots! I'd like to kick myself when I think on't!"

"But if a wife loves her husband, and he has been working hard for the family," began Arthur.

"Oh, yes, but I'd been working hard at gambling and book-making—it was the mud of racecourses the dear soul had to brush off. I'll tell you this, young man; it's not the hard worker who makes a slave of his wife, or his mother, or any woman he has to do with. No; it's the idler and the hard drinker; and the sooner women know that the better for them."

(*To be continued.*)

The Day of Rest.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY GODFREY THRING, B.A., AUTHOR OF "HYMNS AND SACRED LYRICS," ETC.

HAIL! Sacred Day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! Day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that gladly sing
Glad songs of peace.

The merry throstle, as he sings,
The merrier sings to-day,
The sun shines out from 'mid the clouds
With brighter ray.

The trembling breeze that softly blows
From many a sunnier shore,
More softly seems to blow to-day,
Than e'er before.

On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light Divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

I join the quiet, thoughtful crowd
That throngs the house of prayer,
And, kneeling on my knees, I reap
A blessing there.

Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Bright foretaste of that endless day
Of Rest in Heaven.

Outposts of Our Church.

VII. CALCUTTA AND BISHOP WELLDON.

BY R. C. HAMILTON.

"IF India is not made Christian, then India at the last will be left a country without God." In these striking words Dr. Welldon, the new Bishop of Calcutta, has summed up our national responsibility towards our Indian Empire. A closer knowledge of the needs of his great diocese will brand them on the Bishop's heart. A crisis has been reached in the history of our fellow subjects of the Queen. They have been given higher education without Christianity: but they are unsatisfied—still hungry for the true knowledge. "We *must* advance," says an experienced missionary, "unless all idea of Christianizing India is to be abandoned." What such an abandonment would mean we may learn from the most hurried glance at a single city of India. Calcutta consists of "miles and square miles of broken hovels," peopled by myriads, as it seems to western eyes. One has surely come upon an immense ant hill teeming with life. Yet this crowded centre may be matched by the "swarming tenements of Bombay." Calcutta, if one could view it from a balloon, would appear to be a colony of tiny matchboxes, piled together without pattern or plan, broken here and there by dark blots which represent the most degraded haunts of the city. No wonder that we recall Mr. Stevens' expressive phrase—"Houses, houses, houses, crawling all over with black humanity."

A hundred years ago it seemed as if the doors of access to the heathen and Mohammedan world were hermetically sealed. Now, thank God, the open doors abound. Such was the keynote of the recent Centenary celebration; and the fact might have been still more forcibly urged. A hundred doors stand open, a thousand, a million, but how few there are ready to enter. Who dare hope that a tithe of the thresholds in Calcutta alone could be crossed by a messenger of the Good News?

Happily Dr. Welldon has gone to India, inspired with intense earnestness. He will have to combat terrible depression: for no one can avoid being depressed by the seeming hopelessness of the work and helplessness of the workers. But the encouragement to face difficulties comes when we "lift up our eyes," knowing that "God is on our side." Many at home are not content with having wished the Bishop "God speed"; they are praying him "God speed" now that the battle has begun. Some, too, may have taken the Bishop's parting charge to heart:—

"We must be ready and proud to serve our Lord if duty calls, abroad no less than at home. We must disdain to show that poorest of poor spirits which

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

would treat good wishes or benedictions, or even prayers, as substitutes for personal action. We must decline to use that meanest of mean sayings: 'Here am I: send—somebody else.' For the work of a world-wide evangelization is the grandest and the noblest among men. No Church is a *living* Church unless it be a missionary Church. Error or indifference may be silent, but truth must speak. If we believe in our hearts that Jesus is the Saviour of mankind, how can we help desiring above all things that mankind should know Him as their Saviour?"

From a Photograph] [*by* ELLIOTT & FRY.

THE RIGHT REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

The Bishop, needless to say, is an ardent believer in the educational side of mission work. The Mission Schools will be his special care. What may be done by these means is well illustrated in the last C.M.S. Review. The Bible is taught to Christians and non-Christians alike. In a recent competitive examination in the Bible and Christian evidences, open to all candidates of whatever race or religion in the Madras Presidency, the second and third prizes were carried off by two Brahman students, of the Noble College, Masulipatam, the boy who won the second having known nothing about the Bible when he entered the College two years before. The C.M.S. high schools and colleges for girls in India are mainly for Christians, and the educational progress of Christian women in that country is one of the most striking and hopeful features in its development. India, indeed, may be won by her mothers.

It is no light task to face the problems of India, but Dr. Welldon will not look back. "How," he asked when the call came, "could I appeal to the sovereign motives of life, unless I was prepared to act upon such motives?"

Wages, Work, and Food, in 1837.

WHAT of wages, work, and food when Queen Victoria ascended the throne? The first, in many branches of industry, were no more than half of what is got now. The hours were longer, there were no Bank Holidays, there were no Saturday half-holidays. The children were unprotected, and compelled to work most unreasonable hours in the mills and in the mines. It makes one's blood boil to read of the cruelty with which they were treated. So long and so hard were they worked that they had no heart for anything when they got home but to lie down and sleep.

All food was dear, and in bad seasons very dear. In some parts of the country the agricultural labourer got 7*s.* a week, with or without a cottage, and something extra at harvest time. What sort of living could be got for a family out of 7*s.* a week? Tea, such as we now buy for 2*s.*, was then sold for 4*s.*; brown sugar, dark and sticky, was sold at 8*d.* a pound. There were no cheap fruit shops; only in the window, the shop front of the poor, lit in the evening by a single tallow candle, where were exposed cheap sweets and stale buns, one might observe a plate of oranges, or another with apples.

RETRO.

"Thy Word is Truth."

VIII. "SOMEBODY HATH TOUCHED ME."

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM A VILLAGE CHURCH," ETC.

> "Somebody hath touched Me."—
> *St. Luke* viii. 46.

IT was a poor, broken-hearted woman. Twelve long years she had been ill. She had spent all her money on doctors. Some gave her one medicine and some another. But she got worse and worse. Driven by blank despair, she touches the hem of the Saviour's garment, and instantly she is made strong and well.

> "He came the broken heart to bind,
> The bleeding soul to cure."

Very wonderful was this woman's faith. She was persuaded that if she might but touch His clothes she would be whole. Not that she expected virtue from His garment—that would have been superstition, not faith—but she expected virtue from Christ Himself.

Yes, she *touched Him*. There were many indeed who thronged around Him, but who did not touch Him with the finger of faith. So there are many who come to the house of prayer. They bend the knee. They hear God's Word. They sing His praise. But one thing they lack. They do not "touch Him." For touching, looking, coming, believing, trusting, all mean the same thing.

Her touch brought instant healing. "Immediately her issue of blood staunched." St. Mark adds that "she *felt* in her body that she was healed of that plague." And when the soul is healed of its desperate sickness there is a sense of joy and peace which the world cannot give or take away.

You may not have faith enough to lean on Christ's breast, yet if you do but touch His clothes you shall be whole. There are some who never go beyond "the hem of His garment."

The great Saviour heals freely. He applies the healing balm of His Blood and the cheering cordial of His Word "without money and without price." "Nothing in my hand I bring." And He heals effectually. He can wash the most leprous soul in His own sin-cleansing blood, and it shall be "whiter than snow." No case is too hard for Him, and there is a welcome for all who come.

Are you willing to part with your sins? Are you willing that every darling lust should die? Do you wish to hate the sins which crucified the Lord? Oh, then touch Him *now! Surrender yourselves to Him*, and He will heal you, and bless you. Then will the Master rejoice, and say, "Somebody hath touched Me."

One of the best illustrations of this truth is to be found in the great picture of Doré, called "The Vale of Tears." The paint was wet on the canvas when he died, for he only finished it three days before. I will try to describe it as well as I can.

In the background is a shadowy valley with a barren, rocky crag on one side. At the entrance to the valley stands the Saviour, clothed with a long white garment. He has a cross on one shoulder, and His other hand is raised, the forefinger uplifted, as if inviting the broken heart to come to Him for healing. Nearest to Him are the poorest of the poor, the despised and rejected of men. Every single form of human suffering may be seen in that "Vale of Tears," from the king to the beggar. The king, in royal robes, and a crown on his brow, turns a wan and weary face to Christ. By his side is the prisoner, with heavy chains on his wrists; his face, too, is toward the Saviour who can set the captive free. Here is a wealthy mother, but on her lap lies a dead child, and in her deep anguish she turns to Christ for comfort; there a dying mother, lying on the ground, holds her infant in the direction of the Saviour, as if committing it to His care. There are strangers from every clime, the Indian and the negro, while on a lonely rock, under a blasted tree, stands the leper. Many are the suffering and the sorrowful in that dark valley: but all look to Christ, and Christ alone, for rest. The old enemy, the serpent, is seen crawling away, scared by the light of Christ and His cross. Beyond all, at the Saviour's right hand, is the narrow way, where "everlasting spring abides." It leads to the Beautiful Land to which the Saviour beckons all weary souls.

I looked on that picture till my eyes filled with tears: and I praise God that His Christ is still able to heal, and bless, and save—that He is living and not dead—the Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Yes, still to-day He stands in this Vale of Tears of ours. He stands now in our midst, His heart melting with pity: His lips full of sweet and tender words, sweeter than honey, for "never man spake like this Man," His arms wide open, as when He took little children in those arms, put His hands on them, and blessed them.

Oh, I would to God He might be able to say, even now, "Somebody hath touched Me!" I would to God some of my readers might say, as the great and good Lord Shaftesbury said, "I am just touching the hem of His garment!"

IX. HOW TO SHINE.

BY THE REV. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ALL SOULS', LANGHAM PLACE.

THE first duty, the calling, the purpose for which the Church exists is to give light. It is set in a dark place. For Christ, the Light of men, is in heaven; so the Church must make up for the Saviour's absence by shining steadily with the light He gives. Such a light is not selfish. It shines not for its own glory, but for the world's good. And every Christian is saved to shine. Then shining is steady, noiseless, unostentatious work. Not by fits and starts, with blast of trumpet and by great effort. A light shines because it is its nature to. It cannot burn without shining. The true Christian is a burning and shining light: the fire ever burning upon the heart's altar—the light ever shining forth into the dark world. Of course the light may be covered over and put under a bushel. But then it is likely to go out. If the light is to keep burning it must be allowed to shine.

But shining is very effectual and conspicuous. Bring a light into a dark room and everybody must know of it. Does everybody about you know you are a Christian? Is your love for Jesus shining clearly, lighting up the gloom and sin, and helping men to see the heavenward way?

A light is not much good unless you can see by it. If Christ were still upon earth we should have no doubt as to the right course to take. We should just follow His example in everything, doing whatever He did, abstaining from everything that He abstained from. We should see our way by the light of His example. So should it be with all true Christians. Their example should be one which all men can safely follow. They should be able to say with St. Paul, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." There is something wrong with our shining if it does not help others to see the way.

A light cannot help being conspicuous. It might well be charged with setting itself up above others. For a burning candle, though it be only a farthing dip, gives more light than a thousand fireless lanterns. Your Christianity cannot be invisible. It is a false humility which is afraid to shine lest it should seem conspicuous.

X. GOODNESS AND GREATNESS.

BY THE REV. DYSON HAGUE, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S, HALIFAX.

I ONCE read a sentence in a book that impressed me very much. It was this: "It is easier to be great than to be good. To be great we have to gain the victory over what is without; but to be good we have to gain the victory over what is within."

Now this is very true.

It is easier to be great than to be good. And the reason is this:—Moral conquest is more difficult than material conquest. The stimulus to greatness is fame, ambition, visible applause. The stimulus to goodness is simply truth, virtue, and goodness itself. To the one is given earthly rewards, to the other unseen; to the one is awarded present satisfaction, to the other future.

A great many people imagine that goodness is easy and that greatness is difficult. But this is a great mistake. On the contrary, it is goodness that is difficult and greatness that is easy. To get greatness is to follow the bent of nature; to get goodness is to go against the bent of one's nature.

Greatness is for a few; goodness is for all. And greatness does not satisfy. Goodness is its own reward; it is the pearl invaluable.

How beautiful in contrast was the resolve of the gentle maiden, the Princess Victoria, who, on the announcement of her accession to the most exalted station on earth—the English throne—simply said: "I will be good; I will be good." Or how noble were the words of the first great Emperor of Germany: "I rejoice to be a prince, because my rank in life will give me many *opportunities to help others.* I am far from thinking myself better than those occupying other positions. I am, on the contrary, fully aware that I am a man exposed to all the frailties of human nature: that the laws governing the actions of all classes apply to me: and that, with the rest of the world, I shall one day be held responsible for my deeds."

You remember how Lord Tennyson put it:—

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

Let Tennyson's ideal be ours. Let each one say: "I care not whether I shall be great or not; I will be good."

But stay.

It is a resolution requiring no little strength. So much strength does it require that enough will not be found in you. You will have to seek it where St. Paul found it. "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me. When I am weak, then I am strong" (Phil. iv. 13; 2 Cor. xii. 10).

Read Rom. vii. 18; viii. 1–4; Ephes. iv. 15; Phil. iv. 8; 2 Thess. i. 11; Jas. iii. 13–17: 1 John iii. 18.

* * *

Where the Women Do the Work.

BY WALTER T. STRATTON, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE NIGHT."

COLLECTING THE MILK.

THERE is a belief very firmly rooted in the hearts of our menfolk that they are quite indispensable. By all means let them think so. It is a secret worth knowing that no man's work ever suffered owing to the gentle praise of his wife. And I'm told there is another side to this truth: but the secret of that is another story which should be told to "men only."

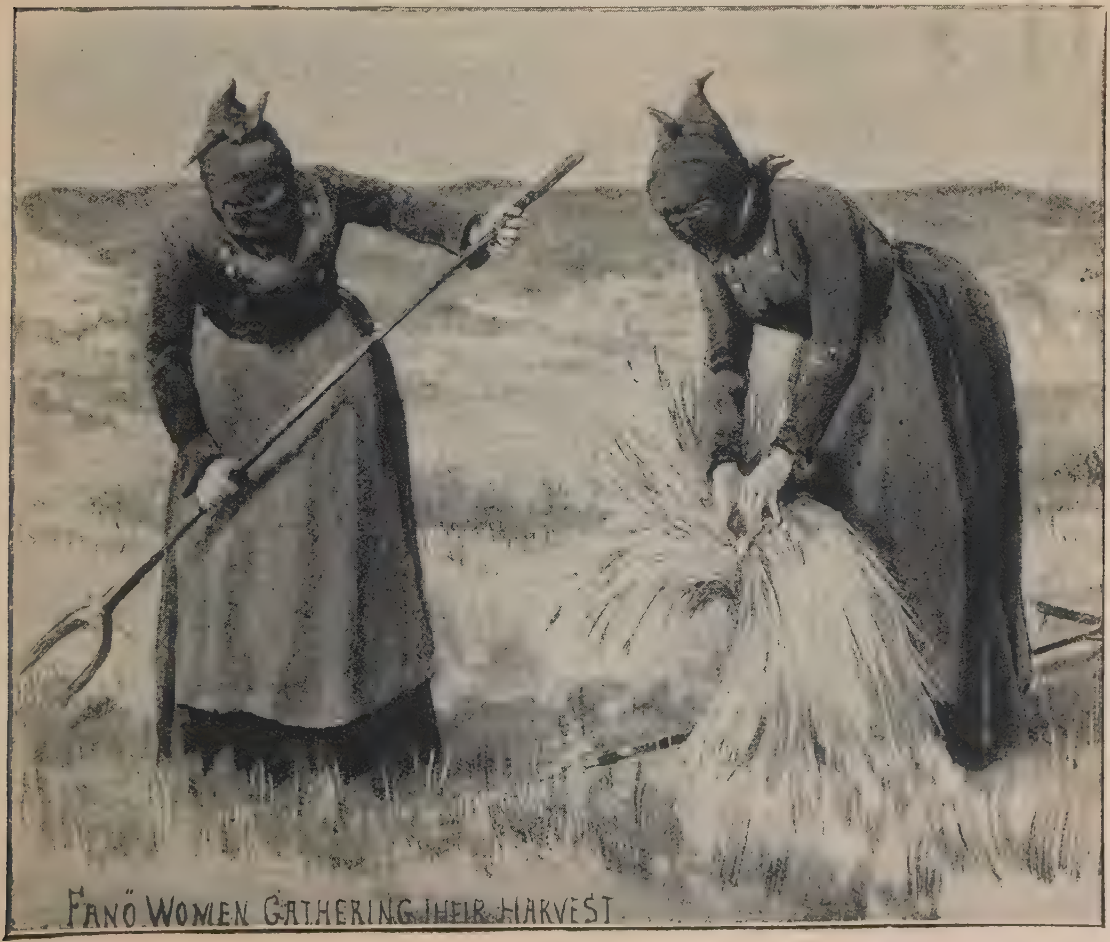
There is a far-away village, cradled in a Swiss valley, where I first came across women who did men's work. In that village I think they must have been short of men, or, at least, short of chivalry. For the work did not suit the women a bit. At early dawn, before the sun had opened the flowers, they trudged up the mountain side to milk the cows. Having done this, they donned very baggy trousers, and set to work to gather in a crop of hay. That is not exclusively men's work, you object. Wait, my friend, till you have seen where the grass grows. Take a patch of English meadow, and turf the steepest roof in the parish—that would be very like the Swiss hayfield. I have seen these women find crazy foothold on slippery slopes, and yet ply the scythe to such purpose that the ground is shaved for all the world as clean as many a man's chin. For hay is valuable in the land where the only big harvest is one of snow.

But these Swiss peasants don't do all the work. In the Island of Fanö there is a different tale to tell. There the women are ladies of the land supreme, while the lords of creation are out on the ocean waves, and that is during the greater part of the year. Of course, hundreds of independent English women are burning to know where this happy island is situated. It is not difficult to get at. The island is on the west coast of Jutland, and steamers run regularly by the Harwich-Esbjerg route.

But quite seriously, the women of Fanö are left entirely alone, while the husbands and lovers and fathers and sons are fishing in the Arctic circle. All the work is done by the women; even the laying in of peat for winter fuel. They navigate their large flat-bottomed boats, called scows, with wonderful skill, and keep themselves in fish. When ashore they wear a curious costume, covering their faces with black cloth masks. The general opinion is that this is done to protect their faces against the impalpable sand and salt-water spray; but others declare that it is the remnant of a custom of former days, instituted at the dictation of the husbands, who forbade their wives to show their faces to strangers. The younger generation will probably abandon this Eastern custom, but it is still the ruling fashion throughout the island.

Dairy work is the principal occupation, and this is carried on with modern contrivances. There are central dairies, to which all the milk is brought by "collectors," who find the milk cans by the road side. Steam is used to drive the machinery, and telephone wires communicate with the farms. All milking and tending cattle is done by women. Note, in our illustration, the little girl leading the cows to pasture. She carries a mallet to drive in the stakes on to which the tethers are fastened. The crops of barley and oats are gathered from the small parcels of land which are tilled by the women, who certainly carry on a brave struggle against the drifting sands and fierce winds.

In Finland women do men's work, cleaning the streets, building houses, and in the country spending extraordinarily long days in the field. "Women," says Mrs. Alec Tweedie, "do many unusual things; but none excited our surprise so much as to see half a dozen of them building a house. They were standing on scaffolding plastering the walls, while others were completing the carpentering work of a door." There are 600 women builders and carpenters in Finland. The work cannot be said to improve the appearance of these home-makers (literally), for they grow prematurely old.


FANÖ WOMEN GATHERING THEIR HARVEST.

BUSINESS FIRST OR THE LIFE THAT IS HIGHER

BY MRS. GARNETT,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A RESCUE.

HOUR after hour the thought Faber had tried to keep off, drew nearer; and at length it laid its cold hand upon him, and clutched his heart.

"You are caged here—a dying man." Then came another thought, "Dying, and not prepared to die."

He saw life in its true proportion now by the side of Eternity, and it seemed but a dream; and he was awaking, going into another life, going alone to face God!

It was an awful fact, and he shuddered as he covered his face with his shaking hands. He could not do it. Sin loomed up before him, and he shrank and shuddered to his very soul. Face God, and alone! He shut his eyes and tried to pray:—"Have mercy! Oh, God! have mercy! I have lived my life, and it has been wasted, and now it is over. God! have mercy!"

God had been hitherto but a Name to him; now God was the only One who could help him. He prayed on thus, and his terror calmed.

His eyes were shut. Then vividly he seemed to realize a picture of the Crucifixion he had once seen. There was the figure of the dying Saviour; the background was the darkness of night—impenetrable darkness; but light fell on the thorn-crowned Head.

The Saviour's eyes seemed filled with pity, and fixed upon his own.

Faber gasped. Yes, there was nothing beyond for him—evening was coming on—and death—nothing here. But after "here" was over, after that swift plunge forwards and downwards—after then? Yes! (and his heart beat again). But for him there still lived Christ; and then the prayer rose to his lips, "By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion, Good Lord, deliver me." Tears fell through his fingers, and peace came to his heart. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." He looked up—he had read that somewhere: and then long years vanished, and he was sitting in his little white nightgown on his mother's knee, and she was teaching him the twenty-third Psalm. He had forgotten it a long time, but it came back to him now, and he repeated it, even to "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me——"; then he paused, and looked away across the world of waters far below, to where the sun was setting behind royal curtains of purple and gold. "Before it rises I shall be gone; for any moment this piece of rock also may give way. Well! Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, I fear no ill, for Thou art with me."

He was growing faint now, but the worst was over, and he was at peace.

A long time passed: and his life, down to that very day, came in dull scraps and patches of remembrance before him—yes, even to that very day.

He wondered if they had been surprised at his not returning to luncheon, and if by any chance Con would walk in the afternoon towards Cliffboro' to meet him. Not likely! They would expect him to return by train in time for dinner. Ah! before then he would be gone.

A single gorse bush grew out of a crack in the cliff high above him; and he remembered how the bushes had glowed in that morning's sunshine, and then the voice seemed to ring in his ears again:—

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

Faber smiled. "It's true," he said aloud.

The sun set, but the light that August evening was clear and fair; and as Faber watched the outgoing tide, he saw two fishermen come in sight, walking along the beach. They were still some distance off, but hope sprang up in his heart. God had heard him! God had sent them! He took off his neckerchief and tied a stone in it: and then, as they approached the *débris* of the landslip, holding on to the rock with his left hand, with his right he threw the packet towards them.

He had never sent a cricket ball with so good an aim. "Oh, Lord Jesus, let them see it," he

"He stooped to lift it up, and gazed up stupefied."

cried. And they did. It fell a couple of yards before them; they stooped to lift it up, and gazed up stupefied.

Then Faber waved his flag, and shouted with all his little remaining strength. They saw him, shouted back something he could not hear, and then turned and ran in the direction of the village, which he knew was beyond the next headland.

Faber spent a solemn half-hour; he was praying and praising, voicelessly, all the time; but he was growing very weak, and everything seemed dim around him. When, at length, he heard voices, they seemed to fall from the sky, they were so directly above him.

"Mister, here's some water coming; take a drink," and a cord and bottle swung above his head. The draught put new life into the young man.

"Take care," he cried; "don't venture on the landslip; it is all the time crumbling, and I am afraid where I am is beginning to go too. Don't lose your lives for me."

"Never you heed; we'll venture 'em anyhow."

"Now then, whose barn to go to the poor chap?"

"Here, put t' rope round me, and where's t' other?" The voice was strong and cheery. "Hold fast, lads, and put my jacket under t' rope; t' cliff will cut it else—now then, have yer hod?"

And a man was swinging above him.

"Here, put this noose under yer arms—now then." But Faber was so weak and numbed he could not fasten the cord. Another minute, and Tim Call was by his side arranging it; but their double weight was more than the rock, loosened by the shaking earth all round it, could bear. It slipped from under their feet, and plunged with a mighty crash downwards, and they were left swinging in mid-air. But not for long. A score of strong hands were on each cable, and with "Ahoy! ahoy!" they pulled their precious burden up and hurried landwards.

Safe in the green field where the cows browsed peacefully, and surrounded by kindly faces, Faber's voice shook, as he spoke aloud, "Thank God for restored life; thank God!" and the fishermen said, "Amen." Then he turned and held out both his hands to Tim Call. "Shake hands; you've saved my life at the risk of your own! and, besides, you're one of the bravest men I've ever seen, and you are one of the noblest, for you did it for a stranger. Let us be friends."

The young sailor with the dark eyes looked full into the clear grey ones a little above him. He realized in a moment this man was his superior in all things: and just because he was this, saved by himself, he on the spot took Faber as his hero—and loved him.

He looked at his own broad, brown hands, then at the shapely ones held out to him, hesitated an instant, and then it was a question which, the sailor or the gentleman, gripped hardest.

"Oh! it's naught," said Tim awkwardly.

"Nay, lad, don't say that—thou didst venture thy

"'Let us be friends.'"

life—if a bit of cliff had slipped, naught could have saved you."

"You're right, sir; Tim's a brave chap, and allus were."

"Will you come into mother's and have a cup of tea?" was the next remark Tim made as they neared the Bay.

"There's nothing I should like so much," said Faber.

Tim had a shilling in his pocket, and had intended to spend it in the "Jolly Tar"; but he sped off to the village shop instead, and returned with a new loaf, and a rasher of bacon, and a little tea in a bit of blue paper.

So there was pride and joy in Delia's heart that night; and Tim went sober to bed, happy with a sense of self-respect, to which he had long been a stranger.

Faber slept like a child, and his last thought was, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. The Lord is my Shepherd."

CHAPTER VI.

A GREAT EVENT.

"MISS HANNAH, do you know that I have a great claim on your sympathies, and don't think I receive my due share?"

Henry Faber was lying on the turf in the Manor garden, and Nancy Conybere was knitting in a low basket chair near. They were alone; the others had gone to a garden party at the Hall. Faber thought he had managed very well to return from Cliffboro' too late to accompany them. Somehow he had discovered the youngest daughter of the house was remaining at home, and he wanted a "good talk" with her, and alone, and this he very seldom had the chance of.

He looked up at the girl as he spoke seriously, though a smile was about his lips.

She laughed. "Well, now, I think you have had a share from us all; wherein have we failed?"

"Ah, that is just it! you have all been so immensely kind to me. I have stayed on and on an unconscionable time. Do you know, I came nearly six weeks ago!"

"It does not seem long." The girl blushed warmly, and added quickly, "Mother is so glad to have you; it is a great kindness. Reggie is a different creature when you are not here; he will not stir out when we have him alone."

"Nevertheless, though you all so kindly make excuses for one, I am ashamed of paying such a visit; my only apology is that I have, or ought to have, so strong a claim on your sympathies."

"Why mine in particular?"

"Because you take so great an interest in Waifs and Strays. You are knitting for one of them now, are you not?"

"Yes; and since you subscribe to the Home so nicely, surely you are interested in them, too?"

"Of course I am; that is the point where one has such a distinct claim on you. Please understand I am a waif and stray!"

Miss Conybere laughed.

"It is no laughing matter. I have as little *pied de terre* as one of them."

"That is nonsense; you have property, and can go where you please."

"Just so; can float on any wave, and be thrown as flotsam and jetsam on any foreign shore. I have no home; and since my father died, three years after my mother, no word in a voice I loved has fallen on my ear. There is no one in the world who would have missed me had I been carried down by the landslip."

Faber looked earnestly at his companion: he saw her turn very pale, and she seemed about to speak: then checked herself, and knitted on swiftly, intent upon her work.

"May I tell you about that accident, or rather what it taught me?"

"Yes, if you will."

"It taught me God loves, and Christ lives, and life is a solemn trust. And now there seems so much to do, and I am ignorant how to set to work. Remember, you have been trained to this highest life. I have not any experience of what to do, or how to do it. One can easily see that simply to give money may do more harm than good, and bring no betterment to those you wish to help."

"Yes, just to give is only half the battle; the other is to plan, and arrange, and think; a very little money will go a long way if so managed."

She dropped her gaze upon her work, and silence fell between them. The young man looked away past the beds of red roses to the glittering sea, and drank in the beauty of the scene, and the delight of its unspoken companionship.

(*To be continued.*)

"'Miss Hannah, do you know that I have a great claim on your sympathies?'"

Nuts with Kernels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC.

PATIENCE IN PAIN.—What distinguished service more deserved a Victoria Cross than the service in suffering of Robert Hall, the great preacher, who, being afflicted with an acute disease which sometimes caused him to roll on the floor with agony, would rise therefrom, wiping from his brow the drops of sweat which the pain had caused, and, trembling from the conflict, ask, "But I did not complain—I did not cry out much, did I?"

At the end of a letter to a friend, Sidney Smith added playfully, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well." On another occasion he wrote to a friend:—

"What an admirable provision of Providence is the gout! What prevents human beings from making the body a larder or a cellar but the gout? When I feel the pang, I say, 'I know what this is for; I know what you mean; I understand the hint!' and so I endeavour to extract a little wisdom from pain."

"**Nevermind and Notparticular.**"—Mr. Careless Nevermind and Miss Notparticular think that great men only deal with great things. The most brilliant discoverers were of a different opinion. They made their discoveries by observing and interpreting simple facts. When fools were walking in darkness, the eyes of these wise men were in their heads. Galileo's discovery of the pendulum was suggested to his observant eye by a lamp swinging from the ceiling of Pisa Cathedral. A spider's net suspended across the path of Sir Samuel Brown, as he walked one dewy morning in his garden, was the prompter that gave to him the idea of his suspension bridge across the Tweed. So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought New World was not far off. Galvani observed that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, and it was this apparently insignificant fact that led to the invention of the electric telegraph. While a bad observer may "go through a forest and see no firewood," a true *seer* learns from the smallest things and apparently the most insignificant people.

"**Only Trifles.**"—It is related of a Manchester manufacturer, that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house with all its furniture just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed. On applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My lord," was the reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate: and excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it."

"**Of what use is it?**"—"Oh, what's the good of doing this and that?" we say in reference to departments of our business where quick returns are not forthcoming, or where success does not at once stare us in the face. When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, people of this baser sort asked with a sneer, "Of what use is it?" The philosopher's retort was: "What is the use of a child? It may become a man!" By the way, grown-up people should remember, while doing improper things in the presence of him who is "only a child," that he will one day become a man just like themselves.

"**Shaming 'im into it.**"—Driving up Holborn Hill, a costermonger's donkey refused to go farther; so the man took the animal out of the shafts, and began pulling the cart up the hill. Some one asked why he did that. "Oh, I'm trying to shame 'im into it!" In the same way we ought to be shamed into bearing patiently our small trials, when we consider the pains which martyrs have endured, and think how even now many people are bearing affliction beyond all measure greater than ours.

From a Photograph] [*by* G. Cousins.

WHALE STRANDED AT BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.

Earth's Biggest Tenants.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

I ONCE stood on the back of a floating whale. The creature was dead, and was tied to a pier by a rope; but my little boyish adventure, free though it was from all danger, gave me a vivid interest in the biggest of all creatures living on the earth, which I have never lost. I have good reason to remember that particular whale, for it was afterwards cut up and boiled, to extract the oil, within a mile of my home; and, when the wind blew from the east, the smell was dreadful. Even the negro, named Jacko, who carved the whale into convenient pieces for boiling, was unbearable at a distance of three or four yards. The perfume given out by a dead whale on a beach on a hot summer's day is not a thing to be trifled with. This is not surprising, for whales, as a rule, are of vast bulk. The porpoises, which puff and roll about our coasts, are not very large, although they are closely related to whales, and the dolphins, found in the mouth of the La Plata, in South America, measure no more than a yard; but these are not, except in scientific language, known as whales. The longest representative of the whales proper is the rorqual, which is found in almost all seas, except in the extreme north and south. If it stood on its head on the beach (which it never does), it would be necessary for thirteen tall men to stand on one another's heads for the topmost to reach his hand to the tip of the creature's tail. When with this great length is joined a prodigious girth, it is not surprising to be told that no bigger animals have ever been seen by man.

Some years ago the Colonial Office asked the following question of Sir William Flower, who was then the Head of the Natural History Department of the British Museum—"What is a fish?" It was not a riddle. By virtue of an old treaty the French claimed the right to take "fish" on the coast of Newfoundland. Is a crab a fish? Is a whale a fish? Sir William turned first to Johnson's Dictionary. "A fish," it said, "is an animal that inhabits the water." Now this was altogether too vague for modern science, and Sir William sent a reply giving a definition of the things which entitle an animal to be called a fish at the end of the nineteenth century.

Fishes must come out of eggs, have poorly developed brains, and no lungs, and never enjoy the luxury of warm blood in their veins. Now, as whales, like human babies, are born alive, have highly developed brains, and breathe by means of lungs, and have warm blood coursing through their veins, it follows that whales are not fishes. They are, in fact, in spite of outward appearance, much more like a donkey or a mouse than they are like any fish in the sea.

Whales are, without doubt, very like fishes in shape, but that is simply for their own private convenience. It suits them to have no neck that can be seen, and forelegs flattened out into paddles without nails or toes. As to hind legs, they dispense with them altogether, leaving a bone or two to show that they once possessed them. A great broad flat tail such as whales have is worth, for swimming purposes, half a dozen hind legs. To be a little different from their humbler neighbours, the fishes, their tails are of another pattern. Stand in front of a herring, and one tip of its tail points to your nose and the other to your toes. Look at a whale, and the tips of its tail are turned to the right and the left.

Most animals related to whales live on the land, and are provided with excellent coats of hair or fur to protect their bodies. Pigs and tigers, donkeys and dogs, are alike decently clothed. Seals, which pass their time in the sea, have sealskin jackets to keep them warm and dry. But nature has sent whales into the world with nothing in the shape of a coat to protect their naked skins. True, some of them have very scanty whiskers and moustaches when they are born, but even these disappear gradually as they grow up. A full-grown rorqual, sixty-seven feet in length, only possesses a quarter of a hundred white, stiff, straight hairs on its chin. Fancy a creature so huge clothed only with twenty-five white whiskers! But, after all, nature has not been unkind. In place of a rough coat outside the skin, which might be troublesome for swimming in, whales possess, inside the skin, waterproof waistcoats, which, for excellence of fit and warmth of material, could hardly be surpassed. Clothed in his thick covering of fat, or blubber as it is usually called, the whale plunges without a shiver into the coldest seas.

Everybody who has dived when bathing, or even held his face in the water of his wash-basin, knows that he must hold his breath until his mouth and nose are in the air again. If he sniffs or opens his mouth while under water he will be sincerely sorry for it. Now, a whale does exactly what a bather does, only he holds his breath for a longer time. A Greenland whale can stay under water for half an hour at a time, and a baby whale for as much as three-quarters of an hour. Naturally, when they come to the surface again, they blow their noses with considerable vigour. For greater convenience in performing this necessary operation their nostrils, or blow-holes, as they are somewhat coarsely called, are placed on the topmost part of their heads.

Whales often dive for the mere fun of the thing, and sometimes to escape the attacks of men. Their chief object, however, in going below the surface is to find the food on which they live. An examination of the mouths of whales, which cannot be carried out with comfort while the animals are alive, shows that there are two quite distinct classes, one with teeth, the other with none.

Mammals almost invariably have teeth, sharp in front for biting, and broad behind for chewing. Whales, however, even when they possess teeth, do not chew their food, but swallow it whole, and therefore their mouths are furnished accordingly. They need a good supply of sharp teeth to seize their slippery prey, and they have nothing to complain of in this respect. Instead of the literal allowance of eleven on each side of both jaws, they own from twenty to thirty, and one species has as many as sixty, or two hundred and forty in all. What a sum of money a set of artificial teeth would cost if whales needed such things! Those species known as whalebone-whales have no teeth at all, and get on excellently without them. From the roof of their mouths hang immense strainers, made up of hundreds

From a Photograph by] WHALE WASHED ASHORE AT BOSCOMBE. [HABGOOD, *Boscombe.*

of horny plates many feet in length, with which they capture the fish they are able to enclose in their enormous mouths.

No whales eat vegetables. All their meals consist of fish, and the size of the fish depends upon the kind of mouth the whale possesses. An animal of the toothed kind does not waste his time snapping up shrimps one at a time. He naturally seeks bigger prey. The longest of the whales, the rorqual, has been taken with eight hundred cod-fishes in his stomach. Perhaps he was a glutton. Anyhow, he did not seem to be suffering from indigestion. One of the toothed whales, the Orca, is quite a savage, for he not only eats seals when he can catch them, but even attacks his brother whales. He sometimes has to pay the penalty for his gluttony. He has been found dead with several seals in his stomach, and one stuck in his throat.

The species which have their mouths supplied with strainers feed on crab-like creatures, cuttle-fishes, and other small animals swimming or floating in the sea. When they encounter a shoal of these they simply open their great mouths and shut them on their prey, give a swish with their tongues, so as to force the water out through the fringes of whalebone, and, without any apology to the cuttle-fishes which are left behind, straightway swallow them.

With the exception of the gentleman mentioned above who eats his own brothers, whales are possessed of unblemished characters. They are fond of each other's society, and have learnt to behave in company with dignity and self-respect. They breathe, indeed, with what Sir William Flower calls a considerable amount of emphasis, but that is a physical peculiarity which they cannot help. In all other respects they behave with the utmost propriety.

For one of their virtues, I am sorry to say, they have often a cruel reward. Many mammals display great love for their offspring, but none are more ready than whales to sacrifice themselves for their helpless young. So well is this understood by whalers, that they make a practice of striking a young whale when in company with its mother rather than the mother herself, for they know that a whale will never desert her wounded calf.

The human race usually estimates the value of an animal by the use it can make of it, and whales, like other things, have to conform to this rule. Now these huge beings possess three or four things greatly coveted by man. The sperm whale, which is the biggest and heaviest of its kind, although not as long as the eighty-feet rorqual, carries about in its extraordinarily thick head a substance known as spermaceti, used in the manufacture of candles and ointments, and in its stomach it secretes ambergris, used in perfumes. The Greenland whale has its mouth full of whalebone, and this substance has been known to fetch as much as £2,650 a ton. Besides these special products, there are the blubber waistcoats possessed by all the whale family. It is not surprising, therefore, that these harmless and valuable creatures should be pursued and shot at with harpoons and explosive bullets, and killed, and carved, and boiled, until they have become comparatively rare.

Happily for whales the ocean is wide and deep, and man is ever on the alert to find out new and cheaper materials to work upon. The discovery of mineral oils may enable whales to enjoy their own spermaceti and blubber in peace, and substitutes now used for whalebone in the wardrobe of ladies may drive from their minds the recollection of the fatal time when the tail of a whale was a perquisite of the Queen.

The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

IV. LANFRANC AND WILLIAM: ANSELM AND RUFUS.

It is difficult to hold the balance equally in any record of the conflicts between kings and ecclesiastical rulers during the gradual development of Roman error and the Papal claims of supremacy in England.

The days were dark indeed during the reigns of William the Conqueror and William Rufus. The Conqueror had played into the hands of the Papacy as far as he thought the Papacy would help him in his ambitious aims: but in the end he found himself the loser. "More than one third of the whole land of the kingdom, at the close of the Conqueror's reign, was in the hands of the Church." The spirit of superstition and fear prompted the king, *under a feeling of remorse for deeds of blood and violence* in the Conquest of the country, and the widespread misery which greed of gain and lust of power had caused, to devote immense sums of money to the erection of Norman cathedrals and abbeys of *expiation*, and the foundation of numerous monasteries*: and in this way the errors of Rome crept on apace. The last hours of William's life were sad enough. Taking offence at some hasty words spoken by the King of France, which he deemed insulting, he ravaged, in cruel vengeance, the little frontier city of Mantes and the district surrounding it; and whilst thus engaged an internal injury from the pommel of his saddle resulted in a lingering death of agony at Rouen. Rufus followed him as king: and, lacking even the superstitious feelings of William, made it his aim to seize, as far as he could, upon the incomes of the bishoprics and abbeys in the hands of ecclesiastics, who, he said, "held half of his kingdom."

Archbishop Lanfranc through William's reign was his favourite minister, and no doubt exercised a restraining influence over the king: but his Roman tendencies were very marked. The marriage of the clergy was increasingly prohibited, and the new

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* Dean Spence.

From a Photograph]

ANCIENT TREDE CHURCH ON TOWTON BATTLEFIELD.

and strange dogma of *Transubstantiation* was advocated by him. Unheard of till 826, when the monk Radbertus first formulated it, the *floating* error at last gained the sanction of Rome in the year 1050. The celebrated scholar, Berengar, utterly opposed the heresy, on the authority of Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and others; and even Hildebrand at first hesitated to receive it. But at length—more than a thousand years after the simple institution of the Lord's Supper—this newly invented dogma was declared to be a tenet "necessary to salvation." Its very extravagance seemed to recommend it, especially to the priests of Rome. Once received, it was seen that the Papal supremacy over kings would necessarily follow. "The priest," says Southey in his *Book of the Church*, "had before his eyes, and held in his hands, the Maker of Heaven and Earth": and of course "the inference from so blasphemous an assumption was, that the priests were not to be subject to any secular authority, seeing that they could create God their Creator! Let it not be supposed," continues Southey, "that this statement is in the slightest part exaggerated: it is delivered faithfully in their own words."

The Church of England was thus brought into closer dependence on Rome. The very evil of the king's life and the strength of Lanfranc's character conduced to this: and transubstantiation and the celibacy of the clergy became henceforward two main pillars of the system of ecclesiastical supremacy.

What Lanfranc accomplished in this way, Anselm, his successor, yet further developed. The unbelieving and really pagan William Rufus, by his grasping rapacity, increased the sympathy of the people with the great ecclesiastical scholar who resisted him. In a dangerous illness Rufus had nominated Anselm to the primacy: but on his recovery he resumed his former course, and seized upon all the Church property he could reach. Anselm took occasion from this wrongdoing to appeal to Pope Urban II.: and thus again Rome assumed the office of a judge over England's National Church. The Pope was politic enough to hesitate in actually condemning Rufus; and Anselm remained abroad till the king's tragic death in the New Forest. The archbishop's return was welcomed by the new sovereign, Henry Beauclerc, and during his reign the acknowledgment of the supreme jurisdiction of Rome advanced still further.

What this jurisdiction involved, even at this period, it is well to remember. A dispute between Henry and Anselm, as to "homage for the possession of his See," led to a fresh appeal to the Pope. The response was in extraordinary terms. The Pope insisted on his point, and supported it by the strangest distortion of Scripture: "I am the Door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved. . . . If kings take upon themselves to be the Door of the Church, whosoever enter by them become thieves and robbers, not shepherds. . . . That Priests are called Gods, as being the Vicars of Christ, is manifest in Scripture."

No wonder the Papal claims grew stronger and stronger, till, as Southey says:—"According to the Canonists, the Pope was as far above all kings as the sun is greater than the moon. His power it was which was intended, when it was said to the Prophet Jeremiah, 'Behold I have this day set thee over the nations and the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy.' It was an incomprehensible and infinite power: because 'great is the Lord, and great is His power, and of His greatness there is no end.' . . . 'All nations and kingdoms were under the Pope's jurisdiction; for to him God had delivered over the power and dominion in Heaven and Earth.'" *

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* Southey's *Book of the Church*, pages 177-8, in which authoritative references are given asserting these and, if possible, still higher claims.

ENGLISH MARY.

Oh, I love a maiden true and strong,
And she is my English Mary;
And her voice is as a summer song
Which the moods of April vary.

F. H. WILLIAMS.

The Young Folks' Page.

QUEEN OF TO-DAY.

WHO shall be Queen
of To-day?
Not the prettiest
one, not the wittiest one!
Nor she with the gown most
gay!
But she that is pleasantest
all the day through,
With the pleasantest things
to say and to do,—
Oh, she shall be Queen of
To-day!

DO WE KNOW OUR PRAYER BOOK?

It is a custom in Finland for the people—men and women and children—to be examined in their knowledge of the Bible by the pastors of the country parishes, and it is thought a disgrace to fail to answer questions. The Prayer Book is also studied by the people in West Africa. At one of the Mission stations, the elder children were recently examined on the first eight Articles. We fear some at home would fail to pass such an examination!

A PRECIOUS GIFT.

Reading is a precious gift. The poor Indian, when he found the missionary was able to send messages to his home by "making chips talk," could not find words to express his amazement. Printing is God's modern miracle. A good book is like a friend, always ready to talk with us, and to talk to good purpose too. In seasons of sickness especially, when we cannot see much of other friends, and have to pass many hours alone, it would not be easy to say what we should do if we could not get hold of some pleasant book. But in health and strength also good books are invaluable; and many a Sunday scholar who has taken care, like the "busy bee," to "improve the shining hours" of youth, by treasuring up the stores of knowledge they contain, has found himself in after years gradually climbing life's ladder of usefulness. They may not have become as famous as one of their number, the great African explorer Livingstone; but they have exercised an influence for good "in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call them," and that is quite enough for any one to do.

C. B.

A BLIND MAN.

A very beautiful story is told of a blind man, who on dark evenings used to sit selling matches at the corner of a city street. People used to remark that he never failed to have a lantern beside him. Once some one went up to him and asked what he had the lantern there for, seeing that he was blind, and the light was the same to him as the darkness. The blind man replied—

"I have it so that no one may stumble over me."

So let us keep our light shining so that none may stumble over us. By our example we may help others on the road of life, or we may prove an obstacle in the path. Let us remember we may be a blessing—one of God's blessings—to our fellows. And as Herrick says:—

> "Whatever comes, let's be content withal;
> Among God's blessings there is no one small."

A SUMMER DAY.

A little brook went singing,
All through the summer hours,
Ever a low soft murmur
It whispered to the flowers.

What was the brooklet singing?
What did its murmurs say,
Its dreamy tones of music,
Through all the summer day?

It said, "My life is humble,
But very tranquil too;
I gaze for ever upward,
On that deep sky of blue.

"The work my Maker gives me,
It makes me glad to do;
His smile is in the sunshine,
His blessing in the dew.

"And anywhere, and everywhere,
So that I do His will,
And do my life's work bravely,
I shall be happy still."

L. R.

"AWAKE, MY SOUL!"

Bishop Ken's well-known hymn, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," acquires additional interest when we know that it was composed for the Winchester scholars, to be sung in the chambers of the boys before chapel every morning. He recited it each day himself before he dressed, and by his express desire he was buried at sunrise to the sounds of his own verses; and in the parish church of Frome it is still chanted every Sunday morning close to his grave.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

The Parables.

1. GIVE two examples of Old Testament parables.
2. What Psalm foretold that the Lord would speak parables?
3. Which parable did the Lord imply was the easiest of all?
4. Which two did He Himself interpret?
5. What three *pairs* of parables have we?
6. What parable does St. Mark give in place of that of the leaven?
7. From what question did the parable of the good Samaritan arise?
8. Which parable was due to a man's thought read by the Lord?

ANSWERS (See June No., p. 143).

1. Acts vii. 56.
2. Dan. i. 9.
3. Jud. vi. 21.
4. Jer. xlv. 5.
5. Gen. xxiii. 17, 13.
6. Job xlii. 14.
7. John i. 44.
8. Ezra iii. 2.
9. Heb. xi. 9.
10. Matt. xxvi. 9.

King Baby: His Care and Culture.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

VIII. IN SICKNESS.

LAST month I gave some advice with regard to the first two serious ills our babies may meet with, viz., convulsions and croup. To-day I want to tell a little about the treatment of thrush and measles. No one feels her own weakness as much as a mother does. Guard our children as carefully as we will, wash them as scientifically, dress them as rationally, look after them as continually as we may, illness *will* come into our homes. The passing of an open drain, a sudden change of temperature, even a fraternal kiss, may result in those terrible foes of child life, diphtheria, or whooping cough, or measles. "Thus far can ye come, but no farther," says the Omnipresent, Omnipotent Creator and Preserver of mankind. All beyond a certain point is beyond our ken and beyond our control.

A DANISH MOTHER AND CHILD.

The infantile disease of thrush, however, is one that can be prevented by ordinary care and attention. Those white, irritating specks on the tongue and soft palate *always* arise from one of two causes—dirt or bad feeding. I am quite aware that the mother of a "superior" nursery will give no heed to the first of these reasons, and yet thrush is one of the commonest of ailments even when a "trained" nurse has charge of our infants. The use of a tiny mouth-sponge will often prevent its appearance. Nurses may be scrupulously cleanly in most of their methods, and yet not use this little commonplace instrument. It can be bought for 6*d.* at any chemist's.

It is simply a piece of sponge attached to some kind of handle, and constantly used for mopping out the mouth. Baby *enjoys* the feel of the soft warm water, and it is amusing to see how soon he opens his lips for the frequent washing.

When thrush comes, in spite of this particular point in cleanliness, we must look to the food of King Baby. When we are rearing him on Nature's supply, thrush is almost unknown. If we are sure that the *bottle* is not in fault (inattention to detail in purifying the tube and nipple is a fruitful source of this disease), we must put the child on an exclusively milk diet for awhile. The milk also should be boiled, to render it easier of digestion, and be only very slightly sweetened. Thrush comes from acidity of the stomach, and it is well to remember that saccharine in every form contributes its quota to that condition.

The local treatment is very simple. Mix together equal parts of honey and powdered borax. Well and frequently smear the parts affected with this. Or put some crushed borax and a lump of powdered sugar into a small bottle, and occasionally dust the tongue with it. The formula Dr. Pye Chevasse gives for this powder is—borax, half a drachm; lump sugar, two scruples. This will make up into twelve parts, one of which can be given every four hours until the mouth is less sore and painful.

I have never treated a severe case of thrush myself, as I have well learned the truth of the old axiom, "Prevention is better than cure." But I am told that if this complaint has been brought on from over-feeding on artificial food (malnutrition results as much from over-feeding as under-feeding), a rapid cure is effected by securing the services of a foster mother. This method of rearing a child has gone out of fashion lately, but there is nothing like a good wet nurse for most of the diseases of childhood. I have seen truly magical results flow from even a short period of *nursing* after Nature's fashion. We may open our eyes and shake our heads at the French system of fosterage, but child mortality in France compares very favourably with the same death-rate in England. Pure air, sweet food, and thorough ventilation are essential to recovery from thrush.

The next illness on my list is *measles*. This fever is not peculiar to any age. An infant is quite as liable to take it as are older children. In these papers, as you will have observed, I always treat of preventive measures first; so I will advise you how to guard your child when the disease is abroad. Of course, if measles have been really introduced into our home, isolation—that safeguard in so many other ills—is scarcely possible. Unhappily, it is more infectious in its stage of incubation than at any other time. But, always observe the smallest sign of sneezing and cold, and do not let indiscriminate endearments take place at such a time. A child with a cold in the head should never be allowed to kiss the other inmates in his home. He may be "in" for measles or influenza. The same restriction should be laid on one who has the smallest symptom of sore throat. *He* may be sickening for those far worse diseases, diphtheria and scarlet fever. I have known a treasured little daughter called to go through the terrible suffering of diphtheria, with its almost certain ending, just from meeting a friend and innocently kissing her. The nurses in charge knew the child had a sore throat, but they knew nothing of the deadly microbes lurking (consequently) in her breath. Here I would impress on the guardians of all "little folk" that what is a very ephemeral ill in adults may have fatal consequences to an infant.

No mother suffering from even the slightest cold should lean over her baby. Slight inflammation in her case would, in the small air passages of nostrils and windpipe of an infant, amount to positive danger. I almost think promiscuous kissing should be prohibited in a house where tiny children are developing and struggling towards a fuller life!

But to return to measles. Isolation being practically useless, all we can do is to keep the children—even if seemingly well—more warmly clothed than usually, and more bountifully fed. Also, as a preventive, a pilule of Homœopathic camphor given every morning purifies the blood, and thus militates against infection. When the crescent-shaped patches appear on face, neck, and round the roots of the hair, our little one should be put to bed and given warm drinks. Milk and water is the best "food" to give, and no solids should be allowed. The measle cough is a brazen, loud affair. If it be hard, a kettle kept steaming on the hob is a softener, and often gives relief. The temperature of the room should be kept at 60°, and the thermometer must hang *on* the head of the bed or crib; not on an outer wall, or it will be chilled; not near a fire, or it will be unduly heated. In either case it will be a valueless guide. We want to know that our little patient is breathing air at 60° Fahr.: so the thermometer must not lie far from his head. Never give an aperient in measles. Nature will right itself after a few days—usually; if not, a doctor must give what he thinks best.

Draughts must be carefully provided against. A screen is therefore a necessity in the nursery when measles are visiting it. A handy one can easily be made by placing an ordinary high, three-fold, old-fashioned airing horse round the bed. A heavy curtain can be flung over this, or a thick blanket. It must rest on the floor, and ventilation be secured by an upper current of air only. But further details must be reserved for next month.

Specially drawn for "Home Words,"] [*by* F.W. Burton.

HARVEST HOME.

"Off to the homestead move 'Blackbird' and 'Snip.'"

HOME WORDS

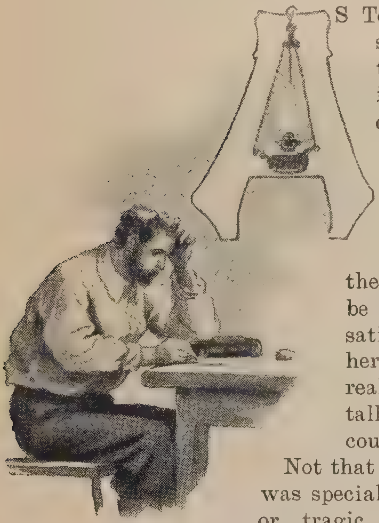
FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

God's Gold.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "A BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARKED SOVEREIGN (*continued*).



AS Ted, his father said, was sure to be at home in a very few days, Arthur kept back his letter to Lizzie till he came, feeling that the epistle would be so much more satisfactory to her, if he had really seen and talked with her cousin.

Not that their meeting was specially impressive or tragic. There was nothing to make it so. They were only both Crover boys, old playmates, who had never been specially friends; and Ted, in his absence, had never thought of Arthur, though the Maxwells had kept Arthur in remembrance of him.

It was strange that though Arthur, in his fever, had recognised Ted—his brain probably directed by some chance utterance of his name—he now found it hard to trace in him any resemblance to the boy who had gone away. The young Ted had been fair and smiling, full of fun and mischief; this Ted was bronzed and grave, scant of speech, and somewhat sour of manner. Arthur could understand that resentment for the wrong his father had suffered—the influence of which had served to divert his own life from its original grooves—had wrought him into a severe and cynical mood. His own judgment on himself was "that he had been a fool." Arthur could see that it would not have been easy to persuade Ted himself to re-open communication with Crover. But that was Arthur's business now, and Ted accepted the inevitable.

"I can't think why you should have let the loss of that sovereign weigh so hard on you," Arthur said. "Why, if you had gone home and told your grandfather—he isn't very rich, I know—but I think he'd have managed——"

'Ah, but there was more than the loss," Ted answered grimly. "It was a marked sovereign. I was looking at that when it rolled out of my hands; there was a little cross made on the Queen's cheek. No other sovereign would have been that sovereign."

"But if you'd told your grandfather, he would have explained the loss to Mr. Bland," urged Arthur.

"Grandfather would have heard my story—I don't know whether he would have believed it," returned Ted; "but if he'd told it to Mr. Bland, he wouldn't have believed it, and next, he might have believed grandfather had made it up to screen me."

"But why should Mr. Bland have suspected you?" asked Arthur.

"He knew about my conviction, I suppose," said "Beardie," quite calmly.

"How could he?" Arthur questioned. For he remembered that Lizzie had told him that her grandfather had only named the matter to the master after Ted's strange disappearance.

"I believe Chance of the hotel gave him a hint," said Ted. "That young Bertie Chance, the nephew, hadn't come into his money then, and his uncle would have liked to get him into my place at Bland's. A day or two before, Bertie Chance himself had twitted me that some gentleman, visiting the hotel, had asked his uncle if there was a lad Fisher in Crover, adding that he had known his father before he was transported. Bertie called after me, 'Uncle says, "What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh."' Of course, I thought that was what Mr. Bland would say too; and, perhaps, even grandfather."

"I wonder who that stranger was," mused "Beardie." "Surely he must have had some strong interest in us to remember about Ted, and where he was, and all that. Mine hadn't been the life to make friends who remember one the day after to-morrow if one's out of sight. And it was not a friendly sort of remembrance, either. I wonder——" But there "Beardie" broke off short.

After a brief pause Ted shifted the subject a little. "It's strange," he said, "whenever I dream, I'm always in Crover. I suppose you left the little place much as it used to be?" he asked. "Lizzie had great notions of improving it, I know, but I don't see that she can have managed that—the way things have gone. If she still has the same feeling, we might contrive to send home——"

"It's being done already; likely it is finished by now," answered Arthur. "She tells me that one of the summer visitors has taken such a fancy to the place that he's going to put it in order, and to build another room or two, so as they will keep it ready for him when he wants to come down."

"Ay, that's it; what one doesn't do oneself, somebody else does," remarked Ted. "I don't wonder at anybody taking a liking to the Cot. Did you know this person before you came away?"

"'But if you'd told your grandfather, he would have explained the loss.'"—*Page* 195.

Arthur shook his head. "Only by sight," he replied. "He was staying in swell lodgings then—in the Crescent. An elderly man, worried-looking, as if he'd been through a lot of trouble. Lizzie says he's kind of melancholy. They called him a Mr. Latter, from London."

"Beardie" sprang up with a sudden energy, almost youthful, in strong contrast to his usual deliberate movement. He walked straight across the room and out at the door. Ted looked after him.

"I wonder what has come into the father's head," he observed. "That's his way when he gets an idea."

CHAPTER XVI.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

"It was early on the lovely afternoon of a showery day that Arthur Sands' letter, written from "Beardie's" house, arrived in Crover.

There had been rather a long silence before this letter came—silence caused by Arthur's illness, of which it now brought the first news. Lizzie had suffered in this silence: the more because the letter which preceded it had been that bearing the news of Ben Crowder's death, and of the retreat of the expedition into the mining settlement. But Lizzie had had all her usual work to do, and had tried to spend every spare minute with the Crowders, soothing the poor mother, who seemed sinking under the blow, and upholding Bella, who, in face of the irrevocable, mourned not so much for her brother as he had been as for that brother as he might have been, and who seemed strangely inclined to take upon herself the blame of all her disappointment in him.

Still, that silence had been hard to bear. And now her heart leaped in glad thanksgiving when she saw Arthur's letter. With a joyful exclamation she carried it into the kitchen. Her grandfather was seated there, and Mr. Latter, who had newly arrived from London, was with him. The little room was flooded with the soft clear sunshine which comes after rain.

Old Mr. Maxwell treated all letters after the fashion of those who do not receive many. He studied the date and the postmark, wondered why Arthur should write to him this time, and turned out all the contents of his pocket to find a knife to cut open the envelope.

Considering all this leisureliness, it was well for poor Lizzie that Arthur had thoughtfully opened his epistle with what he knew would be the best news of all to her—

"I am coming home as soon as I can. I shall follow this letter very quickly."

"What! made his fortune already?" asked Mr. Latter. Lizzie did not even hear his voice. There was such a burst of music in her heart.

"No, I don't think so," answered Mr. Maxwell, stumbling on over the letter. "No; for he says,—

"'I'm coming back poorer than when I left—so far as money goes. I mean to work my way back. I've found good friends here who can put me in the way of doing that. But tell Lizzie I think I've found Wisdom, and that's worth going all across the world to get, and perhaps there's no better investment for one's savings'"

"Ay, that's so," commented the old pilot, peering over his spectacles. "'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,' says the good Book, 'and better is it to get wisdom than to get gold.'" Then he went on reading.

"'Tell Lizzie I was in hopes to do great things for her, though I don't believe she was a bit tempted by them. But now I think it's to be the other way about; and I am ashamed to think how I've lost much I might have offered her. I was glad to hear you have been getting on so well,—through this Mr. Latter's arrangement about the cottage. But I've got some strange news for you—news that will please you very much. Don't be startled. Can you fancy who are the friends who are going to help me home? Can you believe that I have come across——"

"O Lizzie!" cried the old man, dropping the letter on his knee. "He says, 'At this very minute I'm with Ted Fisher, and his father too.'"

There was one second of rapt silence. Then with a stricken cry Mr. Latter fell to the ground in a convulsive fit—evidently the result of intense excitement.

"He walked straight across the room and out at the door."—*Page* 196.

All was at once confusion. Lizzie could not raise the prostrate man. Her grandfather was equally helpless. Neighbours had to be summoned, a doctor was fetched. It was hours before the reading of Arthur's letter could be resumed. But what did that matter? The letter was there! Arthur was coming home!

Bell Crowder, tall and powerful, able to lift and to support, was at last installed as nurse to the still half-conscious man. Then the old pilot and his grand-daughter could again draw together in the little kitchen. It was in the twilight that they finished the reading of the letter which had come in the sunshine.

Arthur told all about his illness, and how "Beardie" had sheltered and succoured him. He told "Beardie's" story as he had heard it, adding, "You couldn't look in 'Beardie's' face and not believe him." He told of his meeting with Ted, and of the account which Ted and his father gave of the former's flight from Crover.

"It makes a lot plain," said old Mr. Maxwell. "I did think Mr. Bland didn't seem much astonished when I told him what Ted's father had been. May God bless him for not mentioning about the lost sovereign, though things looked so black against Ted. I mind he said he'd not say a word about Ted behind his back."

Lizzie did not speak at once. She thought that probably Mr. Bland's reticence had been due to regard for her grandfather, and to a neighbourly reluctance to fill up his cup of family shame.

"As Fisher is the man he is now, it doesn't matter to me whether or not he'd once been guilty of that forgery," mused the old man. "If he has been saved from sinfulness, why, that's far more than being saved from any particular sin. Arthur writes that Fisher says I wasn't too hard on him; and the more he says that, the more do I think I was! Well, well, I'm not an angel in Heaven,—far from it,—but if I couldn't rejoice with Kate on her wedding day, poor dear, I do hope she knows I'm rejoicing with her now."

So the two sat talking in low voices, turning the new light they had just gained upon many mysteries and bewilderments of the past. They were at last thinking of retiring to rest, when Bell Crowder came out of the sick man's bedroom.

"I've been told to keep him quiet," she said; "but I see that can't be till he's got something off his mind. I'm not sure whether he is in his right senses or not, but he keeps saying that though he does not think you'll put him in prison, he's quite sure you won't have anything more to do with him. He keeps thanking God that his wife and children were taken away before what he calls 'the evil day.' He thinks you are keeping out of the way for that reason. If he's to have any rest at all to-night, I think you'd better come in,—though we had thought at first that you'd better stay out. Very likely he'll be quite quiet after he has seen you. Sick folk take such queer fancies."

"With a joyful exclamation she carried it into the kitchen."
—*Page* 196.

Lizzie shrank to her grandfather's side when she gazed on the awful drawn countenance of the invalid. As they approached the bed, he groaned in a deep, hollow voice,—

"'Be sure your sin will find you out,'—and I know this day that the word is true."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Maxwell cheerily, thinking that his old lodger was but lightheaded, and on his usual melancholy lines. "That's the comfort of it. There'd be no getting close to Our Father if He let us hide behind our misdoings."

The sick man tossed with fevered restlessness. "Why didn't I speak?" he moaned. "I've had all my life made as dark as pitch. And I've tried to make restitution, and yet it has all had to come out at the last. Why didn't I speak out, myself—like a man?"

"What's the matter, friend?" asked Mr. Maxwell kindly, beginning to realize that there was some meaning in this madness. "If there's aught you ought to have spoken about before, speak now—now is always a day of salvation—never mind yesterday."

"It's too late!" groaned the miserable man; "you know it is. Of course he has told you. I always thought that he knew it must have been me who did it."

"There's not a person said a single word about you," Mr. Maxwell assured him, again inclined to think that his mind was wandering.

"No; it was all written!" cried Mr. Latter. "Don't pretend. That letter told all about it. If Fisher is living to-day, and sending messages to you, he would tell the whole truth. He tried to turn suspicion on me at the trial; and they were the harder on him for endeavouring, as they said, to slur the innocent! Who was likely to be guilty, they said, a man in want, with debts pressing, and no character to speak of? or me, so respectable, and believed to be so well off? Maxwell, it was I who forged the cheque for which Fisher was convicted!"

He uttered the last sentence with a shriek, and sank back exhausted.

"Well, all I can say is," said Mr. Maxwell, "that though you've spoken out rather late, still you've spoken first. Arthur said that Fisher told him he thought he knew who had been guilty; but he wasn't going to name his suspicions, having known what it is to be wrongly accused himself. And yet Arthur must have named you to him, for he says how pleased they were to hear that our cottage had got repaired through your coming to live with us."

There followed an awful silence. The ticking of Mr. Latter's heavy gold watch, lying on the toilet table, smote heavily on the hush. Present-

"Mr. Latter fell to the ground in a convulsive fit."—*Page* 197.

"'Maxwell, it was I who forged the cheque for which Fisher was convicted.'"—*Page* 198.

ly there was another sound—the terrible sound of a strong man's sobs.

"The Lord has had great mercy on you, friend," said Mr. Maxwell, with solemn emphasis. "He's brought you into the truth at last. He's been struggling with your soul all these years, and you wouldn't give Him His way till you thought He'd taken it without your will. One can't build up repentance with a lie underneath it. If one shuts a sin up in one's heart, one shuts out the blessing of God. Be thankful today, man. Don't think about us. God has known this all the time. It has stood between Him and your soul. Now He has put it aside. Man, the Lord Himself can't put away our transgressions while we deny them."

CHAPTER XVII.

THREE YEARS AFTERWARDS.

A GLORIOUS sunset sky. Once more Arthur Sands and Lizzie stand watching it, leaning over the railing of Crover esplanade.

"Do you remember when we stood here a few evenings before I went away?" asked Arthur. "Oh what a perverse, selfish fellow I was!"

Lizzie looked at him wistfully. "Do you think we could be happier than we are, Arthur," she asked, "if you had succeeded in discovering the gold mine that poor Ben found."

Arthur shook his head gravely. "Well," he said, "it hasn't seemed to do much good to those who did get to it in the end. Hansen was always a hard man, and getting rich doesn't soften one; and I who knew his ways own that it didn't much astonish me when I heard that one of his men had put a bullet through him. Then Chance, you see, who never did any of the work, but just kept on putting his money into the speculation, as he might have laid it down on a gaming table, he was not prepared for wealth, nor disciplined to use it. His pleasures had been beer and whiskey: now they are fine kinds of champagne. I am only thankful that his visit to Crover was so short. But short as it was, it did plenty of harm! The fact is, Lizzie, I've learned to feel that nobody is fit to have much money except those who can be quite happy with little. So then you see it is neither here nor there."

"Talking of looking for gold, Arthur," Lizzie observed, "was there ever a more curious 'find' than that of Mr. Bland's marked sovereign—picked up twelve years after Ted lost it, in the little stream flowing through the chasm to which it must have rolled when Ted dropped it!"

"You see, unless we had known the whole story," said Arthur, "we should not have known the significance of that 'find.' We should just have supposed that some tourist had dropped his money. But the minute I heard of the dilse-gatherer's luck, the idea flashed into my mind that this might be Ted's money,—and when I asked to see the identical coin, there was the little cross on the Queen's cheek right enough!"

"It's so strange how one thing leads on to another," said Lizzie.

"Aye," answered Arthur, "I remember saying that to Ted's father a night or two before I left them. I was saying that if I hadn't made a fool of myself fortune-hunting, may be we should never have found them. Then Ted put in his word. 'Yes, but if I'd never run off, I'd have been at home to help look after grandfather, and then may be you'd never have thought of coming away.' (I'm afraid I might rather have dragged you with me, Lizzie!) And then Ted went on, 'And if father hadn't been falsely accused, I'd never have run away as I did.'"

"That seems to put responsibility for all the trouble on poor Mr. Latter," remarked Lizzie.

"Aye, if it could stop there, said Arthur, "but Ted's father would not allow that. 'We'll not put all the burden on the man who was really guilty, whoever he was'—(that was how he put it)—'because it wasn't my virtues which caused me to be suspected, and though I was not guilty then, I well might have been.' That's what he said. 'Good does not come out of evil,' he said. 'Nothing save evil can come out of evil, but good has to come through temptation, and to struggle with evil to conquer it.'"

"How nice it will be when he and Ted visit

England next spring," said Lizzie; "I shall so like to see grandfather and him together—those who once seemed so far apart! It's a glimpse of what we shall see fully in the next life, Arthur."

"Now it is time we should wend our way homeward, wifie," said Sands, drawing Lizzie's shawl closely about her and the baby who was nestled in her arms. "Only to think that this is the second anniversary of our wedding: we are quite old married people."

Once more they turned towards the little cottage under the cliff. But they did not enter it. As they passed by, Lizzie looked wistfully at the already curtained window. One or two shadows flickered in the lamplight. They could hear voices, or rather the clear, calm voice of a woman reading, slowly and distinctly, as one reads to dulled senses and enfeebled brains.

"Hush!" whispered Lizzie.

It was Bell Crowder reading the 51st Psalm. They could catch some of her words.

"'For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

"'Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts.

"'Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

"'Blot out all mine iniquities.'"

They went on softly up the path.

"Poor Mr. Latter!" sighed Lizzie, "I do think he is longing as much as any of us to see Ted's father."

"Once more they turned towards the little cottage."

"I can believe it," said Arthur. "I fancy it is only the kindly presence of those whom we have wronged that can really lift the feeling of the wrong-doing from us."

"Bell says that Mr. Latter is often almost cheerful now, despite his paralytic stroke," remarked Lizzie. "I must say Bell keeps a very bright house for him and her poor mother. It is not everybody I should like to see housekeeping in my old place," she added, laughing. "But when I step in to see Bell, I just feel that I'm in my own old home."

As she spoke they paused before another cottage, newer, but not larger than the old one.

"And here's grandfather waiting for us!" said Sands merrily as he opened the door. "Did you think we were lost?" he added, as the old man lowered his newspaper and beamed his welcome. "Well, you see, we've been talking over our bottomless and endless wealth in love and peace and joy. I'm thinking that these are 'God's gold,' and that we have a mine at our door."

"Aye, aye," cried the old pilot, "and I've just come across a verse that puts all your talk into a nutshell. I've been busy learning it, because it's what I'd like to turn over in my mind when I wake o' nights.

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

THE QUEEN AND "GUARD YOUR SUNDAYS."

THE Queen has graciously accepted a copy of THE NEWS "Million" Number, entitled "*Guard Your Sundays*," containing papers by Bishop Westcott and others on the Sunday Question. Her Majesty has commanded Sir Arthur Bigge to express "Her thanks for the publication." It has already reached a circulation of 300,000 copies.

The Queen has also graciously accepted a copy of *The Fireside* Magazine for July, which contains a Loyal Poem "On Her Eightieth Birthday," by Mrs. Gorges, of Kingstown, Ireland. Thirty-six years ago Her Majesty accepted the *first* number of *The Fireside.*

Let us all praise God for England's Queen in this her eightieth year: and let us do it in our homes. How truly—

"Cottage home and courtly hall may borrow
The jewel of example from their Queen."

"Thy Word is Truth."

XI. HARVEST BLESSINGS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,
EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS."

HARVEST blessings should impress upon us *our absolute and entire Dependence upon God.*

Those who mistake nature for God, may and do pervert the faithfulness, the regularity of nature, into a ground of independence. But the believer sees God moving nature, and therefore feels his absolute dependence upon God. Nature thus studied will constrain each to confess that he "hangs upon God," for life and breath and all things.

It is true man possesses, in a sense, a power over nature; but that power he holds from God, and he only exercises it as God wills it should be exercised. Independent power he has none; and he is compelled to admit it. All the science and ingenuity of mankind united together could not produce one drop of water or *a single ear of corn.* Man can only study God's laws in nature and bring them to bear in order to certain results; but the results are clearly with God. He may sow the seed; but as he cannot create the seed, so also is he dependent on God to quicken it to vegetable life. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

Let us, then, rich and poor, seek to feel more and more our absolute and entire *dependence.* Let the rich, who are apt to think they have "much goods laid up for many years," remember that their day's bread is equally God's free gift to them as it will be His free gift to the very poorest. And let none suppose that this reflection will rob their daily bread of its sweetness. No; it will bring down the blessing of the Giver with the gift, the blessing which alone "maketh rich"—truly rich—"and addeth no sorrow thereto." Rich and poor, we are pensioners on the bounty of our God; and he will be the happiest who daily waits at his Father's board, "poor in spirit," the prayer of absolute dependence on his lips: "Give me this day my daily bread."

He who thus prays will never forget to praise; his Harvest thanksgiving will every day be new.

Ring the joy-bells far and near,
Harvest crowns the waning year:
God, the Giver of all good,
Sends us sunshine, sends us food.
Join we, then, in grateful songs:
Mingle with thanksgiving throngs:
Come into God's Temple, come;
Shout your songs of Harvest Home.
—*Benjamin Gough.*

XII. THE HARVEST FIELD.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

A HUNGRY world, whose staff of life the corn forms, stands waiting for the feast. Who does not enter fully into the old feeling which glowed in the great child-heart of Luther, when he returned home through the rich harvest-fields of Leipsic—"How it stands, that yellow corn, on its fair taper stems; its golden head bent, all rich and waving there! The mute earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again—man's bread"? Verily it is "holy ground"; God has made "the place of His feet glorious."

XIII. "HOW MUCH MORE?"

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—*St. Luke* xi. 13.

THE mother-love that yearns for the life of the dying child is only a faint emblem of the Divine love—"all love excelling"—that yearns for the return of the wandering, "lost," "dead" child from the "far country."

After we have grasped the fullest revelation of mother-love ever witnessed in this poor world, we can only ask, in wondering amazement—"*How much more?*"

Holy Spirit, reveal to us something of this love of God, which no finite mind can ever fathom. Take of "the things of Christ"—the Infinite Gift of the Infinite Love—and "show them," or some of them, to our poor blind eyes! Then will Thy love constrain our willing hearts to yield themselves to Thee in consecrated service—"perfect liberty"—the liberty of a child at Home, who is step by step, little by little, learning the lesson of true human love; love to God and love to all, in the light of the Divine Love which "passeth knowledge." C. B.

XIV. "LORD BY THEE THE WORLD IS FED."

Lord by Thee the world is fed,
Thou dost give our daily bread.

Soon as man the seed hath sown,
Thy Almighty power is shown.

Thou with warmth and genial shower
Giv'st the seed its quickening power.

Thine alone—the power of God—
Gives the blade to pierce the clod.

Light Thou givest; Thou again
Makest small the drops of rain.

Held by Thee the clouds on high
Drop their fatness from the sky.

Thus the stalk, the leaf, appear,
Thus the seed-producing ear.

Myriad blossoms in the sun
Glitter till their work is done.

Thou dost every step defend
Till is reached the happy end.

Thus by Thee the world is fed,
Thus Thou givest daily bread.

Henry Moule.

XV. CHRIST THERE AND CHRIST HERE.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS."

Those who sail near the fragrant islands of the Eastern seas smell the sweet scent of the aromatic flowers which are wafted on the breeze. So the presence of the living Christ on earth gives the Christian a foretaste of Christ in glory. The strength and comfort and joy here is a pledge and promise of what will there "pass man's understanding."

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green:
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen.
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine—
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine."

Where then is our hope? Is it in a dying world, or in the living Christ? "Build not your nest," said Rutherford, "in any earthly tree; for God has sold the forest to death." To fix our heart on things "under the sun" is like a bird building a nest on a tree marked to be cut down. The axe is laid at the root, and the saw begins its work of death, and the poor bird is homeless.

In Legh Richmond's sweet story of "The Young Cottager," in his *Annals of the Poor*, he tells how, when he visited the dying girl, he said to her—

"'My child, . . . where is your hope?'

"She lifted up her finger, pointed to heaven, and then directed the finger downward to her own heart, saying successively as she did so, 'Christ *there*, and Christ *here*.'

"These words, accompanied by the action, spoke her meaning more solemnly than can easily be conceived."

Can we, by grace, point to heaven and then to our own heart, and humbly yet joyfully say, "*Christ there*, and *Christ here*"? Then will our eyes sparkle with the hope that maketh not ashamed; for "Christ is in us, the Resurrection hope of glory."

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

"THE Queen and the Prince Consort made it a rule never to have more work done at Balmoral on the Sunday than was necessary—'a beautiful example to the great and noble of the land.' On one occasion the Queen wrote:—'Dr. Norman Macleod showed in his sermon how we all tried to please *self*, and to live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come, not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple; saying after his mention of us, "Bless their children." Also when he prayed for the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.'"—*The Queen's Resolve.*

"Open Thou Mine Eyes."

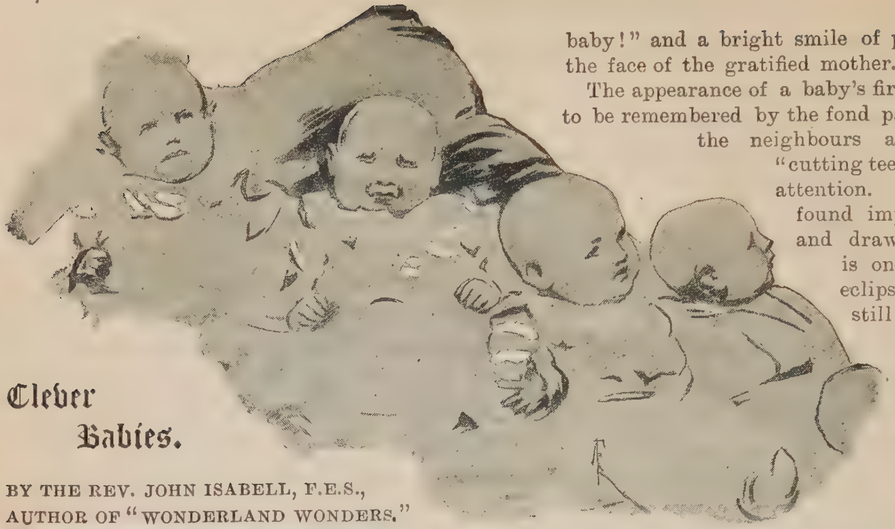
BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "MATIN BELLS," ETC.

NO revelation, Lord, we ask
Who humbly look to Thee,
But just behind the earthly mask
Of little things and daily task
The living truth to see;
For if we had the trustful eyes
Which give the larger ken
And fashion very children wise,
The lowliest work in land and skies
Would be transfigured then;
We should but find our judgments mean,
And nothing common or unclean.

The daisy would shine out more fair
Than any flower or tree,
As much Thy footstool as the air
Which is Thy chariot, and a stair
Uplifting us to Thee.
For surely what is scattered far
And wide Thou lovest most:
It breathes a glory which no star
Of all the dazzling orbs that are
Has ever made its boast;
And in its oft repeated part,
It tells the secret of Thy heart.

The revelation all is plain
And loudly points to Thee,
Were not our vision dark and vain
Which moves a prisoner in its chain—
And nought but error free;
Though still Thy love is written large
In creeping moss or man,
Eternity is each thing's charge,
The Infinite o'erflows its marge
And speaks Thy perfect plan.
Nor lacks the tiniest way or weed,
A glimmer of immortal seed.

But we, O Lord, are madly blind,
And yet refuse to see
The Wisdom chanted by the wind,
The Power that follows us behind
In mercy sent by Thee;
Though Thou Thyself, in good and ill,
Dost show as pattern true,
And stamp the wonder of Thy will
The law of star and daisy still,
And one celestial clue.
But ere Thou art our inward light,
We walk for ever in the night.



Clever Babies.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S.,
AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS."

From a photograph by J. & R. SPEIGHT, *London.*

A SHREWD parson was in the habit of winning the good will of the mothers in his parish by dwelling upon the charms of their babies. He praised the hair of the children, when there was any hair to praise; their teeth, if teeth had appeared; their noses, when they possessed any shape worth mentioning; their eyes, when they were bright; their tempers, when they were sweet. The baby's weight, when it was plump, and its alertness, when it was slim, alike supplied him with a word which brought a smile of pleasure into the mother's face. But one day even he found it a little difficult to be complimentary and truthful at the same time. The baby before him was neither good-looking, nor plump, nor active. The nose, eyes, and mouth, had absolutely no redeeming feature. The hair was absent, and the teeth were invisible, in spite of the fact that the mouth was wide open. It was a baby whom no one but the mother would have as a gift. What could he say? Gazing at the puny, ill-formed morsel of humanity before him, he said, after a momentary hesitation, "Oh! that is, that *is* a baby!" and a bright smile of pleasure came upon the face of the gratified mother.

The appearance of a baby's first tooth is a thing to be remembered by the fond parents, and such of the neighbours as have no babies "cutting teeth" to distract their attention. It creates a profound impression in kitchen and drawing room. There is one thing only which eclipses it in interest. A still greater sensation is produced when baby first begins to "take notice."

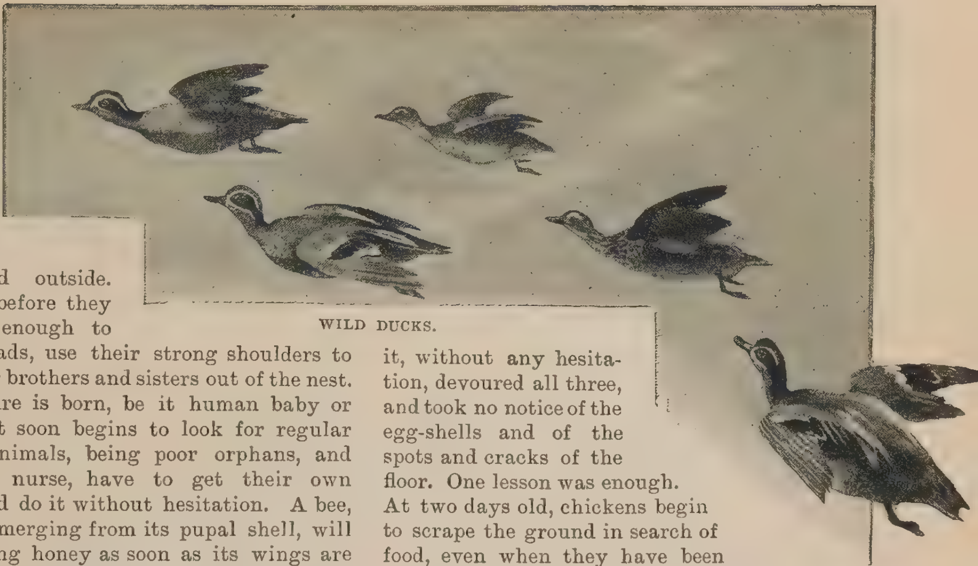
When *does* it begin to take notice? A child is said to manifest fear when it is no more than a fortnight old. At the tenth week it has learnt, after many trials, to balance its head so as to hold it upright. It feels pain from its very birth, but is unable to distinguish the part of the body from which the pain proceeds, whereas newly-born calves have no difficulty whatever. The power of imitation begins about the fifteenth week, and Preyer says that the first thing imitated is a pouting of the lips by the infant whenever any one performs this action in its presence. At twelve months a child has been observed to repeat in its dreams movements which it had observed while awake. About the seventh week children recognize the feeding-bottle, and at nine they know that when the bib is put on the feeding-bottle ought to follow. At seven weeks a child "takes notice" enough to know and to cry when it is left alone in a room.

But many actions, called instinctive, are so much a part of the natures of infants and animals that they can be performed without any training whatever.

Professor Kuszmaul found by experiment that newly-born children love things that are sweet. For, on their tongues being wetted with salt, vinegar, or quinine, the infants "made faces," and showed pretty clearly that they were displeased; while sugar drove away the sourness from their faces. Kids of the goats are equally sharp. "For, soon after its birth, and before it had ever sucked, Galen took a kid and placed before it a row of similar basins, filled respectively with milk, wine, honey, and flour. The kid, after examining the basins by smell, selected the one which was filled with milk."

This innate power of knowing good from evil, and of cleverness in finding food and building nests, and numberless other actions, is not rendered any less wonderful by being called instinctive.

Many young birds chip the egg-shells in which they have been hatched, in order to get out of them, and usually at the big, and, therefore, convenient end, and have a horny tip fitted to their beaks for this very purpose. In like manner young snakes



WILD DUCKS.

have a temporary sharp tooth in the upper jaw for the sole purpose of cutting through the tough shells, and these teeth they must and do use before they can open their eyes upon the world outside. Young cuckoos, before they are stiff-necked enough to hold up their heads, use their strong shoulders to throw their foster brothers and sisters out of the nest.

When a creature is born, be it human baby or crawling beetle, it soon begins to look for regular meals. Many animals, being poor orphans, and without even a nurse, have to get their own living at once, and do it without hesitation. A bee, for instance, on emerging from its pupal shell, will set about collecting honey as soon as its wings are dry. But animals accustomed to motherly care are often by no means helpless. A duck a day old on being put into the open air for the first time will snap at a fly on the wing, and catch it at the first attempt. Turkeys a day and a half old will point at flies and other insects, it being the custom for these birds, says Mr. Spalding, to bring their heads to within an inch or two of their prey, and then to seize it by a sudden snap.

Professor Preyer tried a newly-hatched chicken with three kinds of food, namely, some cooked yolk of egg, some cooked white of egg, and some millet seed. The chicken pecked at all three, but no more frequently at the white of egg and the millet seed than at bits of egg-shell, grains of sand, and spots on the wooden floor on which it stood. At the yolk of egg, on the contrary, it pecked with much earnestness. All three articles of food being removed, and at the end of an hour placed again before the chicken, it, without any hesitation, devoured all three, and took no notice of the egg-shells and of the spots and cracks of the floor. One lesson was enough. At two days old, chickens begin to scrape the ground in search of food, even when they have been kept apart from the mother hen.

From a Photograph A CUCKOO'S NEST. [*by* R. B. LODGE, *Enfield.*

Newly-born pigs, Mr. Spalding found, sought their mother at once; and if placed twenty feet away, responded to her grunting by going straight to her side. He put a pig into a bag immediately it was born, and kept it in the dark till seven hours old, and then placed it outside the sty ten feet from its mother. It went straight to her, although in doing so it had to struggle for five minutes to squeeze under a bar.

In evading their enemies, young animals are as sagacious as they are in finding food. Darwin points out that a kitten, taken early from its mother, which has never seen a mouse, will, when one is set before it, erect its fur and growl in a way it never does at the sight of ordinary food. Even blind kittens understand that a dog is an enemy. "One day last month," says Mr. Spalding, "after fondling my dog, I put my hand into a basket containing four blind kittens, three days old. The smell my hand had carried with it set them puffing and spitting in a most comical manner."

Mr. Romanes tried a somewhat similar experiment with a ferret and rabbits. "Into an outhouse," he says, "which contained a doe rabbit with a very young family, I turned loose a ferret. The doe rabbit left her young ones, and the latter, as soon as they smelled the ferret, began to move about in so energetic a manner as to leave no doubt that the cause of the commotion was fear, and not merely discomfort arising from the temporary absence of the mother." The noses of the young rabbits told them that the ferret was a dangerous enemy.

The young of wild ducks, if hatched under tame ducks or under hens, differ greatly in their habits from their foster brothers and sisters. They hide themselves or take to the water at sights and sounds which do not in the least disturb the ducklings of tame birds. Their wariness is born in them. Similarly, young foxes in places much hunted are said to be as cunning as old foxes in districts not hunted.

Hen chickens and turkeys, and probably the young of many other animals, are very wary in the presence of bees, wasps, and other stinging insects, even when they have had no experience to guide them. If they make a mistake, and get stung, one lesson is usually sufficient, and for the rest of their lives they take no liberties with the beautiful morsels in which lurk such dangerous stings. They recognise the yellow stripes which usually mark bees and wasps, and seek their refreshment in some other quarter. They become total abstainers.

Animals begin to attend to their toilet at an early age. Chickens, when only a few hours old, and before they can hold up their heads, attempt to dress their wings like their fathers and mothers. Kittens lick their paws and then wash their faces. This seems to be, partly at least, imitated from the parents, for puppies reared by cats acquire the habit. "A dog which had been suckled and reared by a cat from the age of three days, licked his feet two or three times a day for the purpose of washing his face, which process he performed in the true cattish fashion, sitting upon his tail."

Young birds in their nests will often fight to the last with their little beaks. Young swallows kept in cages until they are fledged are able to fly with speed and precision at the first attempt.

One of the most remarkable instances of this inborn wisdom is undoubtedly the ability of many animals to construct cells or nests, beautiful in shape and texture, and wonderfully adapted for the purpose for which they are built. The combs of honey-bees and the nests of ants are familiar examples.

In these cases no apprenticeship is needed. The bee just hatched works at the comb with almost as much skill as the oldest inhabitant of the hive. Ants, as soon as they "walk off," set to work with all the industry and sedateness of their elders. Young spiders make tiny webs, and the young of spiders which construct their nests in the form of long tunnels with a trap-door at the top, also make nests of the same pattern as their mothers. "I cannot help thinking," says Mr. Moggridge, "that these very small nests, built as they are by minute spiders, probably not very long hatched from the egg, must rank among the most marvellous structures of the kind with which we are acquainted. That so young and weak a creature should be able to excavate a tube in the earth many times its own length, and make a perfect miniature of the nest of its parents, seems to be a fact which has scarcely a parallel in nature."

Nuts with Kernels.

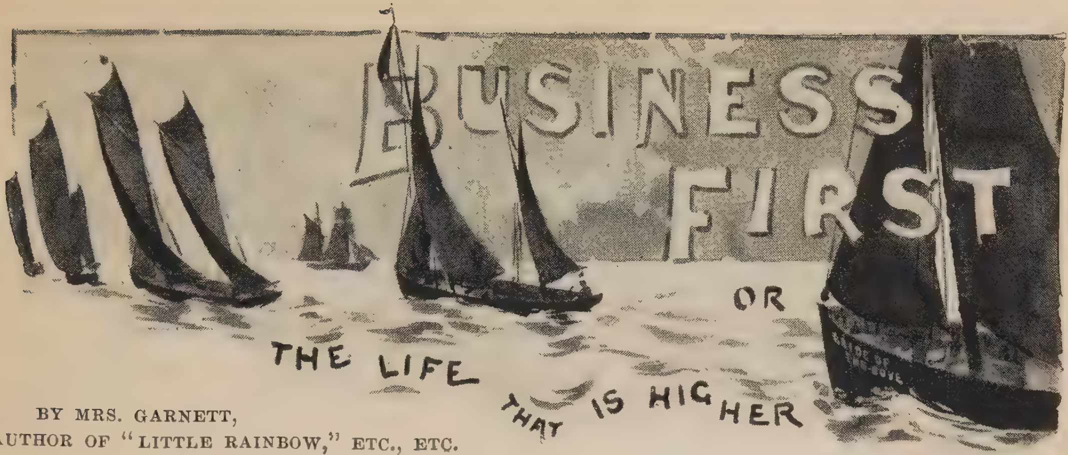
BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

A Ray of Sunshine.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since great ones seldom come in our way, and never last long. This is what that valuable member of society, the cheerful man, does. He extracts all the innocent joy he can out of the time as it passes, and does not borrow worry. He is not one to fret and forbode, and spoil life's sunshine to-day in the fear that it may be eclipsed to-morrow.

A Costly Luxury.—No luxury is more costly than bad temper. A man known to me lately missed an excellent situation because he had spoken hasty words to one (of whose influence he was not aware) who could have procured it for him. Another case is that of a person who tore up, unopened, in a rage, a letter received from one who had displeased him. The letter contained a cheque for one hundred pounds.

Angel's Work.—In one of the letters of Robertson, of Brighton, he tells of a lady who related to him "the delight, the tears of gratitude which she had witnessed in a poor girl to whom, in passing, I gave a kind look on going out of church on Sunday. What a lesson! How cheaply happiness can be given! What opportunities we miss of doing an angel's work! I remember doing it, full of sad feelings, passing on, and thinking no more about it; and it gave an hour's sunshine to a human life, and lightened the load of life to a human heart for a time!" If even a look can do so much, who shall estimate the power of kind or unkind words in making married life happy or miserable? In the home circle more than anywhere else—

"Words are mighty, words are living:
  Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
  With heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit,
  True or false that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
  Echoes in God's skies."


BUSINESS
FIRST
OR
THE LIFE THAT IS HIGHER

BY MRS. GARNETT,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ACCEPTED!

FABER was the first to break silence. He did so in a musing tone, as though talking to himself.

"The kingdom of God! what a strange thing that one should live in this world and know nothing about it, when it is everywhere! A King ruling it, with its constitution, its laws, and its thousand busy industries; its vast machinery, working without intermission on to one grand end, absorbing the interests and the lives of tens of thousands of subjects, and never diminishing."

"The kingdom of God is not of this world only," said Nancy softly; "half is above."

"Do you know, the thought of how it has been around me on every side all these years—and yet one has never realized it, been blind to it all the time,—seems so strange to me now; it fills me with wonder how it was possible not to have understood; and yet there are scores of fellows one knows who are just in the same state!

"It fills one's life with occupation. It widens everything out, to see time is only the first hour of eternity. I want to walk worthily of this high vocation; but, dear Nancy, can't you guess? I do not wish to 'walk alone.'" And Faber took the knitting, and gently drew it from her hands, and kept them in his own.

"Won't you be my wife, and help me? won't you? I know no plea to urge—for you are far above me in all things—but my need. I cannot do without you—I love you! Is it possible you can in time care for *me* just a little? Put me on probation; may I come back in a year?"

Nancy shook her head; she could not reply.

"Oh, darling, give me a little hope; may I ask you again in five years?"

"No!"

Faber loosened his clasp of her hands, and the girl covered her face with them.

The young man rose slowly to his feet, and looked round the fair garden, as though to say good-bye. He stooped to pick up his cap, and then Nancy murmured: "No need!"

"Nancy," he said, "look up. What do you say?"

The girl looked up shyly, with her sweet eyes full of tears. No word passed, but Faber knew he would never be lonely again.

When the others came home, they found the two still in the same spot, and the tea cold in the drawing-room.

"My dear child, it must have been standing here an hour. Did not Sarah call you?"

Faber laughed. "Well, now you mention it, I have a faint idea she did." And then he jumped up, and held out his hand.

"Mrs. Conybere, I am going to ask a very great gift from you—will you give me your daughter? I will try and be good to her, and be worthy of her and of you. No, Nancy, don't go away."

Mrs. Conybere tried to speak, but could not; but she lifted her face and kissed him, and then drew Nancy with her towards the long window in the drawing-room.

Reggie cried, "Mother! 'are things what they seem, or are there visions about?' Did you kiss Faber just now?"

"Yes; he and Nancy——"

May glanced at her sister; a white shadow fell on her lovely face, and she slipped out of the room. Reginald Conybere was on the lawn with a bound.

"Oh, old chap, I am so glad. I'd rather have you for a brother than any one in the world!"

"Well, old man, you need not hit so hard. My shoulder will long bear the score of fingers four."

"Shut up, or I'll do it again; or here, I'll rub the place and make it well."

"That you won't." And away Faber dashed with Reggie in full pursuit.

Presently, out of breath, they seated themselves on the low garden wall.

"I'm so glad for Nancy to have such a husband; but thought——" and then Conybere checked himself.

"Thought what? Out with it."

"Well—that May would marry first."

"Why, pray?"

"She is so pretty, and plays, and all that."

"May is all very well, but no one who knows the sisters can compare them. Nancy has the sweetest eyes in the world. I think she is——"

"Oh! come; stow that, Faber. You are blind. Love always is."

"But, really——"

Conybere jumped down, and left his friend to his own happy thoughts.

"Poor chap; he *is* gone. The idea of comparing Nancy with May! What a man does come to, to be sure! But Nancy will make him a capital little wife, and he is the nicest fellow I know; and besides *now*, he is all any woman can need. What a Christian he will be in a few months! He has such a grip on it. Mother, come here and have a stroll!" and as he drew her hand in his arm, he gave it a little squeeze.

"My own boy," said Mrs. Conybere.

"I suppose the girls are upstairs talking this great event out?" said Reggie.

"I suppose so," she replied, laughing.

But they were not. Nancy was too shy with her new happiness to make the first advance; and May said she had a headache, and would rest before dinner.

She played that evening very well, and accompanied her brother's piano through pages of Chopin, and then they wandered off into the Czardas; and the lovers sat in the window and talked, hearing the wild music indistinctly.

"They seem to have a great deal to say to one another," May remarked once; else silently she fought her battle, and won it too. And no one but the angels knew anything of it.

"Two or three middlemen stood regarding the takes."

CHAPTER VIII.

A HELPING HAND.

The young people from the Manor stood in a group on the little pier.

The cobbles were in, and the lads and men were bringing the fish up in hampers and baskets, and pouring it into the bunks, near which stood the fish auctioneer.

Two or three middlemen stood together, smoking, and with apparent indifference regarding the takes.

Their packers lounged near the fish hampers, and there were two or three carts waiting.

The women were there watching the result of the sixteen hours' toil of their breadwinners.

Herring were "in," and this was the harvest of the year—the one hope of obtaining the cottage rent, and being able to put by a sufficient nest-egg to keep starvation from the door in the winter.

Presently all the fish were brought up.

Two sharp raps, and the middlemen came forward, and the fishermen gathered round.

"Remember, Faber, every hundred means one hundred and thirty, when you calculate the takes; three hundred, in fact, means three hundred and ninety."

"Here's a nice little lot," cried the auctioneer. "Fifteen hundred herring, how much a hundred? One shilling? One shilling and threepence? No more offered? Gone! Mr. Jobson's."

Then came the cod. "How much each, these eight cod and two black jacks?"

A remonstrance from the middlemen—"Throw out the jacks. What do you say, Moore?"

The jacks were thrown out, and the cod sold for one shilling and twopence each, and so on.

"How many pounds are there, do you guess?" asked Faber.

"About seventy, I should say, and it will sell for fourpence per pound in any fish market."

"And the herring?"

"They will sell for a penny each, perhaps more."

"Then for the five hundred herrings, those men will get one pound twelve shillings and sixpence, and they pay the fishermen six shillings and eightpence!"

"But you forget they pay the carriage, which may come to eighteenpence or two shillings."

"Yes; but on the other side is the wear and tear of the boats and nets, even if they lose none; and sixteen hours' toil for three men."

And so for half an hour the sales went on. Two big boats had been very successful, but they had gone to Cliffboro, where prices were higher.

"Why do not all the boats go to Cliffboro'?"

"Because it is not worth while to pay the harbour duties, unless there are a great many fish."

"But why don't these Sutton men combine?"

"Because such plans require thought, organization, and business qualities which these people do not possess."

Faber was thoughtful and unusually silent all the rest of the day; and from then he got into the habit of spending hours daily talking to the fishermen. He made friends with the women, too, and soon learnt that formerly it was their chief business to net the nets, but that now they were made not so good, but more cheaply, of cotton; and that Bridport and Musselburg supplied them.

Tim Call was, of course, his special friend. It was in his boat that the young men made their fishing excursions, and he was the sailor who was always engaged. Thus they kept him from idleness, and he felt himself put on his honour to be his best self. The "Jolly Tar" lost its attractions to him.

The time for the friend's departure came, but before he left, Faber had taken the empty alum shed and opened a net manufactory with a Musselbro' Scotch manager. The big lads were captured by Mrs. Conybere and the young ladies; and even some of the men and women out of employment were induced to go to the factory.

But one man would have nothing to do with "reg'lar employment." Tim Call tried it for two days, and then declared he would not be mewed up in that hole "for a fortun'." His hero was no longer there, and he began to hang about in the old, lazy fashion.

One noble custom had prevailed from time immemorial at Sutton-Gullscane. No matter how bitterly poverty prevailed, not a boat went out on Saturday night or Sunday. When the Sabbath was over, and the moon was up, the cobbles pushed off, and the bigger smacks weighed anchor to the strain of "Jesu, Lover of my soul." And then sail after sail would be hoisted, till the whole sea was dotted by them outward bound.

The women prayed for their "masters," and the bairns for "daddy," and the village went to sleep.

This Rest Day peace was highly prized; but into its observance there had of late years come a bitter taste of wrong. Big boats from Grimsby and—shame to say—Aberdeen flocked on to their fishing ground, and during Saturday night and Sunday, swept up from before their eyes their subsistence, carrying great loads of fish into the Monday morning markets, and destroying the market for their takes on Monday evening, or Tuesday morning. In vain had the fishermen appealed to those in authority; "might was clearly right."

But at last a thing happened which roused the men to action.

The Sutton-Gullscane boats were out one Friday night, and the nets were all down, when a heavy steam-trawler was seen approaching, followed by a number of "foreign" smacks and big boats. Angry and disappointed that the Sutton boats had already taken up position in the most favourable spot, a good deal of abuse was shouted at them; and then the big boats had to go out further to sea. But again the strangers were angered, for right in the midst of the ground they intended to cover, the three big Sutton-Gullscane boats were in possession. The night fell dark and silent, for it was November now. Tim Call was in one of the Sutton-Gullscane smacks, and he suddenly heard a still distant, but ominous sound of a steamer.

In vain the men shouted. A black mass rushed past them, clearing their boat, but tearing away their nets; then, passing over and destroying the nets of the other two boats, it disappeared to the south. All the men were convinced it was one of the steam-trawlers, but no one could prove it.

The three boats went in with nearly two hundred pounds' worth of ruined nets, and starvation staring them and theirs in the face.

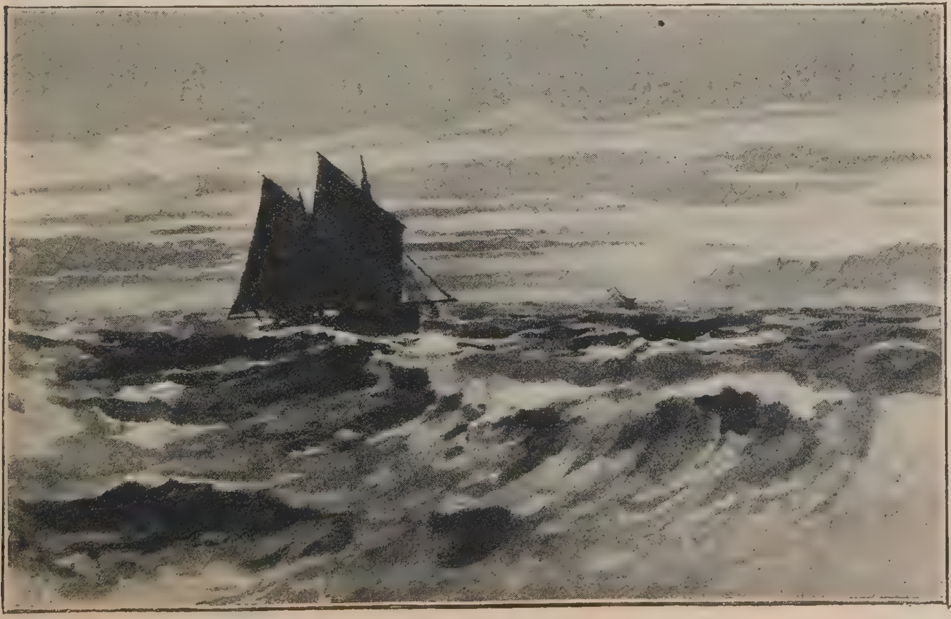
The next being Saturday night, the "foreign" fleet of boats took up their position in security; but that night one unlighted Sutton-Gullscane craft made out to sea for the first time in the history of the Bay, and in the early hours of the Sabbath, was, in the intense darkness, stealing in and out amongst the anchored "stranger" vessels.

When the trawlers arrived some hours later from Cliffboro', and the nets were lifted, ten sets were found to be cut along with some sharp instrument, and the fish had all escaped.

The magistrates were appealed to, and the police made diligent inquiries. Tim Call and three other lads were taken up on suspicion and unwillingly acquitted, from want of evidence. Dinah Call knew where certain sharp scythes were hid; but she would rather have died than reveal it.

The old savage look had come back into Tim's face, and his good habits melted away.

(*To be continued.*)



To-morrow is our Wedding Day

from John Gilpin

by William Cowper

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen

"To-morrow is our Wedding day
And we will then repair
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child
Myself and children three
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear
Therefore it shall be done

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

NOTES BY R. ST. JOHN KEELING.

IN these days of cheap trips and excursions we do not allow "twice ten tedious years" to crawl by without taking a holiday. The modern John Gilpin believes in "twice ten" bustling days of business—or less—to one day with his bicycle "on pleasure bent," literally, I fear, as well as otherwise. For when astride his windy steed his attitude is not very different from the elegant (!) pose adopted by dear old John in our first thumbnail sketch. The cyclist scorcher of to-day keeps his nose on a level with the handle bar of his machine, while Gilpin, an all unwilling scorcher, clings to his nag with might and main (or should I write mane?), though he longs to sit upright, as befits "a citizen of credit and renown."

"What a jog trot the old holidays must have been," you say. Ten miles from home meant a serious journey, and some considerable expense when "a chaise and pair," as well as a saddle-horse, were hired. In 1899 half a crown apiece suffices to take the modern Gilpin, his wife and children three, fifty miles to the seaside.

How will "Gilpin's spouse" propose to keep the anniversary of her wedding-day twenty years hence? Will she charter a merry motor-cab for herself and her small family, and ask John to ride behind on a bicycle, fitted with electricity, or propelled by compressed air? Or will the whole family go for a sail in an aerial machine? The voyage in the ocean of air would, no doubt, be less disturbing to their inner feelings than the popular trip over the waves which Britannia rules so unevenly. But I am afraid the Gilpin family of the future will be regarded as flighty when they venture to soar towards the clouds in the new balloon.

The story of John's wedding anniversary has its prickly side. In other words, it has points. The first is a delicate hint to the Gilpins of the present not to forget that the wives like to have *the* day of their lives remembered. Every newly-married couple note when they have been "one" for a week, "one" for a honeymoon month, and "one" for a year. But as succeeding years pass, Gilpin is apt to be indifferent when the anniversary should be kept. It is easy to see that the original John may have been remiss, or his wife would never have hinted at tedious years. You remember the old advice to those about to get married, "Don't!" It should be matched by another piece of counsel to those who have married, "Do!" Do as you used to do, at least for one day in the year—as you did when the courting was not over. Like the fine ladies of the land you should "go to court" at least once a year. So much for the husbands.

The second point is like John Gilpin's periwig, very obvious. Mrs. G. should make her holiday plans so that John has not to ride behind. On the "wedding-day" the "sister" and the "sister's child" might have been left at home. Then there would have been room for John in the chaise. When you do get your husband to take a holiday make the most of him. So many people make the least of him and the most of themselves, that it is really refreshing to him to have an admiring wife. And you will be surprised at the result, for your husband will not be slow to pay you the compliment that Gilpin paid his wife:—

> He soon replied, "I do admire
> Of womankind but one,
> And you are she, my dearest dear,
> Therefore it shall be done."

The Germans talk about "spangle weeks" instead of honeymoons, and quote wise saws to prove that all is not gold that glitters. For those brief weeks it is all

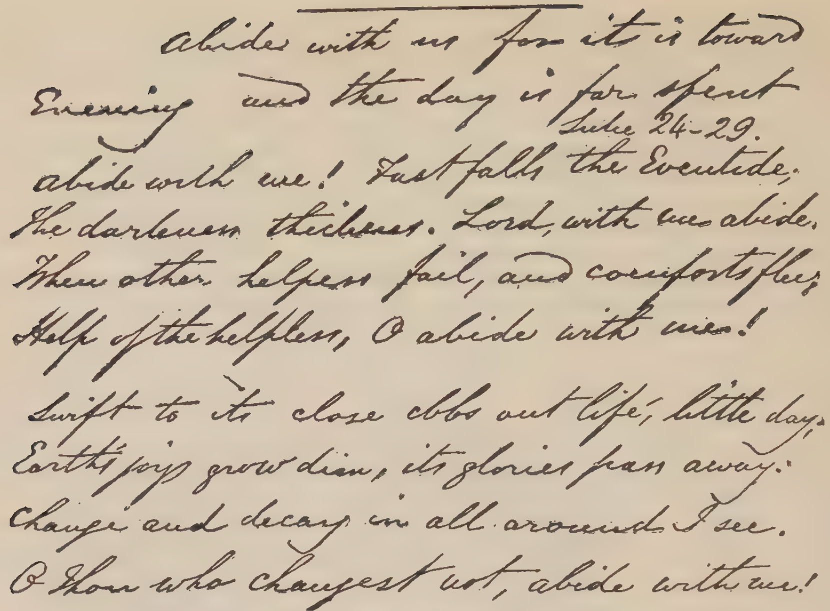
> "You and I together love,
> Never mind the weather, love;"

but when the moon wanes, and drab days follow the glitter of spangle weeks then comes the testing of the gold. A French poet, Bourdillon, made his name with the following eight lines, which sum up the secret of married bliss:—

> "The night has a thousand eyes,
> And the day but one:
> Yet the light of the bright world dies
> With the dying sun.
>
> The mind has a thousand eyes,
> And the heart but one:
> Yet the light of a whole world dies
> When love is done."

When you repeat your honeymoon holiday, don't, my friends, forget the honey.

"To-morrow is our wedding day"



Abide with us for it is toward
Evening and the day is far spent
Luke 24-29.
Abide with me! Fast falls the Eventide,
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see.
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

FACSIMILE OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "ABIDE WITH ME."

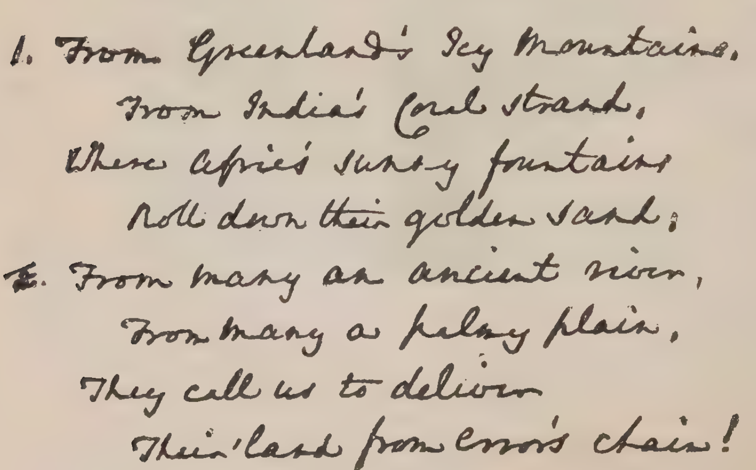
Three Famous Hymns.

BY R. C. HAMILTON.

FROM time to time efforts have been made to discover "the fifty most popular hymns." The results of the plebiscites have not served any very useful purpose. What we rather wish to know is, "Which are the unpopular hymns?" If our hymn-books cannot be further enlarged, the alternative course is to make room for new compositions by cutting out what we can best spare. If some of our clergy would carefully index the hymns which have been sung in church over a period of three years, they would be astonished at the comparatively limited range of the selection.

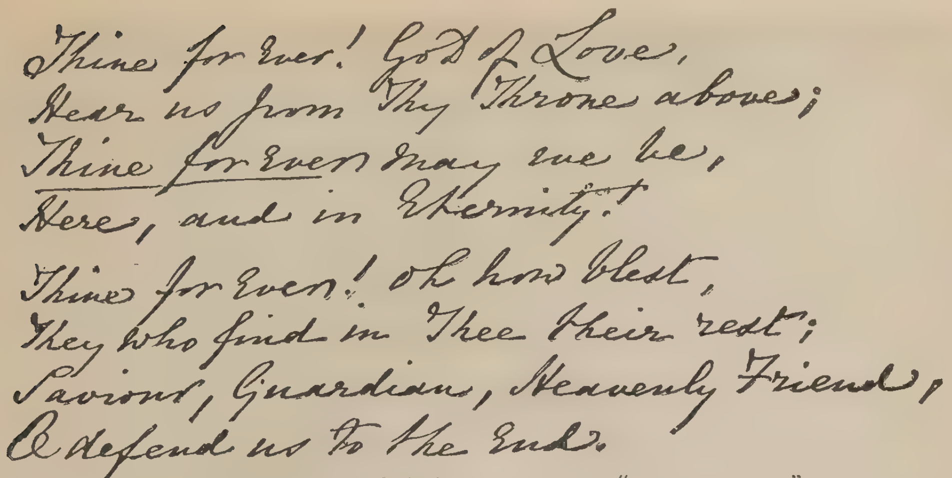
It is, however, far easier to point out the favourite hymns than to suggest those which could be omitted. In this short paper I propose only to touch upon three hymns, without which no collection could be considered complete. I suppose no hymn is more frequently sung at our evening services than "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide." The beautiful words, rising and falling, are like the lingering glow of sunset. It was the last hymn the author wrote. In the fisher parish of Brixham the vicar, the Rev. H. F. Lyte, had broken down owing to overwork. On the evening before he left England he walked alone on the sea-shore; and that same night, in 1847, the hymn was composed and set to music. The first two verses, in the handwriting of the author, are reproduced above.

"From Greenland's icy mountains," the most famous of missionary hymns, was written nearly thirty years before "Abide with me." On Whit-Sunday, 1819, Dr. Shipley had arranged to preach in Wrexham Church a missionary sermon. On the Saturday before, Dr. Shipley, Heber (then Vicar of Hodnet), and a few friends were collected together in the library, when the Doctor asked his son-in-law to write "something for them to sing in the morning." Heber readily consented. A short while later, Dr. Shipley asked what he had written, and Heber replied by reading the first three



1. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.
From India's Coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
2. From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from Error's chain!

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."
Photographed from the original in the British Museum by Mr. L. B. Fleming.



Thine for ever! God of Love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in Eternity!

Thine for ever! oh how blest,
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the End.

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "THINE FOR EVER."

verses which he had then composed. His listeners were delighted, and would have had the hymn remain without any addition: but Heber said, "No, no; the sense is not complete," and insisted on adding a fourth verse. The next morning it was, for the first time, sung in Wrexham Church.

"Thine for ever! God of Love" came from the pen of Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude, who wrote it for the confirmation candidates of her husband's parish, St. Thomas', Newport, Isle of Wight, in the same year in which "Abide with me" was written. Another well-known hymn by the same author is "There's a Friend for little children."

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE PRAYER-BOOK AND THE SCRIPTURES.—The Prayer-Book from one end to the other honours the Word of God. Far more than half of it is taken directly from the Scriptures. The Sentences, most of the Canticles, the Psalms, the Commandments, the Epistles and the Gospels, are simply quotations from the Word. Then at its bidding two Lessons, one from the Old and the other from the New Testament, are read at Morning and Evening Prayer. Bishop Ridley well said: "The Church of England hath the whole service, all common and public prayers, ordained to be said and heard in the congregation, framed and fashioned to the "true reins of Holy Scripture."

Moreover, the Articles continually declare the supremacy of the Word. The Sixth Article is unmistakable in its language: "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." No less than ten of the other Articles teach precisely the same lesson. (See Articles viii., xvii., xviii., xix., xx., xxi., xxii., xxiv., xxxii., xxxiv.)

Where the authority of our Church is spoken of, yet is it with the reservation that nothing may be ordained contrary to God's Word written, nor one part be expounded contrary to another; neither may anything be enforced, beside the same Word, as being of necessity to be believed for salvation.

Moreover, in the Ordination Service we have the solemn inquiry made by the Bishop:—"Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ; and are you determined out of the said Scriptures to instruct the people committed to your charge, and to teach nothing as required of necessity for eternal salvation but that which you shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scriptures?"

Most forcible also is the exhortation given by the Bishop as to the absolute necessity of daily reading the Word, and that it is only by doctrine and exhortation taken out of the Word that the Minister of Christ can compass the salvation of men.

Hence the true Churchman follows in the same line. He is evermore declaring the importance of making the Scriptures the only Rule of Faith. He refers everything to this standard. He will neither accept nor teach anything but that which he is persuaded may be proved and concluded out of the Scriptures.—*The Rev. G. Everard.*

The Marriage Service.—Note the phrase, "With my body I thee *worship*"; that is, "I pay thee loyal honour and respect." We still speak of a mayor as "*worshipful*"; "deserving *respect*" for his office' sake.—*Professor Moule, D.D.*

The Athanasian Creed.—"Catholic" means "*universal*," and practically "*orthodox*"; the faith about God and Christ held by the main, central body of the Church, as distinguished from separated, divergent beliefs. "Substance" means "*Essence, Being.*" "Incomprehensible" is in Latin, *immensus*; "*measureless, infinite.*"—*Idem.*

[illegible] Photographic Study]

[by H. HENDENHAULL.

A BONNIE CORNFLOWER.

See page 215.

The Young Folks' Page.

A BONNIE CORNFLOWER.

THE camera has caught our Jessie among the corn. She hid away like a young field-mouse when I proposed to her father to take her photograph. "Ye can if ye can catch her," he said, with much deliberation. So I set to work to stalk my wild bird, for a "wild bird" she certainly is, as well as a mouse. What a chase she led me! And finally snap went the shutter of my camera just when Jessie thought she was hidden behind an armful of wheat. Now you have the result on paper. I remember when I showed the photograph to her father a big smile overspread his face. "You've got her fair and square," said he.

By the way, I heard of a delightful story of a picture which was painted for Jessie's father. Like every Sussex farmer, he calls his "sheep" "ships"—at least, that is the way he pronounces the word. One day an artist came to the farm to ask if the owner would like a picture of the farm. After some discussion as to the price, the farmer agreed to have the house and the field on canvas; "but," said he, "mind ye remember to put the *ships* in the field. Understand I wants 'em, no matter how contrary you like to think it." Then off he marched. For some time the artist wondered over this strange request, but at last, thinking to humour the old man, he set to work and painted two full-rigged ships and a couple of small boats *sailing over the cornfield!*

THE PRINCE AND THE BIBLE.

ONE day, long ago, several little boys were playing at ball together in one of the rooms of a large house. All at once their fun was stopped. The ball alighted on the top of a cabinet that stood in a corner of the room. The boys were all too small to reach it. One of them said, "Stop a minute, and I'll fetch something to stand on." He went to a shelf and brought from it a big book, and laid it down beside the chest. He was just going to step on it, when another little boy stopped him, lifted up the book and said, "This is the Bible; we must not use God's Book for standing on," and he carried it back to its place. This boy was Prince Edward, the son of King Henry the Eighth. He did honour to the outside of God's Book, because he had been taught to read it and to love it, though he was only seven years old.

AN AMUSING ANSWER.

THE poet Whittier was once present at a school examination, and tried to help one of the children in answering a question in geography. He was dressed in a warm, comfortable-looking ulster, and the dear old man smiled encouragingly at the children. At last it came to the turn of a bright-looking girl. "What are the provinces of Ireland?" asked the teacher. "Oh," said the child, "Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and—and——" Here she stopped, put her chubby fingers into her rose-bud mouth, and sought inspiration in her toes, the corner of her apron, the ceiling, and the poet. All children love the old Quaker poet's kindly face. He smiled; her face brightened sympathetically. He patted his coat significantly; she looked at him enquiringly. He nodded; and she burst out with, "Oh, Miss Simmons, I know now! They are Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and Overcoat!"

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the corn to the lilies:
"Press not near my feet.
You are only idlers,
Neither corn nor wheat.
Do you earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies,
Neither yea nor nay,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples
Rested at His feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat—
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat.

"Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king so glorious,
Yet no toil they know."
Oh, happy were the lilies
That He loved them so!

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

DO ANTS THINK?

PROFESSOR BONATELLI thinks that they do, and he tells a story to account for his belief in their powers. He had observed a procession of the little insects going and returning from the branch of a tree to a house touched by the latter. He cut the end twig, making a gap of about half an inch between the tree and the wall, so that the ants could no longer pass. At the end of half an hour they had found out that another twig of the tree, when moved by the breeze, came into contact with the wall every now and then. They immediately took advantage of this flying bridge and reformed their procession, waiting each time for the moment of contact in order to pass. There is no need to "consider the ways" of the ant very long before we find out what a great deal there is for us all to learn from this—one of the smallest of God's creatures.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. WHERE did Peter first preach to the Gentiles?
2. Where did Paul preach the Gospel, without being forbidden by any man?
3. Who did the Jews say "ought not to live any longer"?
4. Who said that Christ was set for a sign that should be spoken against?
5. Who was the greatest naturalist mentioned in the Bible?
6. What king was "troubled" when inquiries were made concerning another king?
7. What was the name of the son of Isaiah the prophet?
8. Name three men who risked their lives to gratify a wish of their master.

ANSWERS (See JULY NO., p. 167).

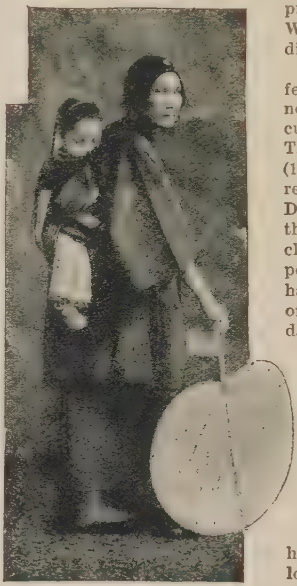
1. Lev. xix. 18.
2. No; quite the contrary. Exod. xxiii. 4, 5; Job xxxi. 29; Prov. xxiv. 17, 18; xxv. 21, 22; Obadiah 12.
3. Ps. lxxxiv. 3; cxxiv. 7; civ. 17; Eccles. x. 20; Cant. ii. 12; Deut. xxxii. 11; Matt. viii. 20; xxiii. 37.
4. When Hannah made request for a son, Eli, seeing her lips move and hearing no words, supposed her to be drunken. 1 Sam. i. 13.
5. Neh. viii. 4; Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood to read to the people the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel.
6. See Gen. x. 11.
7. St. John xix. 19, 20.
8. Acts i. 14. She was engaged in prayer.
9. The Samaritans. 2 Kings xvii. 33.
10. Luke xxii. 10. Gen. xxiv. 14.

King Baby: His Care and Culture.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

IX. IN SICKNESS.

WHEN the fever in measles, or any other inflammatory disorder, runs over 100°, sponging with hot water affords instant relief from restlessness, and materially lessens the feverishness. Of course this must be done very carefully. The screen being fixed round the crib, a soft towel must be laid under the tiny limbs and the night-dress folded up. Then, one by one, each little leg must be sponged over quickly, dried, and covered again; each wee arm drawn *singly* from its encircling sleeve, and treated in the same way; and the round, flushed face dabbed tenderly and rapidly. Then the damp tendrils of hair round the forehead can be brushed back, and a feeling of freshness will at once follow the operation.



CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILD.

There is no fear of giving King Baby cold if the sponging is done with sufficiently hot water and sufficiently quickly. Generally he will fall quietly asleep directly the funny "bath" is over, and a great point is gained. This sponging may be repeated every four hours if necessary.

When he is convalescing and skin is peeling from his body, King Baby may be given the same kind of ablution, using sanitas disinfectant in the water. Even in the warmest possible weather a child must be kept in the nursery for a fortnight after an attack of measles. The mucous or lining membranes of the bronchial passages are always more or less affected in this disease. A slightly increased inflammation of the same gives rise to bronchitis and pneumonia. Thus *warmth* is a necessity, and open air exercise quite inadmissible for a fortnight. *Do not expose King Baby to cold air after measles.* "Hurry slowly" is verily a motto to be writ large across them. One hears a great deal about the complications and after results of measles. When baby *is* taken out again he must be warmly clad in flannels. Even then he must not be exposed to cold, draughts, or damp.

We now come to the third disease on our list. It is the most terrible of all. Diphtheria is a word that strikes terror into all hearts. And not without cause. Its frequency, the rapidity of its onslaught, its usually fatal termination, is enough to daunt the bravest heart.

Now, insanitary conditions *generally* favour its production—at least in 90 cases out of 100. Bad and defective drainage, impure air, all kinds of decomposition from animal substances, stagnant water. Indeed, *anything* that vitiates the air is the primary cause of diphtheria. Secondarily and overpoweringly in point of numbers is contagion. The way we can help to guard our babies from this terrible condition is by looking well to the ways of our household, like the wise woman of old. See that the drains in your house are flushed bi-weekly with buckets of chloride and water (especially if diphtheria be about). See that the milk your little ones drink comes from a pure source, and that, in hot weather, *it be boiled.* I was once in a town where an epidemic of this kind broke out, and it was traced to the farm that supplied our milk. Houses on one side, and households on the other, were severely attacked. My children, though especially liable to all diseases of the throat, escaped. This I ascribed, under God's care, to the fact that I *personally* boiled every drop of milk and water for the family. A tiny oil stove was put in the pantry, and there I carefully saw that the saucepan of milk bubbled for twenty minutes, and that a kettle of water underwent the same process. It was a trouble? Of course it was. What a far greater one it would have been if diphtheria had come into the house!

Diphtheria is usually ushered in with severe fever. The sweet, wee patient—for it is eminently a child's disease—complains of a difficulty in swallowing, and lies about in lassitude. Then the face flushes, the pulse beats rapidly (140 and upwards). The throat, at first a bright red, turns grey, and a battle for life begins. Do not think the feverishness can be felt by the hand. King Baby's skin is rather cold and clammy. But the fever is there, for blood poisoning has set in. Dear readers! no one has ever fought this fell foe without the name of it afterwards contracting their heart. Our darlings are in a perilous condition from the first; every moment increases the danger, and if they be delicate, recovery rarely takes place.

We cannot attempt to combat with diphtheria; the doctor alone knows how far medicine can go. But we may do our best to prevent it—by isolation, by instructing our children, when old enough, to mention even the slightest difficulty in swallowing, by providing things sanitary and hygienic in the home, and, above all, by placing them in the loving, tender hands of their heavenly Father.

I have nursed this terrible disease, and I thought I could write about it. I find I cannot. The memory of the suffering, the anguish, the loss is too strong. Only, in concluding this portion, let me beg of you to realize that diphtheria is caused by *poison.* Poison in the drinking water, poison in the milk, poison by bad ventilation, or poison by contagion. It is our part to see that the poison is not generated by carelessness on our part. That is what a mother can do about diphtheria. She can also learn *beforehand* how to make strong broths and teas, how to give the maximum of nourishment in the minimum of substance. The little patient sometimes dies from failure of the heart's action, or from suffocation; more frequently he sinks from exhaustion, and we can only fight weakness by nourishment.

Points for the Temperance Platform.

A REMARKABLE work entitled *The Temperance Problem and Social Reform,* by Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell (Hodder and Stoughton), has just been published. We glean a few striking "points" which are well worth noting and pondering:—

Consumption of Alcohol. It is an extraordinary fact that the consumption of alcohol per head in the United Kingdom is greater to-day than it was in 1840. In 1840 the expenditure was £2 18*s.* 10*d.* per head: in 1898 it was £3 16*s.* 10½*d.*

Death Statistics. Within the last twenty years the ratio of mortality from alcoholic excess has increased 43 per cent. among men: but among *women* it has actually increased by no less than 104 per cent.

Public Houses. There are 156,102 licensed houses in the United Kingdom. Manchester has nearly 3,000, or one to every 180 inhabitants; Liverpool has 2,310, or one to every 279 inhabitants; Birmingham 2,300, or one to every 215 inhabitants; Sheffield has 1,841, or one to every 215 inhabitants; while Bristol has 1,173, or one to every 195 inhabitants. "The fatal facility of recourse to the public-house" has been greatly increased, making it "extremely difficult for multitudes of persons, in view of the hardships of their lives, to avoid or resist intemperance."

The Year's Outlay. The expenditure on alcoholic drinks in the United Kingdom in 1898 amounted to £154,480,943, a sum equal to nearly one-and-a-half times the national revenues, or all the rents of all the houses and farms in the land. "When all possible deductions have been made, the average family expenditure of the working classes—seventy-five per cent. of the population—upon intoxicants cannot be reckoned as less than 6*s.* per week."

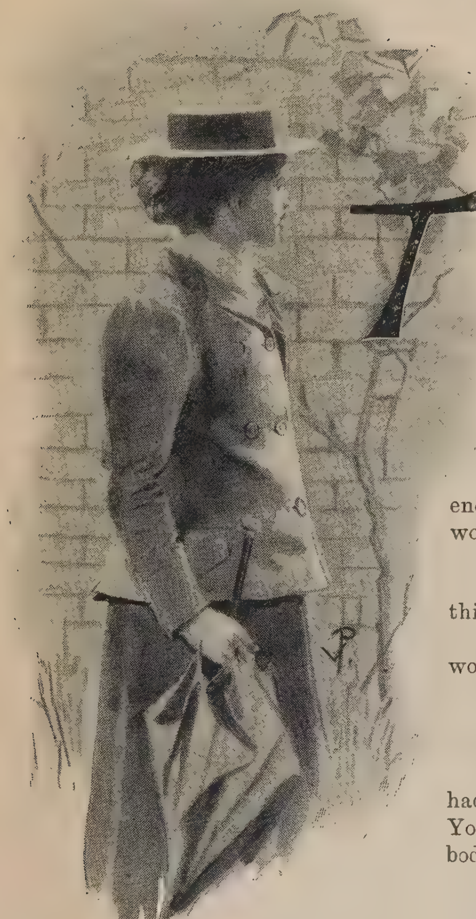
"We love the place, O Lord, Wherein Thine Honour dwells:
The joy of Thine abode All earthly joy excels."

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

WINTRY BLIZZARDS!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE, READY," "LEAST SAID, SOONEST MENDED," ETC.



"Nancy walked slowly away."—*Page* 221.

CHAPTER I.

STORMY ATMOSPHERES.

TWO girls sat under a wall together, for shelter. It was a cold December day, and the wind cut sharply. Grey clouds dragged low overhead, trailing long skirts behind them.

"It's horrid, Lou," pouted the prettier of the two. "If you knew how horrid! You wouldn't talk good to me then. You'd only be sorry."

The less pretty and more neatly dressed of the pair, who was also the younger by some months, heard this with a prim little air of disapproval.

"Christmas, indeed!" pursued Nancy. "It's bad enough at all times. But Christmas is worst—much the worst! Everybody else is happy then—except poor us."

"Anybody can be happy that likes," declared Louisa.

"*I* can't. I'm miserable. I hate Christmas. I hate everything and everybody in the place."

A pause followed. Nancy's pretty face was hot and worried. Louisa looked serenely superior.

"If I were you, I'd manage,' she remarked.

"Manage what?"

"Manage to have things different at home."

"No, you wouldn't. You couldn't. Nobody could. If you had to bear what I've got to bear, you'd do exactly what I do. You'd be every inch as cross. Oh, I know I'm cross. Anybody would be in my place It's hateful!"

"You might have things different."

"No, I mightn't. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes, I do. I know you aren't comfortable. You've all got into a way of nagging and scolding at one another all day long. But, if one of you were to stop, I shouldn't wonder if the others would leave off too—in time."

"You mean, if I were to squat down in the mire, and let them all sit upon me, and just grin, as if I liked it?"

Louisa did not answer instantly, and Nancy gave an impatient toss to her broken umbrella.

"That's not my way; and it isn't yours! I mean, it wouldn't be, if you had to be in my shoes."

"I wasn't advising you to squat in the mire. You know that. I only mean that if you didn't answer sometimes, but just held your tongue—just didn't say anything at all—perhaps they wouldn't go on then."

This was eminently reasonable, but it failed to go home with force. There was a weak point—not in the argument itself, but in the fact that Lou had, in her home, no such difficulties to contend with as Nancy had in her home. Nancy would have found it hard to define this weakness, but she was keenly aware of it. She had not the smallest doubt that Lou, in her place, would have been tried as she herself was tried, or that she, in Lou's place, would have been content as Lou was content. And, though she might be mistaken, this belief made her revolt sharply against Lou's placid air of superiority.

After only two seconds of hesitation, she burst out wrathfully, in reply,—

"They would, though. Of course they would. It wouldn't make one scrap of difference. When people are in a temper, nothing makes them crosser than not to be able to put anybody out."

"But you can't help what they do. If *you* were in the right, that wouldn't matter."

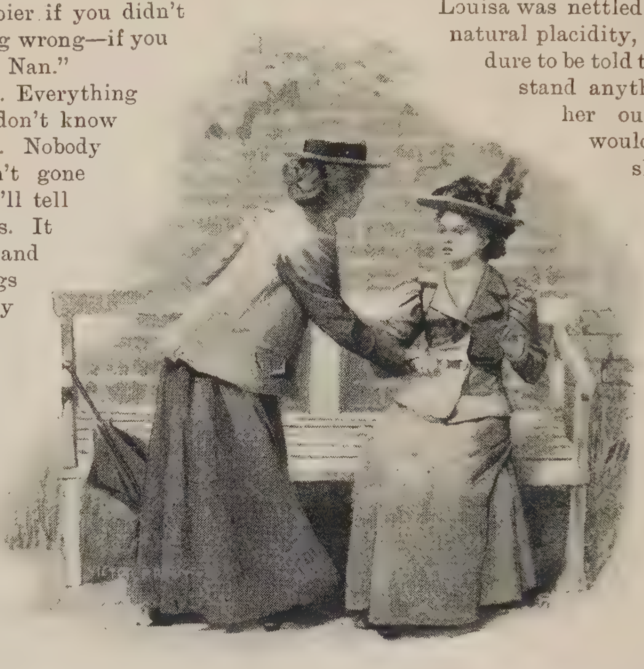
"It wouldn't be any nicer than now. And I want to have things nicer. I want to be happy."

"You'd be happier if you didn't feel you were doing wrong—if you kept *your* temper, Nan."

"No, I shouldn't. Everything is horrid! You don't know anything about it. Nobody knows who hasn't gone through it all. I'll tell you what it means. It means that I can't and won't bear things much longer as they are. If father won't let me leave home, I—I—I'll go without being let."

"Nancy!"

"It's no good your saying 'Nancy' in that tone. I mean what I say. I'll do for myself, somehow. Some day you'll see."



"'Nan, you're hurting me. Don't! Oh!'"

"No, I shan't. I know you won't. You wouldn't do anything so wrong."

"Wouldn't I?"

"No, I know you wouldn't. You like to try to frighten people, but you really do want to do what is right. Mother always says so. You're only vexed to-day, because you've been scolded at home and because it's Christmas-time, and you want to have things like other people. That's all."

"They've got no business to treat me as they do."

"But if you go and put yourself in the wrong, that won't make things any better."

Eminently sensible again; and again Nancy revolted fiercely. Had Lou been a little older, she might have known that what Nan stood in need of at this moment was not so much immaculate advice as loving sympathy. Half a dozen kind words would have melted Nancy into tears, which would quickly have carried away her wrath.

"As if you knew anything about it! You may talk, but, I can tell you, you don't understand; you don't understand anything about it—you, with everything your own way, and everybody trying to make you happy. If you lived in our house for one week, you'd understand. You don't know. It's no use talking. Talking doesn't mend matters. I told you, because I thought you'd be sorry, and you're not. All you do is to lecture me; and I'm not going to be lectured by you. You always think you know everything, and you don't. You know no more than a baby."

Louisa was nettled at last. She had much natural placidity, but she never could endure to be told that she could not understand anything. That would put her out when nothing else would. "I do understand," she said testily. "Anybody might understand who heard how you go on. *You've* a temper of your own, and no mistake! I don't believe your father and mother would be half so cross as they are, if you weren't so cantankerous. And it isn't only me that thinks so. Somebody else says the same. It doesn't matter who."

Lou was not wont to fire up, and Nancy stared in astonishment. Then the full meaning of Lou's words dawned upon her, and she stood up.

"Who says that, Lou?"

"It doesn't matter who. Somebody does."

"I want to know who."

"Then you'll go on wanting. I shan't say."

Nancy's strong brown hand gripped Lou's smaller wrist.

"*Who* is it?"

"Nan, you're hurting me. Don't! Oh!"

"I mean to know."

"You shan't know. I don't mean to tell you. Nancy, you hurt! Oh!"

Nancy flung the wrist contemptuously away.

"It don't matter," she said, her face pale with anger. "I know, without being told. It's George."

"That's your fancy. *I* didn't tell you so."

"You'd say 'No,' if you could. You know you can't. That's as good as telling me. And I shan't say another word to you or him. So there!"

Nancy walked slowly away. Lou nursed her reddened wrist, and cried a little. "Nan has such a horrid temper," she muttered half-aloud. "I don't wonder they can't put up with it at her home. It's a horrid cross temper." Then Lou woke up to the fact that she had deeply offended her friend—a friend whom she sincerely loved, despite the temper in question—for Nancy was a lovable girl, with all her faults. They had had many a tiff before, but never so serious a quarrel as this.

Lou cried afresh, wiping her eyes with a pitiful sniff.

Would Nan really never speak to her again? Or, at all events, would she refuse to speak for a long time—for days, perhaps, or for weeks?

Lou knew that if she were at once to run after Nan, and to beg her pardon, the little breeze of disagreement would quickly die down. Nan was not one who would for a moment stand out against an apology. But Lou's was one of those small natures which must always be in the right. She never liked to allow that she had made a mistake or had done wrongly.

More than this was involved. Lou knew perfectly well than in her warmth she had given to Nan a stronger impression of what had been said by somebody than facts warranted. If closely examined, she would have to confess, not only that that somebody was her brother George, but that George had said less than Lou's words had implied. That again held her back.

It seemed to Nan that life held nothing cheerful on the day in question. Everything had gone awry since early morning: and now, to add to the sum of her troubles, she had quarrelled with her greatest friend.

Her father had just had one of his bad drinking bouts. They came at irregular intervals, sometimes separated by many weeks, or even months, and nobody knew what brought them. Philip Humphrey, sober, was a well-meaning man, kind to his children, tolerably forbearing towards his wife, willing to work, anxious to give satisfaction. Philip Humphrey, under the influence of drink, was an untamed brute. Children and neighbours alike fled from him at such seasons.

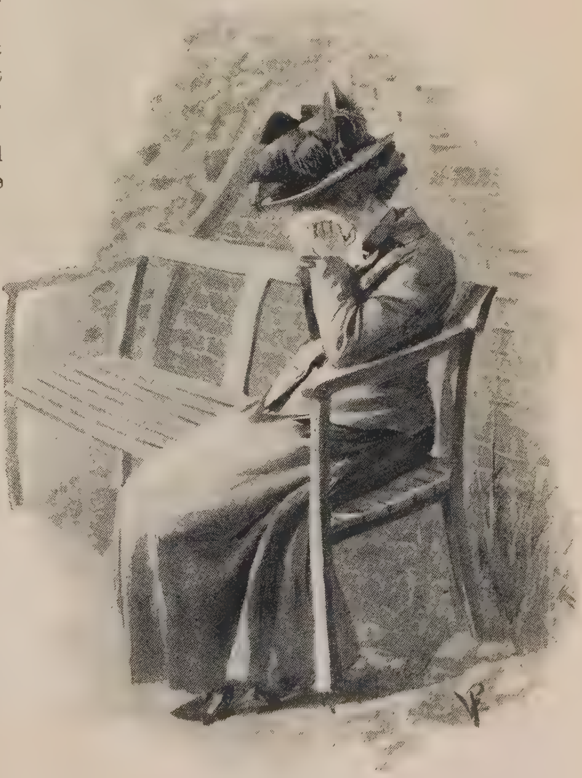
Nancy's mother, too, was a well-meaning person, so far as one can be said to mean well who does not take trouble to do well. She was untidy, feckless, low-spirited. The corners of her mouth always curved dolefully downward; she was never pleased with what anybody did; she was rarely seen to smile.

How far the disorderly and uncomfortable methods of Mrs. Humphrey had to do with those miserable drinking spells of her husband need not be decided here; nor how much the drinking habits of her husband had to do with Mrs. Humphrey's spiritless and untidy ways.

Humphrey had shown signs, even in youth, of a tendency towards taking too much; but had he continued to live in his mother's neat and cosy home, he might perhaps have conquered the tendency. When he married an untrained and careless girl, he managed to ensure a wretched home for himself for many a long year to come. That was one side of the question. Such a home was not likely to confirm him in habits of sobriety—habits already wavering.

On the other hand, when Mrs. Humphrey, then a girl, imagined herself to be in love with Philip Humphrey, she had had always to do with sober people. In marrying a man who was disposed to perilous self-indulgence, she too ensured for herself an unhappy married life.

Such a husband was not likely to be any help to her in overcoming her main fault of slatternliness. She had not, during girlhood, been counted ill-tempered; but then she had had little to try her temper. During the years of married life, she had developed a habit of incessant fault-finding, which told upon her children, as well as upon her husband.



"Lou cried afresh, wiping her eyes with a pitiful sniff."

This was the sort of thing that Nancy had known daily, through her short life. She had inherited from her parents the hasty temper which both possessed; and happily she had inherited also, from somebody else farther back, a frank and lovable disposition. But at times control over her own speech failed her sorely.

The difference between that home and the other home, scarcely twenty minutes' quick walk distant, belonging to James Dickenson and his soft-voiced wife, may be imagined. Lou's bringing-up had been of the calmest, in an atmosphere of love and kindness. Nan had been reared in an atmosphere of domestic tornadoes and family blizzards. The results upon the characters of the two girls could not but be widely different.

They were also very unlike by nature, to begin with. Lou's was a placid temperament, rather self-sufficient, utterly the opposite of the other hasty and eager young creature. No one could look at the dark excitable face of the elder, and at the expressionless pale features of the younger, without being conscious of the difference.

"'Why, Nan,—what's the matter?'"

Beyond and above Nan's usual home-trials, a fresh pain had come to her.

It was not merely the quarrel with her friend, though that brought unhappiness. Nan had not the smallest doubt that Lou had spoken of George Dickenson. She had seen much of George during the last two years, since the Dickensons came to live in the place; and she had thought still more of him. But now she knew that, pleasant though he had always been to her, he only thought of her—yes, and spoke of her—as an ill-natured, disagreeable, cantankerous girl. He did not really like her. His kindness of manner was all put on.

"And I wouldn't mind even *that* so much," declared Nan aloud, "if he hadn't talked of me in such a way to Lou! I'll never get over his doing it. I'll never speak to him again. See if I do! If he wants to know why, he can ask Lou."

Great tears rolled over Nan's rosy cheeks. The sound of approaching footsteps made her look up, with eyes still brimming.

A broad stoutly-built young fellow, three or four years older than herself, was coming down the hill. He walked fast, his heavy boots crunching the pebbles; and his honest plain face was turned in her direction, with a look half of pleasure, half of anxiety.

"Why, Nan, — what's the matter? You're crying, I do declare! Has anything gone wrong?"

Nancy looked him straight in the face, her eyes shining with anger. Tears were dried up in a moment, and she tossed her head.

"What's the matter, Nan?"

Without a word, Nan tried to push past him; but he stood in front of her, and when she moved to one side, he moved too, still barring her path.

"Let me go by!" she demanded.

"What for? What's happened?"

"I want to go by."

"Well, but you'll tell me first. That isn't the way you treat me commonly. Where's Lou?"

"Down the hill. I've come away from her."

"You don't mean to say you and she's been quarrelling!"

"Don't see that it matters to you if we have."

"What has Lou done? Tell me, Nan."

"Lou's done nothing."

"But she must. You wouldn't be like this if she hadn't. If she's done wrong, I'll try to set things right."

Nancy made another attempt to turn his position, and once more George was too quick for her. He did not touch Nancy, and his hands hung by his sides, but she could not make advance without touching him. She stopped again.

"I don't want anybody to interfere. It's no business of yours."

"But, Nan——"

"It isn't Lou. Not Lou most of all. It's you—not her. And you're to let me go by."

"Not till you tell me what you mean. There's some nonsensical mistake."

"No there isn't. It's no mistake. Let me go by."

"But I say, Nan——"

"Will you stand back!" cried Nancy, in a fury.

George Dickenson stepped on one side. He had never before seen Nancy look like this. Not once in the two years and more that he had known her.

He had lately begun to think that some day he might ask Nancy whether she would promise to be his wife. A doubt now swept across his mind. That was not the look that a man would wish to see in the face of his wife

Did Nancy often give way to such anger? He remembered, as in a flash, the tales which were reported in the place about Nan's home, and about the stormy tempers which had sway there. He had always looked upon Nancy—pretty, smiling Nan—as apart from and different from the rest of her family. What if she too had the family temper,—a temper which she might have inherited in a measure from both parents?

Nan rushed past him, and fled up the hill. George watched her gravely till she disappeared round a bend, and then he walked down the road.

Nan hurried at her best speed out of sight of George; and then her gust of fury died out. She crept away to a quiet corner among the bushes, threw herself down on the ground, regardless of cold and wet, and cried till she was tired.

All through the last two years, since first she had known Lou and George, she had held in her temper when with them, and had never been entirely overcome by it, just because she cared so much for these friends that she *could* control herself for their sake. She cared so much for them, and she believed that they cared so much for her.

And now it was all at an end. She had told Lou that she would speak to neither of them again. Worse than that, she *had* spoken to George, and in such a manner that he would never never forget it!

By the time that Nan came to an end of her crying, she was uncomfortably damp; and she soberly picked herself up to go home. It would be too late for dinner; and that meant starving till tea-time.

But, on reaching the road, before she had gone twenty paces, a little pale-faced lame boy of nine or ten limped up, holding out a crust of bread. This was Ted, the youngest of her three brothers. There was only one child younger still—tiny Mabel, aged only four. The two elder boys, Bob and Frank, were fifteen and thirteen years old.

"George watched her gravely."

"Nan, I've kept something for you. Mother was cross, 'cause you didn't get back; and she said you shouldn't have no dinner. And I kept this."

"But I say, Ted,—you didn't have enough for yourself."

"Yes, I did,—'cause I wasn't hungry. And I knowed you'd be hungry. And, Nan, I've got something to tell you. Guess! It's something nice."

Nan attacked the hard crust with relish. She had told Lou that she "hated" everybody in the place. But she could not have included Ted in her "everybody," or she would hardly have let him cuddle against her as he did, while they ascended the hill.

"Nan, on'y think! We're going to keep Christmas."

"Going to keep Christmas!"

"Yes." Ted's small face glowed. "It's Bob what began. He said it was a shame—so it was—that we never did nothink in our house at Christmas, like everybody else. And he said he'd ask mother if she minded, and maybe she wouldn't. His master's give him a extra shilling, all for himself. And he's got a lot of plums, and currants, and suet; and he wants mother to make us a real Christmas pudden. On'y think, Nan! And he says he'll get a real little fir-tree out of the wood, like them big Christmas-trees what people have at Christmas. And he's told Mabel, and she's as happy as happy can be."

Nan by this time had quite recovered her serenity. She wondered at herself for having been so furious, first with Lou and then with George. Was it worth while? Had they given her any good reason for being angry? With all Nan's hastiness of temper, she was not sulky. Had she come across either Lou or George, only one half-hour after her stormy passage-at-arms with either, she would have been ready to greet each with a smile.

"All right, Ted," she said heartily. "I'll do my best. It *is* a shame that we shouldn't have a real Christmas."

Unhappily, when the idea was laid before Mrs. Humphrey, it did not meet with approval.

The suggestion was not made at a good time, perhaps.

"Talk of Christmas presents!" she said indignantly, with lifted eyebrows and dropping mouth-corners. "*I've* nought to do with giving of presents, I can tell 'ee! Toiling and moiling as I have to do,—week in and week out, with never so much as a day's holiday from year's end to year's end! And all I can do, no keeping things straight! Oh, it's all very fine you talking about Christmas,"—this to her husband, who had not spoken, but had simply listened with an air of approval to Bob's remarks,—"it's all very fine, when it's *you* that makes things what they are! You needn't talk to *me* about Christmas! I've got enough to do, I can tell you, in cooking, and cleaning, and washing, and the rest; and nobody at hand to help me. Time was when I thought of Christmas as much as anybody,—but I've done with that sort of thing now! A drinking husband and an idle daughter,—that's what *I've* got to put up with."

"I'm not idle," muttered Nancy.

"No, o' course you are not! Sent off on an errand as ought to have taken you half an hour, and it's took you nigh upon two hours. That isn't idleness. Oh no; it's only what was to be expected.

This really was hard upon Nan. The errand upon which she had been sent meant a walk of nearly an hour, instead of only half an hour; and she had been absent scarcely more than an hour and a half. True, she had sat down with Lou for ten minutes, both girls having walked fast and feeling tired. Moreover, before starting, Nan had worked hard for her mother. Of course, the private cry among the bushes had made her later than she would otherwise have been,—and for this Mrs. Humphrey could not allow.

"It's no good my trying to do anything. I only get scolded for it," the girl said shortly.

"It isn't fair to expect too much from young things," Humphrey remarked. He was now well over his miserable time of excess, and was reverting naturally to his better and kindlier condition. If only he had been always thus!

"No, nor from old things neither!" retorted his wife, with tartness. "It isn't from *you*, anyway, that I'm like to expect much! So long as you get your way, and have your beer, and take things easy, *you* don't care. You men think a lot about holidays, and so many hours o' work, and none too much to do. I wonder what you'd feel like, if you'd got to work as we women has to work! And now you're all agog for Christmas doings. And I'm to manage it, I suppose, and to pay the money too—out of nothing!"

"No, mother," explained Bob, generally the quietest of the party. He seemed to have been driven into habits of silence by the very force of the many family tornadoes. "No, mother; we arn't asking you to do nothing,—only to make the pudden. We didn't have one last year, nor the year before."

"Reason why!" put in Mrs. Humphrey. She pointed her thumb towards her husband. "'Cause why? *He'd* been drinking."

"'Nan, I've kept something for you.'"—*Page* 223.

"That's why," she went on. "And it's why this year too. I've got no money to spend on puddens. It's all got to go to the rent."

"But now I've got the suet and plums, you'll make it, mother?"

"Oh, I'll make it—of course," returned Mrs. Humphrey ungraciously. "But Nan 'll have to help with the stoning of the raisins. I've got a lot to do."

An interruption took place. Little Mabel came forward, and climbed upon her father's knee. Weak and faulty as poor Humphrey was, unable to say "No," like a man, to his cravings when they assailed him, he had his good points; and one of these good points was a great devotion to little Mabel, the youngest and sweetest of his children. Mabel was devoted to her father,—except, of course, during those miserable periods when Humphrey was not himself, but had given over the control of his own mind and his own actions. Then even little Mabel fled away. But, child-like, she soon forgot the past, and clung to him again. The elder children could not so forget betweenwhiles.

The touch of her little plump hands comforted Humphrey; and he put his arm round her.

"Daddy,—it's going to be Christmas," she whispered.

"Yes, ducky. Only two days off."

"Daddy,—" with a deep sigh,—"I haven't got no doll."

"Haven't you?"

"Daddy, won't you get me a Christmas doll?"

Humphrey looked down in silence upon the little face. If only—if only—he had not spent all the money that was in his pocket a week ago!

"Won't you get me a doll?" repeated the small voice.

Humphrey stood up, putting Mabel down.

"I'll see what I can do," he said; and he walked out of the house. To himself he added, "Yes, and I'll see, please God, if I can't manage different another time. I'll *not* spend every penny on myself next Christmas!"

(*To be continued.*)

"Thy Word is Truth."

XVI. CHANGE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

THERE are some changes which do not disturb us very much—they are just changes which express that we are in the midst of moving times; but there are other changes which I think we may describe as good. We who live in the year 1899, and can throw our memories back to earlier days, feel, for example, that an enormous change has taken place in the books we read as children, in the Sunday Schools for instance. Instead of being unattractive, everything is now done to attract: and if children do not read nowadays, they must be very curious children indeed. What a change there is too in the contents of such books! Not that I presume to say that every change in the inside of a book is good—I do not think it is—and I am not at all sure that the change in the outside is always good.

Change is good if it is a fresh application of Eternal Truth: change is bad if it is a surrender of any portion of Eternal Truth. Here is water that, in poetic phrase, looks like a liquid diamond. Well, this water will flow into your cistern, and it will also fill mine; it will fill a round cistern or a square one; water cares little for the shape of the cistern. The chemist will tell you that it remains the same in each case; there is no surrender of principle in the heart of the water. The Lord made the water in order that whatever might be the shape of your vessel or mine it might be filled by it. So with the principles of the Gospel. The true Water of Life changes not: but, thank God, it changes us.

In the Riviera visitors have often noticed the curious appearance of the trees upon the hills which thrust their bald faces upwards against the blue of the sky? Why are they so bald-headed? Because the inhabitants were bald-witted; because the inhabitants considered that it was very important that they should have firewood, and for this purpose they cut down the trees from the summits and sides of the hills. What has been the result, generally, in that district? Enough solid land adapted for agricultural purposes has been swept down from the sides of the hills, for lack of this strengthening and holding of the trees, as would cover the whole of one province with a surface varying in depth from one to three inches! In other words, because they cut down the trees they have to that degree lessened the fertility of the soil. There are men who say, "Teach your children to grow up for this life only—leave the question of religion in the background." Yes: but take care lest in cutting down the trees you are not robbing the earth of its legitimate soil, and robbing the Master of the earth of the fruit which He should expect.

XVII. PHARISAISM.

BY THE REV. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ALL SOULS', LANGHAM PLACE.

THE tendency to Pharisaism is in us all. A little child can be a Pharisee over the way it folds its hands and kneels in prayer. We are none of us free from the temptation to extol some particular part of doctrine, or devotion, or duty, and to exalt ourselves because of our attention to it. "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." The attention to outward duties is most right: it is the neglect of the preparation of the heart which is so wrong.

This is where the Publican showed true religion. He humbled himself before God. He knew God to be righteous and holy. Coming into the presence of such a God, he could be conscious of only one thing, namely, his own sinfulness. His sin deserved judgment. He could make no satisfaction or amends. He could find no covering or excuse. His one supreme need was mercy. All his heart was poured forth in the prayer, "God be merciful to me, the sinful one"; all other good would follow, for all good is of God, if God would only be merciful to him. This is how the Publican humbled himself. He acknowledged his sin and need of Divine mercy.

I have heard people object to the frequent petitions for mercy in our Liturgy, the fourfold "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," in the Litany, and the threefold *Kyrie Eleison* in Morning and Evening Prayer. But if we draw near to God with any real sense of His holiness, no petition is more suitable. Sinners we are till we draw our last breath or till Jesus comes. So we need God's mercy every hour of our life, and the word miserable does not mean unhappy, but needing mercy or pity because of our fallen estate.

An old Puritan has said, "The conceit of sin leads to holiness, the conceit of holiness leads to sin." "He that exalteth himself," however real the virtue which leads him to do it, "shall be abased." "He that humbleth himself," not with mock humility, not with a complacent satisfaction in sin, but with a true sense of God's holiness and his own need of mercy, "shall be exalted." "The Publican went down to his house justified." He knew himself forgiven, and the sweetness of acceptance did not make him a Pharisee. He only humbled himself the more before the God Who had had mercy upon him. The Pharisee went home self-satisfied and blind, with an awful reckoning before him in the day of judgment. Let each ask, In what condition, in God's sight, do I stand? Am I a Pharisee or a Publican?

The Comforter.

"Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."—*Te Deum Laudamus.*
"I will not leave you comfortless."—*St. John* xiv. 18.

OH, might I, Jesus, for one blessèd moment,
Just lay my throbbing head upon Thy breast!
For truly there could I, so weary, weary,
Find sweetest rest!

Oh, if I might behold Thy Face, my Saviour,
And meet Thy gaze so earnest, loving, kind—
The tender look I seek for elsewhere vainly,
But cannot find!

Lord, must I all my future days go sadly,
With aching heart, and longing, longing still
For consolation which Thou dost not give me—
Is *this* Thy will?

* * * * *

No, child, I love thee far too well and wisely,
To leave thee thus, My comforting half done:
Already have I sent thee from My Father
The Promised One.

Art thou My own, and knowest not My Spirit?
Doth He not always dwell thy heart within?
Who checks thine ever-ready anger, keeping
Thy tongue from sin?

'Tis He, My Comforter, My Dove most Holy;
'Tis He who can thine every thought inspire
With high resolve, while all Thy coldness changing
To living fire.

The fear of man shall never more enthrall thee:
With all the power of Heaven upon thy side,
Art thou not strong to do what I shall bid thee?
Could harm betide?

Nay, three times nay! But, conquering and to conquer,
To just the field where I would have thee fight,
There go thou forth with Me, to use *My* weapons
With all thy might.

What matters it if "all thy might" be weakness?
Mine armour I will teach thee how to wield:
For thee were forged My helmet of salvation,
My sword and shield.

My child, I would not have thee so disheartened,
Because thine efforts past have seemed in vain;
Come, claim the *fulness* of My Spirit Holy;
Then, try again.

* * * * *

O three-fold Love and Power, I will believe Thee,
Although I may not ever comprehend;
Thou, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shalt aid me
Till life shall end!

ROSE JAY.

The Church Congress in London.

BY THE EDITOR.

I. "*Our Church: Its Progress and its Needs.*"

"OUR Church must be the Church *witnessing*. Her main work is to witness to Christ; to tell it forth among the nations that the Lord is King, and that when the world was drowned in sin and shame, and was sinking deeper and deeper into despair and wretchedness, the Word was made flesh. It is to witness till time shall be no more that God so loved the world that He gave His only Son to be the Propitiation for our sins."—THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY, at a recent Church Congress.

FOR the first time the Church Congress meets in London.* The occasion will be suggestive of very searching and solemn thoughts. London is the most wonderful city of contrasts in the world. Its population is about one sixth of that of the home country: its commerce reaches every land: its wealth is incalculable: its poverty, and the more or less consequent degradation of life in many wide districts, should make every heart ache. As to its Religious or *ir*religious condition, Bishop Thorold truly said of South London, "Christianity is not in possession": and East London, North London, and, indeed, all London, includes an immense mass of people, rich and poor, probably 3,000,000, who are "outside all public worship." The Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield is, perhaps, one of the highest authorities in London on the subject of men's attendance at Divine worship: and he goes so far as to express his opinion that "not more than one per cent. of the male population of the East End of London attend any place of worship."

The condition of things is indeed distressing. The orphan child who knows no earthly parent excites our keenest sympathy; and if Religion be to us a light which reveals our Father's love, it must be painful to think of the multitudes from whom that light is hidden. When we hear of parishes in London containing 10,000, 12,000, and even 15,000 people, with only one church, and perhaps one chapel—implying that 7,000 or 10,000 of the people habitually are absent from God's House on that Day when

> "Heaven's door stands ope:
> Blessings are plentiful and rife,
> More plentiful than hope,—"

can we repress the earnest desire that in some way or other a change may be brought about? And there are darker features still. Godlessness soon wrecks humanity. "We do feel," writes one of our Bishops, "the frightful statistics of drunkenness and vice, the avowed immorality of much that takes rank as literature, the isolation of classes, the cruel and desolating wars of capital and labour which we call strikes, the enormous increase of gambling, which is but one phase of the vulgar greed of all classes to grow rich by all

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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* We hope to report the proceedings of the Congress as fully as possible, with portraits and illustrations, in the columns of *The News* (published at *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C. Price One Penny weekly).

THE ALBERT HALL.

and any means: and how it should thrill us to action, to overcome through Christ, and by the power of His Spirit, the evil one manifested in these his works."

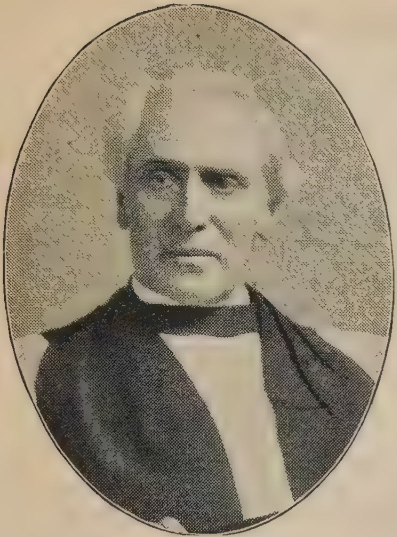
We are most thankful to find the first subject of consideration at the Church Congress is to be "The Church of England in London in this Century: its Progress and its Needs." But if we are to judge by statistics, we fear the conclusion will be that there has been no Religious *progress.* Compared with the present population, it is alleged, and on good authority, that there never was a time when the average proportional attendance at public worship was so limited. Still, it will be well if universal attention is fixed upon the painful fact. When we see the disease we can best think of the remedy.

We earnestly trust the Congress will be pre-eminently a Prayerful Congress: that our Bishops, our Clergy, and our Laity will fully realize our Church's need of a Second Pentecost.

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart."

There are, we know, some faithless ones who would regard it as utopian to think of evangelizing the masses. If Christ stood amongst us, His word would be clear and decisive—"Go ye, and preach the Gospel to every creature"—and *first* to every wandering one in London! And who will doubt for one moment that the Gospel—"the Good News of God"—so preached, and *lived*, in the darkest places of the mighty city, would, by the power of the Holy Spirit, be accompanied with marvellous results? "Every Christian man a missionary to

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

his fellows," is what we want to-day in London: and if all who gather at the Church Congress are thus enlisted in the Divine work, "the windows of heaven" will be "opened," and such a blessing will be "poured out that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

How happy the experience, to realize even here—in the sweet sense of Christian usefulness—a foretaste of the final reward of grace! How noble the aspiration of each consecrated life, to be made "an instrument in God's Hand" for the highest good of others!

No better wish can we express than this for the Religious influence and results of the London Church Congress.

II. *Secondary Questions.*

We say "secondary," but only secondary. "Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well of that which is to come." Everything that really concerns this present life is most important, though not chiefly important. Many subjects will be discussed during the Congress Week. We are glad they will include Commercial Morality, Speculation and Gambling, Sunday Amusements and Employments, the Place and Work of the Laity, the Evangelization of the World, the History of Nonconformity, Experimental Religion, Purity and Temperance, Social Questions, Conciliation in Labour Disputes, Housing of the Poor, Women's Work, and Education.

THE REV. CANON J. J. GLENDINNING NASH.
Hon. Secretary of the Congress.

We hope the readers and speakers will use great plainness of speech: employ forcible Saxon words and short sentences; and "call a spade a spade." The Congress, even in the Albert Hall, is not the true Congress audience. The *Press* alone will reach that. Millions will *read* what only the ten thousand scholars *hear*. The great industrial classes are the classes we want to reach. They may not be scholars, though some of them are: but they will all value plain common sense and going straight to the point. "First," said Bishop Thorold, "have something to say, and then say it as simply and briefly as you can." At Bradford Archbishop Temple set an example in his admirable speech to working men:—

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE.

"Justice and fairness are the beginning of Christian conduct, and there is nothing worth anything at all if these be lacking. And I must further press the principle of self-sacrifice in your own households. I ask each man whether he is really practising that self-sacrifice for his wife and children which he is anxious that others should practise towards him; whether out of the wages he earns he takes care that the right proportion goes to the necessities of his household, and whether he does not sometimes spend too much upon his own refreshment and enjoyment, and even upon those things which do him more harm than good. If this rule were universally observed, that men gave themselves up for the good of those who belonged to them, I do not think it is possible to estimate how deeply it would stir the great masses of the people of England."

⁂ *Portraits from Photographs by* Elliott & Fry.

Business First; or, The Life that is Higher.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," ETC., ETC.

"As the trawler could not come right in, she lowered a boat."—*Page* 231.

CHAPTER IX.

MAKING A MAN.

DECEMBER opened with an awful storm, in which, though no lives were lost, the nets of half the smaller boats were torn from them.

Lady Vane had persuaded Sir Henry to go on the Continent for four or five months, and she did her best, though in vain, to induce Mrs. Conybere to do likewise.

"What possible necessity can you have, to live here amongst these fishermen, when you could take a charming little Casâ in Florence, for instance? Your girls, I am sure, would enjoy a little gaiety, if you don't yourself."

"May is going to her aunt in London for three months, and I am sure Nancy will be happy here."

"Yes," cried Hannah, with bright eyes and blushing cheeks, "happier than anywhere else in the world."

"You are strange people, and quite beyond my comprehension. How can you compare this wretched place—with its terrible cold, and, by your own showing, poverty and wretchedness (though, really, I believe you are dreadfully imposed upon; indeed, Henry says so)—with Italian skies, and the flowers of the Riviera?"

"Dear Victoria, you are very kind, and we own to any little singularity you please to assign us."

So Lady Vane went abroad.

Now and then she remembered her old friend, and sent her such a box of exquisite bloom, that her drawing-room glowed with colour, and was perfumed with delicate scent.

The young men returned three days before Christmas.

Dinah Call was in Bathsheba's cottage, helping her to make her "old man's" bed, for Richard was suffering much, and the old woman was feeble; so Tim was alone in the cottage, sitting moodily by the coal-dust fire.

When the door opened, he growled out, "Shut it, can't you? This place is cold enough wi'out fetching t' snow in." He thought the incomer was one of his mates, and never turned his head.

"So it is, Tim," replied a pleasant voice, with a gentleman's intonation.

The four words brought Tim to his feet as though he had been shot, and he stood looking at Faber, who advanced towards him with his hand outstretched, and a look of bright greeting.

"I can't do it," said Tim, and sat down again.

"Can't do what?" returned Faber; "can't do what, Tim? Do you know you have not shaken hands?"

"Yes—I know—I can't."

"Why not?"

"Well, that's my business."

"Maybe, but it's mine too. Have I done anything to offend you?"

"Not likely."

"Then have I done something that makes an honest man unable to take my hand?"

"No, *you* haven't. I expect you've heard tell about them nets, and that we've been had up on what t' bobbies call suspicion. They had to let us off, but we're all four like speckled hens here."

"I have heard nothing. What is it about?"

When Tim once began to talk, it was such a relief to unburden his thoughts, he poured out his indignation and the wrongs of his kin in an eloquent strain. And when he came to the cutting of the nets, he suddenly pulled up and said no more; but Faber understood, and made no comments, and asked no questions.

Tim looked at him gratefully, and when Faber again held out his hand, Tim wrung it, with a "Thank you, sir," which half-choked him.

"Now," said Faber, "it's my turn to tell a secret. I can trust you, Tim, to keep it." What that secret was we need not inquire here.

The conversation ended, just before Dinah returned, by Faber's remark,—"Then you accept the terms, and will go to the Tyne next week, and stay there till all is ready in Spring?"

"God bless you, sir!" said Tim, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes. "You're set on making a man on me yet."

"No, Tim; that's done already. Now good-bye; I see Mrs. Conybere at Bathsheba's door."

"Mother," said Tim that night, "he's found me good work and wages till April. I'll send you regular every two weeks half on it, so you'll be short o' naught. Now, don't you screw and save; get all you want—a new gown and a warm shawl, or I'll stop t' price on 'em out of t' postal order and buy 'em mysen. Will you promise?"

"My lad," said Dinah, "I allus thought my prodigal were worth any other woman's two good sons, and so he is."

"Nay, it's not me, mother, it's him; he fair forces a chap up—God bless him! *If there's any menangels* he's one, and the first I've come across!"

CHAPTER X.

"CAN" AND "OUGHT."

Now that half the boats had lost their nets, the winter would have been a cruel one in Sutton-Gullscane, had it not been for Mr. Faber, who was continually amongst the fishermen. There was a rather large old house in the main street, which had been the residence of the manager of some Alum Works in their prosperous days. He took it, and presently a bright blue and red sign announced it was the "Fishermen's Club House." What had formerly been the two large front sitting-rooms were now fitted up as reading and amusement rooms, well supplied with games, papers, and a piano; and the upper rooms of the Club House Mr. Faber furnished for himself. He had a bed and sitting-room to the front; and for his man Curtis, one behind. The other two bedrooms and the kitchens were the home of Bathsheba and Richard Moorse, who kept the place spotlessly clean, and thanked the Lord for a sure harbour in which to end their days.

Mr. Faber said openly he had come to live in Sutton-Gullscane to "look after his business." He was up at the net factory every day; but the manager, all knew, was sufficient for that, so what his particular "business" was no one knew but the Conyberes.

What the young master could want with all these finished nets, as well as the others which the manager found markets for and sent to their destinations week by week, the fisher-folk could not understand.

But while Mr. Faber made excuses for the most honest attempts, and cheered the most stupid with encouragement and help, the rest soon found he allowed no shirking, and would not pay a farthing beyond the sum honestly earned.

And as for those who would not work, neither did they eat of the Christmas cheer which he supplied and Mrs. Conybere distributed. Even Hannah would have accepted excuses at this happy season, but she found, and respected him for it, that if Henry Faber made up his mind to a course he thought right, even *her* pleadings would not turn him from it.

It was just then that "Mr. Reginald" came home from Cambridge, with all the glory of having taken his high Wrangler's place, and his mother and sister could not help telling the good news about in the Bay, in the pride of their hearts.

As Spring drew in, Sutton-Gullscane became more dull. All the extra nets Mr. Faber had ordered were finished, or nearly so. The Sewing Society closed; and many of the Night-School attenders were out so late as to give up coming.

Mr. Reginald had again been classed with the first, in the Civil Service Examinations; and although his mother and sisters said it was a good thing for him, they went about with sad faces; and Mrs. Conybere had a pathetic look in her eyes, that the women who had lads "in foreign parts" as sailors, knew the meaning of full well. Mr. Faber, too, had gone away. It had been said in the fishing cottages that he was "looking after Miss Hannah"; but *that* enterprise, in which every one of their poor friends had wished him success, appeared by his sudden departure to have come to an end.

One morning a shock flew through the place; a fine steam-trawler was absolutely steaming into the Bay—*their* Bay.

"What was she doing there?" they asked one another, and their eyes questioned more fearfully than their lips.

Mrs. Conybere, with the young ladies and their brother, were hastening down the village, but *their* appearance caused no surprise.

As the trawler could not come right in, she lowered a boat. A queer one it looked to the fishermen, for it lay flat in the chams, and as it was loosened, suddenly expanded, and was lowered in a few seconds with five men in her.

"She takes to the water like a duck, doesn't she, Richard?"

"'You're set on making a man on me yet.'"—*Page* 230.

"Ay, ay, sor; but I never seed one like *her*. She was as flat as a board five minutes since."

"Yes, she is a Berthown lifeboat; every ship, big and little, ought to carry them; they can be stowed flat against the thwarts, and so easily that as many can be taken as are needed to rescue every soul on board!"

But old Richard was listening indifferently; his eyes and every one else's were fixed on the boat so swiftly coming in. "Why, Dinah, that's thy Tim! and the other three are them wild chaps that cut t' nets; but who's yon steering? If it isn't Mr. Faber!"

The crowd drew back, recoiling from the embodiment of a cruel treachery. Even old Bathsheba drew Richard away. "Let us gang hame, honey," she said, but Miss Hannah put her hand on the old woman's arm. "Oh, wait a minute, Bathsheba, please do"; and to "please the bairn" the old couple stood still.

Another five minutes and the boat was in shore, and Faber sprang on to a rock. The Sutton-Gullscane people were turning away, and the only hands held out in friendly greeting were those of the Conyberes.

"He's come here and found out all he could about our fishing, and we thought him a friend," said Elijah hoarsely. Elijah had become a teetotaller, and life had begun to be altogether a different thing to him. "And now, if *this* was goodness, well, he'd be off to the Jolly Tar and get drunk." The crowd sullenly backed, and began to disperse.

"'Friends, don't go away.'"

A clear voice rang out and reached those even who had gone farthest, and stayed them.

"Friends, don't go away; I want to speak to you."

Half irresolutely the people lingered.

"We shall want you to fetch down the nets you have been making for the trawler, and those the cobbles lost, presently; Mr. McLeanan has them all ready. But, before you do so, I want to tell you how she comes here. Our friend Mrs. Conybere knew she was coming. We all consulted together, and thought we might have helped you to replace the lost nets; that would not have been 'bearing one another's burdens,' for the next storm might have torn from you your chance of a livelihood. It seemed better to begin net-making—this provides a permanent industry for those who remain ashore, and in the winter, and, under Mr. McLeanan's able management, I believe it will become a good paying concern. Then what we need here is to be able successfully to compete in the markets with the trawler and big boat-owners.

"For months we have all been working hard at making arrangements. I now thank God they are complete. We have a good market for all the fish we can send from Sutton-Gullscane Station. That is three miles away, so you lads and women will have plenty to do, until you can afford to buy ponies and carts to take it there.

"This steam-trawler is mine at present, but we have divided her cost into ten-pound shares. Tim Call is captain, and has already taken up two shares; the crew will be chosen from young men who deserve to become part owners. The engine-men are hired at present, but three of you must qualify yourselves to take their places by next season. And for the cobble-owners, I trust they will strain every nerve to get big boats instead of their little ones, so as to be able to go long voyages to the Dogger and Newfoundland, as in years gone by. Then perhaps we shall be able to put on a fast steamer. Till then our trawler must do. She will not only fish with the nets you have been making, she will bring in the fish caught by the other Sutton-Gullscane boats; so that they may be able to go farther out, and not break time. As by labour, or profits on sales, you are able to take up shares in the *Hannah Conybere*" (here the speaker glanced at the happy girl by his side), "you will become her proprietors; and we can see no reason why our Bay should not soon be known far and wide, as sending the freshest and best fish of the markets, and being the most prosperous fishing village on the coast.

"For myself, I shall never cease to be thankful that God led me here, to know what I never knew before, and to learn what money *can* do, and *ought* to do. I see Mr. Reginald is impatient to explain to you the arrangements *he* has made with the markets, and his system of co-operation. Shall we adjourn to the Club House?"

What cheers rang out, again and again reverberating from the cliffs and the grey walls of the ravine! Every fisherman in the place (and there were over three hundred of them) insisted on shaking hands with the young men.

That day prosperity dawned on the village. In place of thinking hard thoughts, the fisherfolk are willing and ready to do as they have been done by, and stretch out a helping hand to all around them, and a friendly one to those above them; for in their experience, rank and riches have been brotherly used. Henry Faber's purse has lost nothing in the long run, and his heart and head have gained much. Blessed wealth, blessedly used.

THE END.

The Right Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D.,

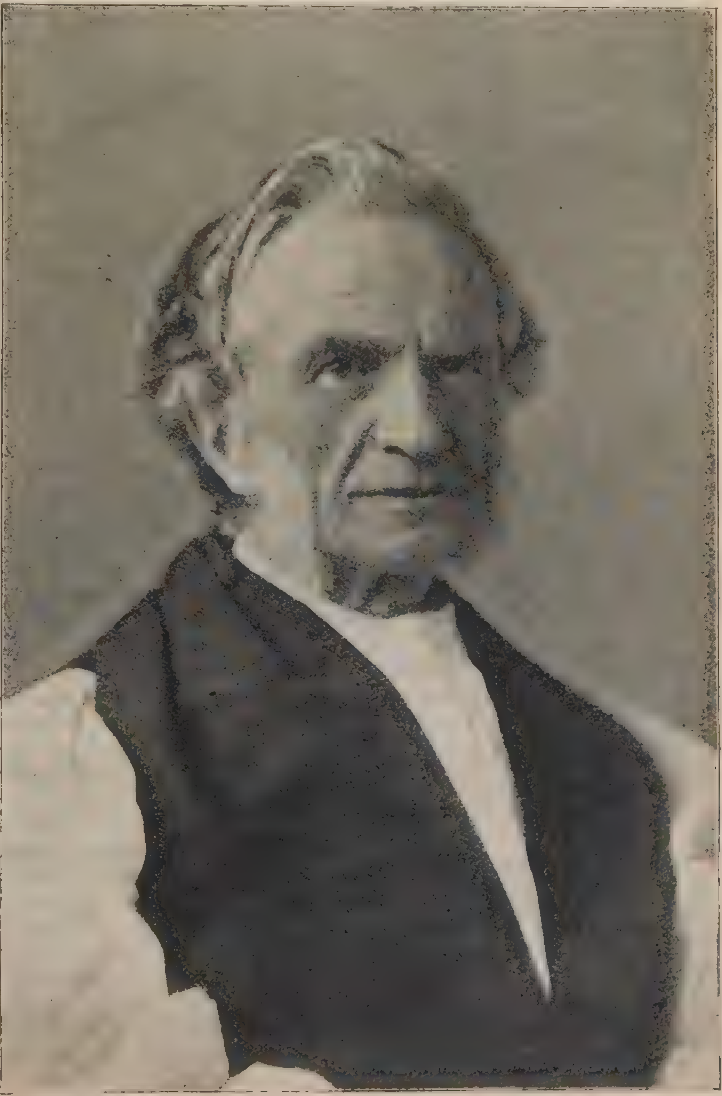
LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

DR. WESTCOTT has well been described as "the most learned and influential living Church of England divine." He has been a wonderful worker and writer: and he has ever manifested the humble diffidence of true greatness of character. When he became Bishop of Durham many will remember the noble words he wrote to the people of his diocese:—"My whole strength lies in the trust that the prayers of friends of the whole diocese will be with me. I come in simplest obedience, offering the little which I have without reserve."

Dr. Westcott was born near Birmingham, in January, 1825. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, where he was a close friend of Dr. Lightfoot. He was Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and carried off many distinctions and prizes. His influence at Cambridge over young men was immense. "His intellectual and marked face—in the old sense of the word 'the *painful*' scholar—his patriarchal figure, his student's stoop, and his picturesque appearance in his doctor's robes at the head of his brethren, attending the University sermon on a Sunday afternoon, or an hour later in the noble chapel of King's College, made him the most prominent celebrity in Cambridge." "Cambridge," it was said, when he left it, "would scarcely seem to be Cambridge without him. Surely, never was there a master better beloved, or a master who better deserved to be loved." In 1870 he was elected Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and in 1879 he became Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. He was one of the Company of Revisers of the New Testament, and rendered the greatest service. His works as an author are "legion."

The practical side of the Bishop's character is most noteworthy, Some predicted that "much learning" would unfit him for personal contact with the handworkers of the northern diocese: but it has been far otherwise. It certainly does not need man's "ignorance" to deal with warm-hearted and intelligent pitmen: and the best and truest "learning" has not hindered in Dr. Westcott the plain and powerful utterances of homely wisdom. He knows well how to escape from any "mist" of mere scholarship, and to "talk" so that no one can fail to understand him.

R. M.



From a Photograph by] [ELLIOTT & FRY, *Baker Street, W.*

STEEPLEJACKS AND THEIR WAYS

BY

L. H. KINGSTON, M.A.

AT the outset I would claim that the steeplejack is a minor Church official. Without his services Deans, Rectors, Vicars, even Curates-in-Charge might some windy day find part of their occupation gone. The steeplejack puts in the stitch in time which saves nine. When there is something wrong with the Church's finger that points towards the sky, he will mount up its dizzy height and discover the injury. Only a few months ago the steeplejacks were busy on the spire of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, where one of the Congress sermons is to be preached. The congregation may now feel secure that no part of the steeple is likely to give way. Possibly the steeplejack may object to being termed a minor Church dignitary, for he certainly holds the highest post possible, and one which not even an Archbishop would envy him.

It is scarcely surprising, taking into account the hazardous character of their craft, that there are not very many steeplejacks in this or in any other country. The physical, as well as intellectual demands made by the vocation are such that there must be few men with digestions sound enough and brains steady enough to perform the work. The eye of a man looking upwards at the fly-like figures, flat against or crawling up the smooth circumference of a chimney so high that the stout lightning conductor cannot be followed to the summit, is enough to make the onlooker reel at the sight; and not even the hearty voices of the brave fellows singing songs as they strike with their hammers, or calling one to another to pay out more rope or hoist up another ladder, give one confidence in their safety.

Sailors may display the agility of monkeys aloft, spring in a breath from the slings of a yard to the arm of it, and jockey the spar as though the surging and heaving thing were the back of an ambling colt; shin up to the truck and sing "Rule Britannia" standing on one leg there; but the mariner has always something to hold on by. If he is unshod he has ropes for his toes to grip, though he should have to let go with both hands. The rope or ladder of the steeplejack is a very different affair from the fabric of a ship's rigging. He ascends to elevations, moreover, whence looking down he would find a man as high up as the royal yard of a big merchant ship small in the distance that lay between. There is something friendly in shrouds and backstays, in foot-ropes and Flemish horses, in lifts, stirrups, and jackstays. The smooth circumference of brick and mortar, however, the sheer up-and-downness of the structure, without a protuberance for the foot to find a lodging on, with hard ground and nothing else to fall upon in lieu of the sailor's chance of bounding off into the sea, with nothing more serious behind, perhaps, than a purple face and streaming clothes, provides a very inhospitable condition of things.

That the number of steeplejacks should be so limited is warrant enough not only of the singular perils of the calling, but of the really coolness of mind and regularity of pulse which the exercise of the vocation demands. When a man scales some cathedral height, some towering pinnacle, to fasten a flag upon it in honour of a jubilee, or as a further illustration of the national rejoicings, the astonishment is supreme. Readers of the story can scarcely credit their eyes, and the audacious climber becomes a nine days' wonder. Yet every day our steeplejacks are performing feats quite as wonderful in their way. As a sample of the courage and presence of mind possessed by these men, an incident which happened at Slaithwaite, some years ago, fairly deserves a place amongst memorable things.

A very extensive cotton mill had been erected for a spinning company, and the chimney, an exceedingly tall one, was so far completed that a steeplejack belonging to Huddersfield was engaged to ascend it, to remove the scaffolding which had been employed by the workmen in the completion of the very summit, or actual mouth of the chimney. The steeplejack easily ascended the perpendicular height, and, after successfully removing the scaffolding, was preparing to descend, when the rope, the one and only available means by which he would be enabled to reach the ground, became detached and fell to the bottom.

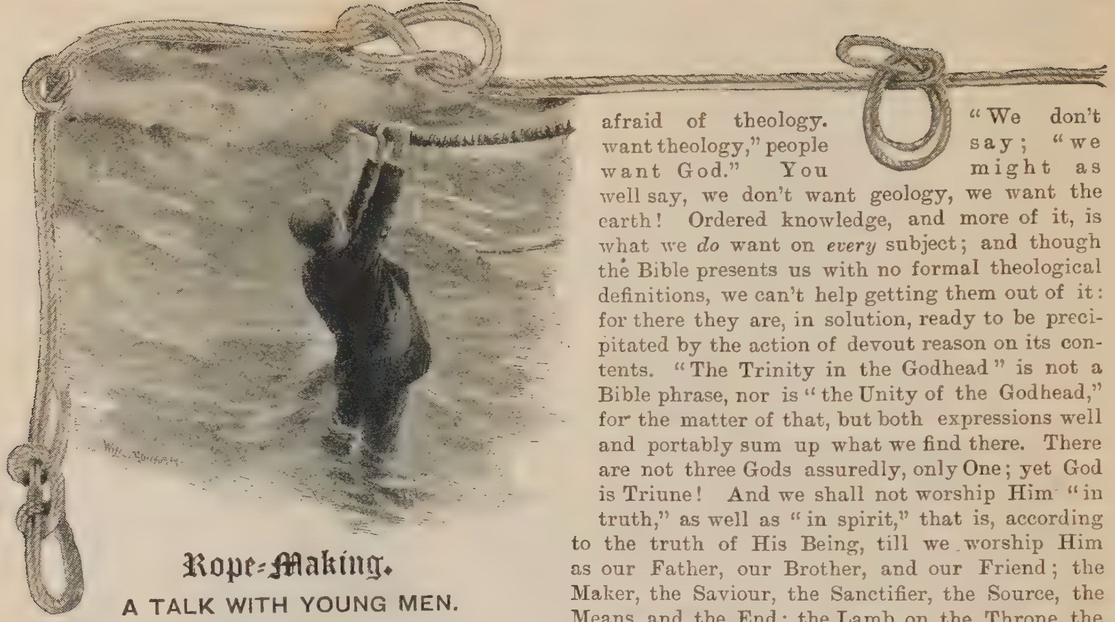
There was the man on the top of the chimney dwarfed into a mere pigmy by the altitude, and hopelessly inaccessible. He was observed to stand in a posture of thought for some little while, as though, indeed, he had fallen into a fit of poetic musing, and was enjoying the spirit of freedom and liberty which came to him out of the prodigious horizon which the great elevation of the chimney enabled him to survey. Possibly, had it been in his power to take his stand on the very top of the structure—where the hole is, in short—the passing traveller might have concluded that the chimney was a pillar erected to the memory of some renowned spinner, and that the little shape on the top of it was the statue of the person commemorated. Be this as it may, our steeplejack, after a brief moment or two of reflection, formed his resolution.

He was seen by the gaping and wondering crowd—at whose perplexity, had their faces been distinguishable, he must have felt more surprised even than they were puzzled and bewildered by his situation—to sit down and pull off one of his stockings. It was then noticed that he fingered this stocking as though he were darning it. The crowd, lost in astonishment, continued to stare and to wonder; but his motive was presently understood when it was seen that, instead of darning his stocking, he was busily engaged in unravelling it. Bit by bit he worked it out into a long thread, letting the end float downwards, as though he were some gigantic spider seeking another chimney with his sticky filament, in order to build a web. The thread continued to travel downwards until it was within reach.

The object of the cool and dexterous man was immediately grasped. A line sufficiently light for the thread to support it was attached and hauled up by the steeplejack, who, before long, by means of this ingenious device, was provided with a rope strong enough to enable him to slide down to *terra firma*.

We have read somewhere a similar instance of rescue, and, if we remember rightly, the wife of the man in danger suggested to him the stocking plan. Possibly the steeplejack was acquainted with this instance, but not the less do we admire his cool judgment and presence of mind in so perilous a position.

THE STEEPLEJACK AT WORK.



Rope-Making.

A TALK WITH YOUNG MEN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF BALLARAT.

"A THREEFOLD cord is not quickly broken." That was the secret of making sound ropes thirty centuries ago: are you aware that it is the secret of the same craft to-day? Of course the supreme virtue of a rope is, that it should not break. Many a mountaineer has been dashed to atoms, many a ship has drifted to utter wreck on a lee shore, through a rope parting! Now, how are cords made so as to last? Well, it is found by age-long experience that they must be made *triple*. Three strands are twisted together, and then three of the resulting strands, nine, and so on, always a multiple of three. A cable of (say) eight inches in circumference will contain 333 "yarns," as the first lengths of twisted hemp fibre are called; and then the rope will moor a man-of-war.

Well, in other things besides literal ropes, threefoldness is found to be the guarantee of sufficiency, or thoroughness. Three estates of the realm: two *or three* witnesses when a man is tried for his life: three coloured rays in every single ray of white light. The girls all want trichord pianos; and when the young men start a race, it is "One, two, three, and away!" And when a cricketing hero carries his bat back from the three stumps, after putting up his century, they greet him with three cheers, or perhaps with three times three. And so on, and so on.

Now, why? Is it accident? I don't think so. Indeed, there seems some mental law which makes it impossible to apprehend any subject thoroughly till you have looked at it under three aspects,—first from one side, the positive side; then from the other, the negative side; and then the intermediate aspect of it,—the qualifications which harmonize our views about it. That is one reason why preachers so often divide their sermons under three heads.

Well, our principle applies to theology. Don't be afraid of theology. "We don't want theology," people say; "we want God." You might as well say, we don't want geology, we want the earth! Ordered knowledge, and more of it, is what we *do* want on *every* subject; and though the Bible presents us with no formal theological definitions, we can't help getting them out of it: for there they are, in solution, ready to be precipitated by the action of devout reason on its contents. "The Trinity in the Godhead" is not a Bible phrase, nor is "the Unity of the Godhead," for the matter of that, but both expressions well and portably sum up what we find there. There are not three Gods assuredly, only One; yet God is Triune! And we shall not worship Him "in truth," as well as "in spirit," that is, according to the truth of His Being, till we worship Him as our Father, our Brother, and our Friend; the Maker, the Saviour, the Sanctifier, the Source, the Means, and the End; the Lamb on the Throne, the Lamb in the midst of the Throne, and the lamps burning before the Throne; the object we are to reach, the way by which we reach it, and the power through which we reach it; Him who rules, Him who redeems, and Him who regenerates—Might, Love, and Wisdom. "Through the Son we have access, by one Spirit, unto the Father." God is the "Holy, Holy, Holy," all the Three in One, combining to save sinners, receiving, restoring and renewing us.

"Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life to us extend."

Once more, the principle of threefoldness as the secret of thoroughness applies to anthropology, the science of man, and in particular to neaniology, or the science of young men. How so? How are these ropes to be handled?

Well, it is no mere fancy that traces in ourselves, made in the image of God, something corresponding to the tri-unity of our Maker. Deep down beneath our bodily frame, our skins, and bones, and nerves, and arteries, there are three ways in which our inner manhood lives and moves and has its being,—the mind, the heart, and the will.

(*a*) First, mind. By that we think, and understand, and imagine, apprehend ideas, and combine them, and reason about them.

Then (*b*) the heart. By this we feel, in the sphere of emotion; we rejoice and grieve, and hope and fear, and love and pity, not with our minds, but with our heart or affections, as we call them.

And then (*c*) the will, which is quite distinguishable from the mind and the heart. Here is our manhood energizing; we resolve, we decide, we act, we exercise firmness, patience, resignation.

Now these three are not different men. At the back of them all stands the one individual of whose nature

"Many a mountaineer has been dashed to atoms through a rope parting."—*Page* 236.

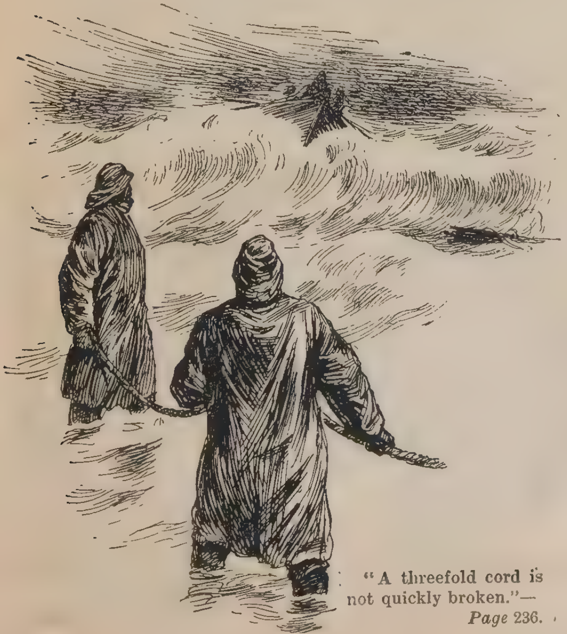
they are essential factors. It is not, really, my mind that thinks, or my heart that feels, or my will that resolves, any more than in the case of the body it is my nose that smells, my tooth that aches, or my hand that smites; it is I who smite with my hand, or smell with my nose, or have a pain in my tooth; it is I who reason with my mind, joy or grieve in my heart, and decide with my will; they are the three departments in which my one life can exercise itself: and hence they all three enter, though in different proportions, into almost every one of the complex activities of that life; the best actions of our manhood being those in which our will dictates what our heart recognises as lovely, and our mind pronounces wise; while our worst actions are those in which our judgment secretly disapproves, yet allows, that which our will is obstinately carrying out through the impurities of a corrupt heart. And yet, though combining thus, the three are perfectly distinct; the mind deals with propositions as true or false; the heart with things as beautiful or repulsive; the will as to be acted on or not to be acted on.

Yes, they are distinct; a man may have a potent will, but scanty intellect and torpid sensibilities; or he may have each of the others in great force and very little of their two companions.

Now, suppose we want the future of a young man's life to be made—to see it a grand success for time and eternity, to get him turned into that glorious thing—a downright and durable "Christian," not merely a pious professor in his youth, to wither away to nothing afterwards, like nine-tenths of those pretty blossoms on our orchard trees this June—but the real thing, true grit, to stand and last; how is it to be done? Well, you *must twine a threefold cord*; that alone will stand and hold. The mind and heart and will must all be gathered up as into a single rope, and the loose end of it passed, by that complex act of self-surrender which we call faith, into the hand of Christ, keeping back no part at all. Any cord will quickly snap unless it is threefold, and any young man's religion will prove a failure if one or other of the strands in this rope-making is dropped.

If I want to be not an almost, but an altogether Christian, I must present the whole thing—mind and heart and will—to Christ. This is the secret of successful and durable rope-making in the Christian life. Twine the three equally together into a human trinity—the sovereign reason corresponding to the Supreme Father, the reasoning heart and affections to the Beloved Son, the robust will to the sacred Spirit!

God help you thus to twist that triple nature of yours into oneness, and, gathering it all up together, to make fast with it by faith, within the veil, to the Throne of the Triune God. Whatever storms may come, your anchor then will hold. All of your poor manhood will then have gripped all of the Almighty's Godhead; and the threefold cord that thus shall bind those two together to all eternity shall not be broken!



"A threefold cord is not quickly broken."—*Page* 236.

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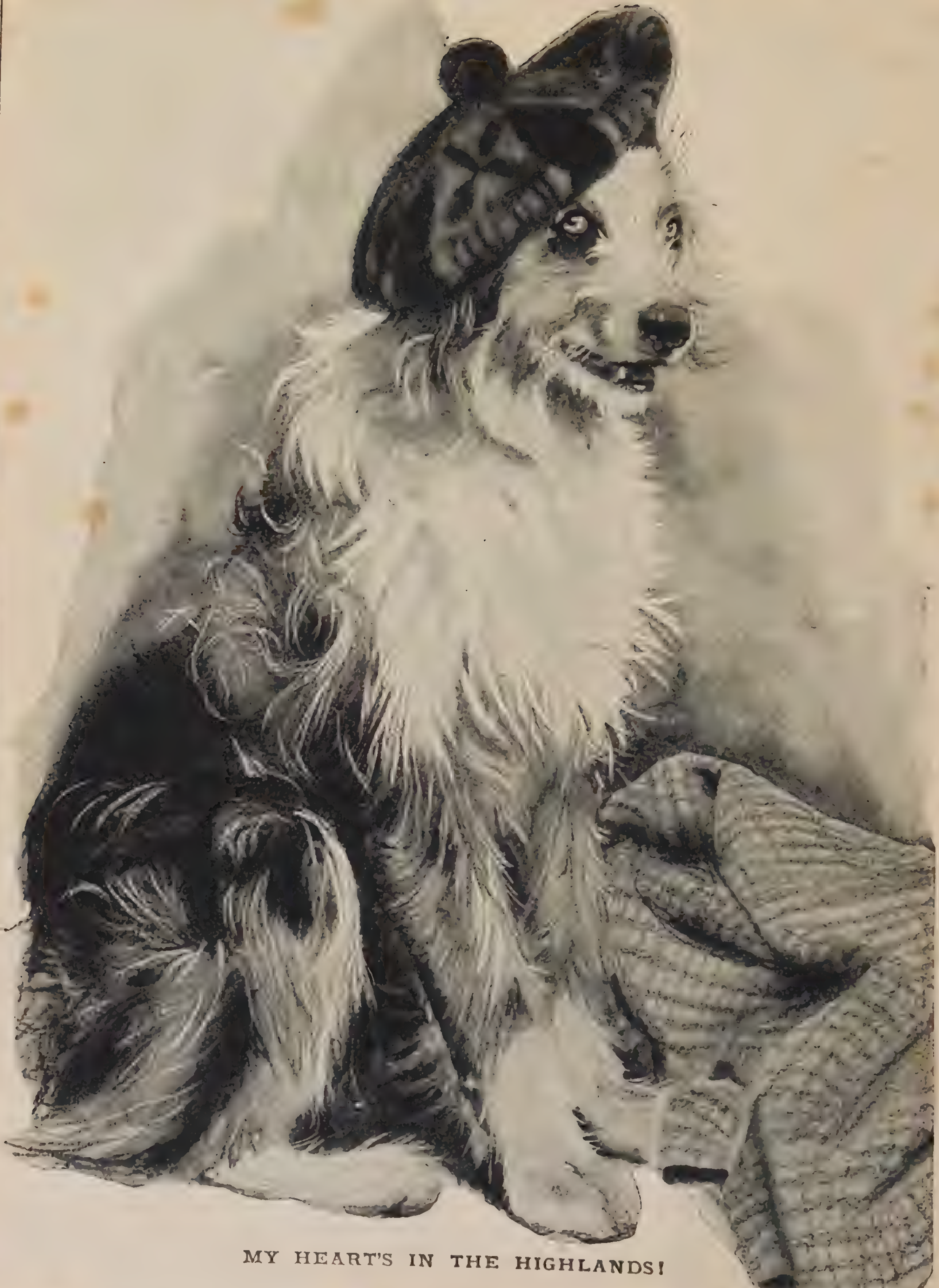


MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS!

The Young Folks' Page.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

"AH," said an old shepherd, who had kept his flock for close upon seventy years, "you can't beat Scotch sheep-dogs for 'knowingness.' They just guess everything you do or say."

Our artist has caught that air of "knowingness" to perfection in his picture of Wylie. But I am forgetting that you have never heard of Wylie. Well, here is the tale of one of his adventures, as his master told it to me: "I am a Scotch herdsman, and the owner of a little black and white collie, which has saved my life on no less than three occasions whilst herding in Scotland. After experiencing many ups and downs of life, I was given the charge of a 'district' in the lambing season. I had three men and their dogs with me. During lambing time we work in couples, two of us out at night, and two herding during the day. One rough night of wind and snow it was my turn 'on,' along with a young lad who was just learning to manage the sheep. The drifts were very deep, and the weather was dreadful when we whistled our dogs up and started to count the sheep. I had the longer round—one of four miles—since I had been on the job for more years than the lad. Before I returned the lad had got his all counted up and back again home. Soon after I had turned, I was crossing a sluice with two lambs, which I had found beneath their dead mother, when I fell feet foremost into a hole. Buried up to my neck, and nearly choked, I could not speak or move.

"I had dropped the lambs when I fell. I saw my dog 'Wylie' put them into a corner of a hedge near by, and then set off for the hut to bring the men. When they saw him they guessed there was something wrong, and followed him until they found me. They say I was black in the face. It seems I had fallen into an old disused well, which had been covered up. The covering had rotted away just enough to let me through. The hut was fully two and a half miles distant, and I must have hung by my neck for fully an hour. It was a month before I was able to be at my work again. The first creatures I saw when I got better were the two lambs which I had found. They formed two of the pen which won first prize at Edinburgh, as shearlings, the following year." H. S. B.

WHAT A BOY MAY DO.

BY THE LATE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

I WILL tell you a story which will show you how an example may be blessed. There is a large hospital in the East of London, and in one of the wards where a good many men are always lying in their beds there was quite a little boy brought in one day. There were several other boys there. He was not so ill that he could not get up and down from the bed himself; so at night, before he went to sleep, he knelt down. A rough man called one of the nurses, and said, "What is that lad doing?" "Saying his prayers." "What does he belong to?" asked the man. She went to the boy, and asked him where he came from and what he belonged to. He said, "I am Church of England." She went back to the man, and said that the boy belonged to the Church of England. "Then," said the man, "I should like to see the parson of the parish he comes from."

So they sent for the parson, and he came; but before he did so, that little boy had been a missionary in the ward. He had been telling the men and the other boys that they ought to say their prayers; and he so prepared the way for the clergyman, that he was astonished to find what one little boy had done by his example. Let boys and girls try and do the same.

FOUR LINES WHICH WILL LIVE.

WE wonder if any of our readers could give the name of the author of the following four well-known lines:—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

It is now more than fifty years ago since Mrs. Carney wrote this verse, when teaching in a primary school in Boston, America. Without thinking that there was anything in them calculated to make them live, she sent them to an editor who asked her for "some scraps to fill corners." In a few weeks the lines were copied broadcast over the land, the Boston schools introduced them into their books, children sang them and mothers taught them, and they are as widely known in this country as in America.

A CAT THAT SWIMS.

MANY cats are fond of, rather than averse to, water, and take to that element freely. "Some years ago, when residing on the banks of the Thames, I had a cat," writes a correspondent, "which used regularly to swim across the river to an eyot which was infested with rats, the distance being about forty yards. I often used to carry her across the broadest part of the stream, opposite my house, at least one hundred yards, in a punt, and land her on the opposite bank, when, regardless of weather or flood, she would boldly follow the punt home. She always swam very low in the water, with tail erect, and used to shake herself like a dog upon coming ashore. She was well known in my neighbourhood, and many people used to come and see the performance. Although a dread of water is instinctive in cats, if brought up on a riverside they lose all fear of wet, and, once the aversion is overcome, love to dabble about and swim."

HOW TO CONQUER.

A LIFE lesson may be learnt from the monument to Lord Lawrence in Westminster Abbey. Of all the memorials there you will not find one that gives a nobler thought. Simply his name and the date of his death, and these words: "He feared man so little, because he feared God so much." Here is one great secret of victory. Walk ever in the fear of God. Set God ever before you. Let your daily prayer be that of the Rugby boy, John Laing Bickersteth, found locked up in his desk after his death: "O God, give me courage that I may fear none but Thee."

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. NAME two occasions when the displeasure of Jesus was excited.
2. Of whom was it said, their zeal was without knowledge?
3. What three Apostles were regarded by St. Paul as Pillars in the Church?
4. Who are the only three persons mentioned in the Bible whose names commence with the letter F?
5. Who was the first Christian convert in Europe?
6. Which of the Apostles first suffered martyrdom?
7. What are the only two recorded acts of the Apostle Philip?

ANSWERS (See AUGUST No., p. 191).

1. Judges ix. 8; 2 Sam. xii. 1.
2. Ps. lxxviii. 2.
3. Mark iv. 13.
4. The sower. The tares.
5. The tares and the net. The mustard seed and the leaven. The hidden treasure and the goodly pearl.
6. The seed growing secretly.
7. Luke x. 29.
8. Luke vii. 39.

King Baby: His Care and Culture.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

X. WHOOPING-COUGH AND COLDS.

IN my last chapters I told of how to care for King Baby when convulsions, croup, thrush, measles, and diphtheria threatened his life. To-day I go a step further, and would talk a little about whooping-cough and common colds. How often one hears the expression, "Only whooping-cough" Of course, it is unnecessary for me to repeat what is often said about "common colds." A well-known physician once told me that whooping-cough was *the* most dangerous of child diseases.

We will begin with "common cold," or catarrh as the doctors call it. Now the symptoms of common cold are often the precursors of far more serious ills. For instance, measles, whooping-cough, croup, influenza (sometimes), scarlet fever (often), bronchitis, all develop after what looks like catarrh. Hence we prime ministers to King Baby should never neglect any kind of a cold. Even if it be not a symptom of any great disorder, a cold is quite a serious thing to an infant. To an adult, inflammation of the nasal passages is simply disagreeable, and a slight cough more or less troublesome. To a baby, who can neither cough up phlegmn nor use a handkerchief, they mean real suffering.

"Snuffles" interfere with the proper taking of food, and so upset digestion; whilst the smallness of his trachea makes even slight irritation of the mucuous membrane of his throat a source of danger. If King Baby has a cold in the head, then keep him warm for a few hours, and encourage perspiration by wrapping up that "ivory cupola to man-soul" in a woolly of sorts. In fact, I think a little flannel cap, made like the helmets worn by deep-sea fishermen, should always be ready to crown the little bald pate when necessary. Many an hour of deep anxiety might be saved by its use. In addition give liquid food *only*, and slightly warmer than usual. Omit the daily bath; and if "stuffy," rub the bridge of his nose with vaseline, or, better still, old-fashioned tallow candle. In twelve hours he will usually be well, unless the cold is a herald only. Even then, no time will have been lost, and complications have been averted. Beside the flannel cap in our medical drawer, should lie a strip of red flannel. If baby coughs ever so slightly, wrap this round his little fat neck. When wanted to be removed, tear it in half and gradually reduce its bulk. Then he will catch no cold when well enough to leave it off.

Whooping-cough—ushered in by cold—is a far more serious ill. It is nowadays considered to be almost purely a nervous disorder or blood disease; and is rightly treated as such. A doctor should always be in charge of even a slight case of pertussis. He will give morphia and chlorodyne and chloroform to calm the spasms. *We* must not quack King Baby, though there are more nostrums recommended for this illness than for any other. An old formula, "Patience and water-gruel," is not so bad when sensibly followed. We must have plenty of patience, and see carefully to the diet of King Baby. We must guard against everything that irritates him if we would avert any of those paroxysms of brazen, convulsive cough. We must treat him most tenderly, to avoid any cause for anger on his part. We must "carry it lovingly" towards him, when he is cross, and fretful, and peevish. In other words, we must "spoil" our boy for a bit—as all correction adds to the frequency and violence of the paroxysms. As much as possible we must give up our time to pet and coax him, and to keep him *ourselves* out in the open air. I have underlined *ourselves* because, though exposure to the open air is one of the most essential aids to recovery, every damp and draught must be avoided. The King's skin is generally in an over relaxed state, and very sensitive to cold. A breath of cross current might work irretrievable mischief. So, indoors or out, he must be in our own watchful care. A flannel waistcoat, double-buttoned over the chest, should be worn next the skin, and changed very frequently, as it is often saturated with perspiration after coughing. Rubbing spine and breastbone with Roche's embrocation gives relief sometimes. So does the steam from a bronchitis kettle when the fits are worse during sleep. This steam can be kept up by putting the kettle on a small oil-stove, and directing its nozzle over the cradle or crib *under* the curtains. This loosens all phlegm, and promotes rest; but, as it is decidedly weakening, must not be resorted to *often*. King Baby must be watched, of course, while his tent is full of steam, or the careless movement of his fat white hand might result in a scald. He should never be left alone whilst asleep, when suffering from whooping-cough, even if the kettle be not in use; for, day and night, whenever a fit comes on, he must be lifted and placed in a favourable posture, or suffocation would ensue.

In treating this, and every other disease, a mother should know how to take the temperature of her child. Especially useful is it in whooping-cough, as it is an infallible index to the progress of King Baby. Every night and morning, during the three or four months in which this terrible enemy lays siege to the life of the wee one, our little clinical thermometer should be used. Clinical simply means "bedside," and is not suggestive of any difficulty in the use of this instrument. Take the glass tube in your hand, and shake down the mercury below an arrow marking "normal," opposite the number indicating 98½. Then insert the thermometer between King Baby's little fat thigh and little white body. Keep it there whilst the wee monarch sits on your lap amusing himself, or lies in his crib asleep. Five minutes is generally sufficient to register. Remove it, and lay aside to read at your leisure. Every decrease in temperature—anything below 98½—is to be welcomed as good news; any steady increase to be reported to your doctor. A little child in health is frequently two degrees below normal, but the slightest disorder is marked with feverish symptoms. 99° is *not* considered feverishness in a child. Anything over 100° is slight fever; anything over 102° marks severity. Still, there is no need for alarm. A tiny fat baby I was called in to the other day registered 104°, and yet was playing about quite cheerfully. I advised close watching and *liquids*. In twenty-four hours he was all right.

With regard to whooping-cough, there is no short cut to recovery. Patience and more patience, and more patience still is our only resource. But I would advise putting off the matter as long as possible. The younger a child is when he gets it, the more danger for the child. Therefore, flee every case of possible contagion. Do not believe neighbours if they say you cannot carry its infection in clothes. Do not visit at any house where the children are suffering from it as long as King Baby is still ruling in the nursery. I have *known* it brought to a family in a visitor's clothes. Spare yourself and the wee monarch as long as you can.

Drawn by] [S. BEGG.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

HER MAJESTY AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, IN HER EIGHTIETH YEAR.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

WINTRY BLIZZARDS.

BY AGNES GIBERNE

AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE, READY," "LEAST SAID, SOONEST MENDED," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

A WISE STEP.

HUMPHREY was sorely perplexed how to meet the little ones' appeal for Christmas presents. But the money in his wife's hands he knew he could not reach. She probably had just enough, with close care, to last over Christmas, meeting the next quarter's house-rent, and keeping them all on plain fare. But there would not be enough for extra Christmas dainties; still less for presents.

As he strolled along, somebody overtook him—a cheerful man, walking briskly, whistling a tune.

"Good evening," James Dickenson said, and was going on, when something in Humphrey's look stopped him. "Nothing wrong with the young uns?"

"No. Not exactly, so to speak—wrong," said Humphrey.

"Nor not exactly, so to speak, right, neither!"

Humphrey glanced at the other's honest face, which was very like the face of his son George. An impulse of outspokenness came.

"Fact is," and Humphrey hung his head, "I've been and made a fool of myself again."

Dickenson nodded. "Why don't you make a stand against it?" he asked briefly. "It isn't worth while, you know."

"No; I know that. Only, when the fit takes me, seems as if I couldn't hold out. That's where it is."

Dickenson was silent for some seconds.

"You're not the first that's felt that," he said. "But it can be fought, you know."

"If you just knew what the craving is——"

"I've seen it. I've not had it. Thank God, it's no temptation to me. If it was, I'd put the temptation as far as ever I could out of reach. I'd never let myself taste a drop of that sort of stuff again, for fear I'd wake the craving. Why don't you sign the pledge, man?"

"Well, I've thought sometimes——"

"I'd try it, if I was you. It isn't safe with a man of your habits to take a single drop. If you was to sign, for a year——"

"If I did, that wouldn't do for me what I want now."

"What's that?"

Humphrey slouched more than before.

"I've gone and spent every penny I had—except what my wife's got in hand. And no more coming in before Christmas. And the children begging for Christmas doings."

"Shouldn't wonder! Poor little things! of course they want it. You should just see the doings we have at home. Look here, I don't mind if I lend you a few shillings—on a condition."

Humphrey made a grateful movement. The thought of that doll for little Mabel brought a lump into his throat. Philip Humphrey, sober, had a warm heart.

"I've no notion of lending money only to be wasted at the public. But if you'll come with me now and sign your name at the Vicarage, and if you'll promise me faithful it shan't go in drink, I'll do it. And you can pay me back in three months—or six. If you've managed to keep sober through six months, I'll let you off half of it."

"There's some as say a man ought to be able to stand firm, without signing away his own freedom," objected Humphrey.

"Freedom!" A touch of contempt came into the word. "You call that freedom, when you can't stand out against your own cravings! *I* call it slavery of the worst sort."

Humphrey was silent.

"Some truth in the notion, too. I don't say there isn't. A man ought to be able to walk without crutches. But if he's lame he's got to use the crutches. And if you can't keep yourself from being overcome, why, it's only sense to use any help in your reach. Better have crutches than lie flat on the ground."

Dickenson took half a sovereign out of his pocket. "Well, will you do it?"

The sight of that piece of gold, and the thought of Mabel's face when he should bring her the doll, decided Humphrey. He said, "Yes, I will."

Dickenson gave him no time to re-consider his determination. The two went off there and then to the Vicarage; and the Vicar himself witnessed Humphrey's signature. Humphrey took the pledge for a year; and the nature of the little agreement between the two men was explained to the Vicar.

"I think you are wise," he said to Humphrey. "Not that there's any magic in signing the pledge, but that, as Dickenson says, you are called upon to use every means in your power to get out of bondage—to make yourself a free man. The best thing of all is to resolve in God's strength, praying for power to keep your resolve. But this will help to stiffen your resolve. Mind you don't forget to pray, too."

"I'll try, sir," Humphrey answered.

"The Vicar himself witnessed Humphrey's signature."

CHAPTER III.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

"It's a queer sort of looking day," remarked Humphrey in cheerful tones, on Christmas Eve. He had not felt so light-hearted for a long while. Even his wife's moody looks could not depress him.

"Where's you going, daddy?" asked Mabel.

"Wherever do you think, Mabel?" Humphrey had hitherto kept his own counsel as to the half-sovereign, meaning to spring a mine of delight upon the children.

Mabel put her head on one side, and considered.

"I *wish* you was going to get something for Christmas," she said, with a sigh. "But mother says you are not, 'cause you's got no money. And Bob's going to bring the wee little tree, and there's candles for it. And he can't get nothing more, 'cause he's spent such a lot out of his shillin' for the pudden, and his wages has got to go to the rent."

Humphrey knew why. *His* wages had been of small household account this past week. A sense of shame had him anew in its grip. What business had he, the father of a family, to toss away his earnings in that reckless fashion, careless whether his wife or children fed or starved? It was disgraceful; and Humphrey knew this—when he was sober.

"Won't the tree look pretty, daddy?"

"Yes, ducky. Where's Bob?"

"Gone right off for the Christmas-tree. And he won't be home not for ever so long. And Frank's gone with him; and Ted and me's got lots to do at home."

"Why, I meant to take Bob with me." Humphrey realized now that he had delayed speaking a trifle too long. The little country town, where he intended to make his purchases, was five miles off, and he had no time to lose, if he would be back reasonably early. A short job had turned up for the morning, and now it was nearly two o'clock in the early afternoon. Yet he delayed another minute, to watch Mabel's sunny face.

"Mabel put her head on one side, and considered."—*Page* 244.

"What is it you've got to do that makes you so busy, little un?"

"Why, it's the pudden, daddy. All the stoning of the raisins! And Nan says I may help. Won't that be nice?"

"I should say it would! Nicer still to eat the pudden, when it's made. Well, I'm off now. I'll be back early."

"Where are you going?" demanded his wife, overhearing this, as she came into the room.

"Going to the town."

"Going to get drunk again! That's what it means."

"No, it don't."

"It does, though. *I* know! You'll never be able to pass the Green Lion—not if you've got a penny in your purse."

"I've got more than a penny."

"You'd best give it over to me." Mrs. Humphrey spoke with energy; and the advice was, or in a general way it would have been, wise. Only it was a pity she spoke in so acid a tone.

"I'm not going to give it over to you." Humphrey had been debating with himself whether to tell his wife that he had signed the pledge. Many a time she had tried to make him do so; and he knew that it would be to her right welcome news. But her unpleasant tone and manner changed his intention. If she were disagreeable to him, why should he take pains to give her pleasure?

"You're going to swill away the whole afternoon at that public."

"No, I'm not."

"Daddy, is it the doll?" whispered Mabel, her bonny little face breaking into sunshine.

He had not meant to say. He had meant the doll to be a grand surprise. But those eager eyes were irresistible. He nodded, and Mabel broke into a shriek of glee.

"He's goin' to get a doll! A real live doll!" she cried. "A doll for *me*! Oh, daddy! And will it have lovely lovely blue eyes?"

"As blue as ducky's eyes," declared Humphrey.

"And will it be my very very own?"

"Course it will, ducky."

"So as nobody can't take it away?"

Humphrey assured her that the doll would be her own, her very own, entirely her own. Nobody else would have any right over it. It should have blue eyes and fair hair—curling hair, if he could find such a doll in the town.

Mabel shrieked again and again in shrill tones of delight; and her mother's voice broke in, like the ill-omened croak of a raven,—

"You needn't build on that doll, Mabel. I know better. If he's got a shilling in his pocket, it won't go to buying a doll for you. It'll go in drink."

"It won't, though," declared Humphrey. He changed his mind again, and spoke out: "I've signed the pledge this very week,—only yesterday,—and I mean to keep it."

A glow of gratification crept through Anne Humphrey's heart; yet she would not allow it to show in her face. She only said, with a jerk:—

"Well, if you expect to abide by your pledge, that's a deal more than *I* expect."

Humphrey went off gloomily. This sort of thing is apt to make a man feel hopeless. He wanted cheering and strengthening, not pulling down, or being kicked when he was down. But Nancy left

"'That's a deal more than I expect.'" —*Page* 245.

her picking of raisins, and flew out into the little garden after him.

"Father, you *will* get the doll, won't you? Mabel would be so disappointed if you didn't. You won't go to the public?"

"No, I won't. I promise you I won't. I'll get the doll. And I'll get something for you too."

Nan's pretty face looked its prettiest as she smiled up in his face. What a pity it was that George Dickenson could not see her at that moment.

"Anything you want particular, just now, Nan?"

"Me, father! Do you mean it, really? Oh, I want—I want—I *should* like a nice pink silk handkerchief for my throat. But you're joking. You don't mean it."

"Yes, I do, though."

"And the boys? Aren't you going to get something for the boys?"

This, from Nan, who had assured Lou that she "hated" everybody in the place! Girls are oddly fond of making themselves out to be worse than they really are. Kind thought for others does not look like "hate."

"I'm not going to forget the boys."

"And mother——"

Humphrey did not respond quite so quickly. "Yes. What 'd she like, Nan?"

"I'm sure I dunno. She don't care for most sort of things. Shouldn't you think—if you was to choose her something warm to put over her shoulders when she gets the rheumatiz bad? A sort of a cross-over."

"That's a good notion. Well, you can look out for me after dark. Not till past six, I reckon."

"It looks uncommon like snow, father."

"Has a queer sort of colour. It'll keep off awhile yet."

"Don't you get caught in a storm."

"Straight enough road, if I was; and I'm not sugar nor salt. Not likely to lose my way, anyhow. But I'll bring the doll all right. Don't you be afeared. I promise."

"Father, I'm glad you've signed."

"Why, so I think I am, too, Nan."

"But how did you get any money to buy a doll? Oh, I know—there was the job you had this morning."

"That's gone to the rent. Mother hadn't enough."

"And you've got more still. However did you get it?"

"Never you mind," said Humphrey, chuckling.

Nan returned, happy and content, to her raisin-picking. There was no time to be lost, for the pudding materials had been procured late. The pudding ought, as Mrs. Humphrey knew, to be boiled for many hours that day, as well as the whole of the next morning. If it wasn't a success, as she took care to remark, that would be her husband's fault, not hers. She ought to have had the materials days earlier. *She* wouldn't be to blame if the pudding turned out tough and sticky.

"What a queer-looking afternoon it is!" remarked Nan, to change the subject.

"Snow coming," said Ted, with a wise air. "Farmer Brown told me it was going to be a bad fall."

"Father ought to get back first. He'll hurry, when he sees how the sky looks."

Nan had a good deal to do, as well as a good deal to think about. Ted presently went sound asleep on the floor; and Mabel, growing tired of raisin-stoning, trotted off on some private business of her own. So there was no one to talk, Mrs. Humphrey being in a grumpy mood; and Nan's mind reverted to her friends. She had not seen anything of either Lou or George since their quarrel of the day before. Twenty-four hours mean no long time for friends not to meet; yet Nan began to wonder how far the two had been seriously vexed. She had quite shaken off her own anger with them both, and was ready to be friends again at any moment; but she had had no time to go and see them, and she felt shy. Would they not be the first to come forward? By this time they ought to have known her well enough to understand that she did not mean what she said, when she declared that she would never speak to them again.

All the morning she had been on the look-out, hoping that the one or the other might appear, and neither had come. This afternoon her attention was still more awake. As ten minutes after ten minutes slipped by, and no Dickenson face turned up, Nan became unhappy. Did it mean that they had taken the matter seriously?

"There, it's done," she said at length, standing up. "Not a raisin left, mother. They're all picked. I'm going for a run, before it's dark."

"Well, don't you go and waste a lot of time," grumbled Mrs. Humphrey.

"I wonder when Bob will bring the tree?" sleepily murmured Ted.

"He'll come by-and-by—he and Frank." Nan knew that they meant to hide the tree from the children until late, trying meantime to devise some plan for making it a less empty specimen of Christmas growths. "You go to sleep again, Ted. I expect Mabel's looking out for them behind. See, there's a big flake dropping. The snow's begun. I won't be long."

The little cheeriness of this attempt to keep Christmas had made Nan feel herself a different girl. Yesterday's ill-tempers were gone. She only wanted a smile and a kind word from her friends to render her perfectly happy. Putting on her straw hat, and wrapping a thick shawl round her shoulders, she ran off at a quick pace. If she made haste, she might just manage to secure one peep at the Dickenson family.

"I'll take them by surprise," she thought. "And I needn't stay more than five minutes."

Before she was half-way down the hill, the big feathery snowflakes were dropping faster and faster. The wind moaned round in dismal sighs, the slight slant of the falling flakes became sharper, and the flakes themselves grew smaller. Nan ran on to the foot of the hill, going easily because the wind was behind her; and there suddenly she found herself in a wild swirl of tiny hard flakes, so close together, so driven by the rising gale, that her breath was taken away.

Only ten minutes' walk from here to the Dickensons'; but ten minutes, in such a rush of snow, looked much; and the return walk, with the wind full in her face, would be far more serious. Nan hesitated. Eager as she was to see her friends, and to make the peace, she doubted about going on. It might become impossible for her to get back, or at least to do so alone; and after what had passed, she did not wish to be in the position of depending on George to see her home. Nancy, despite her rough upbringing, was a girl of nice feeling.

It was hard to give up her intention, but she did give it up, and she turned her face resolutely the other way, beginning quickly to remount the hill.

The wind had now risen almost to a hurricane, and to fight her way onwards in the teeth of it became very hard work. A strong blast all but carried her off her feet, and she had to cling frantically to a slender tree. Again she tried to get on; and once more came the rush and swirl of eddying flakes, tearing round her, pouring into her face, snatching away her breath. Nan could not remember ever being in so violent a snowstorm. It really was almost worthy of that imported American word, which we now often use for tiny snowfalls in a teacup, which might well make an American smile. But once in a way we get a dim taste of what is meant by "a blizzard," and this was one of those rare occasions.

Nan crept into half-shelter behind a huge gnarled old tree-trunk, where the drift of the snow was diverted to either side; and there she waited, very cold and rather frightened. She hoped that the tempest might speedily lessen. But it did not. It grew worse and worse.

Things began to look so hopeless that Nan thought she would make a determined effort to get home, not minding snow or wind. She made a very determined effort indeed; but the driving pelt of snow, fine and hard as sand, which met her full in the face, when she emerged from her shelter, drove her back again. Panting and alarmed, she again cowered behind the massive tree-trunk, and wondered what was to happen next. Home lay only a few minutes' quick walk distant; yet to Nan, at that moment, it seemed as far beyond reach as if it had been miles away.

CHAPTER IV.

CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

HUMPHREY reached the town all right; and as a first step he made his way to the principal toy-shop, where wonders of the season were displayed in startling variety.

All through his five miles' walk he had been

"'It's for my little one I want it.'"—*Page* 248.

cogitating over his purchases, more especially over the doll which he had promised to buy for Mabel, —a good-sized doll, with fair curly hair, and blue eyes that would open and shut. That was the sort of thing he had set his mind on. Not a trumpery common little doll, but a really good one, such as Mabel had never possessed. He could picture her delight. It made him feel warm, even in that bitter air. He loved his little Mabel dearly, and he knew what such a doll would be to her. She would hardly ever have it out of her arms.

The cost of such a doll would certainly be as much as from half a crown to three-and-sixpence. Humphrey thought that for once he might indulge himself thus. Nobody would think that he had done unfairly in giving the best to Mabel, unless it were his wife; but, as he argued, she would be sure to grumble, whatever he might do or might not do, because she never failed to grumble on every possible occasion.

He meant to get a "cross-over" for her, which would cost perhaps another eighteenpence; and a knife for Bob, which might be eighteenpence too; and a silk handkerchief for Nan, which could hardly be less; and some small thing for each of the other two boys, in price about one shilling each. But he would choose the doll before he did aught else; and then he would know how much remained of his half-sovereign.

"It's for my little one I want it," he explained confidentially to the frizzy-haired young woman who served him in the toy-shop. "She's my youngest—only four—and she hasn't got a doll."

"Why, every little girl ought to have a nice doll," declared the young woman. "No little girl is happy without, you know."

"She wants one—that's true," assented Humphrey. "It's got to be pretty too. Light hair and blue eyes, and they must open and shut."

The young woman brought an armful of dolls, and spread them on the counter.

"That's the sort," she said. "You won't get a prettier doll anywhere, for the price. Only two-and-sixpence. It's a bargain. Brown eyes and dark hair."

"But it's got to have blue eyes."

The other tossed her own raven head. "*I* think dark hair is the prettiest," she said, "much the prettiest. But of course it's a matter of taste. There's been a run on light-haired dolls lately. I haven't got one single light-haired one left—not of the two-and-sixpenny. People buy up so, just before Christmas. Here's one that's five shillings—a beauty, isn't it? Real fair hair, like a baby, and nice fat arms and hands, and big blue eyes. Why, they pretty near smile at you. See! I never came across a prettier doll than that, at the price, and that's a fact. Oh, if you ask me, I'd sooner have this five-shilling doll than three of the half-crown ones. It's like a live baby! Just you look at its face. Isn't it a clever little thing? No, I've got nothing between. We're sold out of the between kind. If you'd come a week or ten days ago, you'd have had plenty of choice. We do have three-and-sixpenny dolls, commonly; but I haven't a single one left. If you don't take this, it'll be gone in another hour. I wonder it isn't gone already, it's such a beauty. But if you like the half-crown one better—why, it's good enough, at the price."

Humphrey had liked the half-crown one fairly well, except for the colour of its hair, until the five-shilling infant was laid beside it. After that he had no eyes for the half-crown charms. The five-shilling attractions were overwhelming. Besides, how could he carry home a dark-haired and black-eyed doll when he had promised fair hair and blue eyes? Yet there was the supreme difficulty of contriving to get all the other presents out of five shillings.

"I'll tell you what," the girl said, noting his face of deep care; "as it's so near Christmas, and we haven't got any of the three-and-sixpenny kind left, I'll let you have this one for four-and-threepence."

This decided Humphrey. After all, it was only ninepence more for Mabel and ninepence less for the rest than the outside of what he had reckoned upon. He laid down the half-sovereign, received his change, and went out of the shop, carrying in his arms the fair-haired waxen beauty, done up in cottonwool and brown paper.

Next came the choice of a wrap for his wife, and that cost eighteenpence; but he procured a very good knife for Bob at one and threepence, and a charming pink silk neckerchief for Nan at only one shilling. This left two shillings still. He spent sixpence apiece upon the younger boys.

One shilling remained. Humphrey had had a reserve notion all through, in his mind, as to a box of crackers, seen on his way to the toy-shop, which might serve to brighten their Christmas dinner. The children had had no crackers, he believed, for many a year, at Christmas.

And upon this thought came another. He was tired and thirsty. Having gone so far in thought for others—there was himself. Might he not obtain change for the shilling, just getting a glass of beer? He could still procure a box of crackers, though not the particular shilling box which had fascinated his attention.

But he had signed the pledge. He could not now take a glass of beer without breaking his solemn and deliberate promise to abstain. If, within twenty-four hours of making that promise, he weakly broke it, would he be worthy of the name of Man?

Even apart from that promise, he knew that Dickenson's money was intended to go in no such fashion. Dickenson had lent the half-sovereign, with the clear understanding that Humphrey would spend it for his wife and children, in Christmas doings—*not* at the public-house. Humphrey was not free to please himself in this matter. "I've no notion of lending money only to be wasted at the public," Dickenson had said.

Some other words of Dickenson's came up also. "Thank God, it's no temptation to me! If it was, I'd put the temptation as far as ever I could out of reach. I'd never let myself taste a drop of that sort of stuff again—for fear I'd wake the craving."

And here was Humphrey on the borders of taking the dangerous step!

Yet the temptation pulled him strongly. It was a temptation to which he was accustomed to yield. The public-house seemed to be dragging at him by invisible wires. He had to pass near the Green Lion on his way home. Would he be able to get by?

If he did not—if he went in—who could answer for the consequences? Once inside those walls, Humphrey knew, as well as everybody else knew, that resolutions would be thrown to the winds, that he would not come out again a sober man. He would, by entering that door, fling aside his manhood, give over his command of himself. He would once more, in plain terms, deliberately make a brute of himself.

What sort of a state would he then be in for carrying home these presents to his children? Could he even hope to take little Mabel's doll to her in safety?

He heard Nan's voice speaking: "Father, you *will* get the doll, won't you? Mabel would be so disappointed! You won't go to the public?" He heard his own answer also: "No, I won't. You're a good child. I'll get the doll."

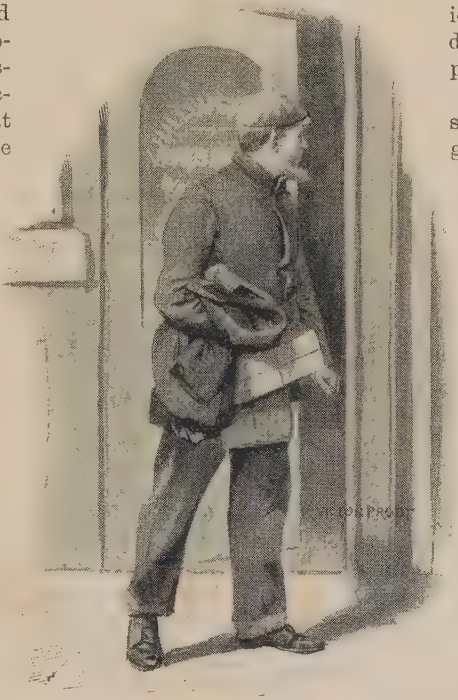
He had got it. But if he went into the public-house now—after all!—and asked for a glass of beer, he knew well enough what would follow.

He had solemnly promised before the Vicar. He had promised Dickenson. He had promised Nan. Was he going to break all those promises?

Yet another recollection came up. The Vicar had said, "Mind you don't forget to pray."

Humphrey walked fast along the road, gripping his parcels with nervous hands. "Help me! help me! help me!" he kept saying, so earnestly that his lips moved. "Keep me, keep me—from going in! Help me! help me!"

He did not go in. A new kind of strength seemed to come to him, to take possession of him. He went past the open door of the public-house, straight along the street, till he reached the shop where he had seen the box of crackers. He went in, paid down his shilling, and said, "That box o' crackers, please." He took it up, walked out, and felt with satisfaction that he had not another penny in his possession. All that he had now to do was to get home as fast as possible.



"He did not go in."

More time had been consumed in choosing these little gifts than anybody might imagine. The afternoon was drawing in. If he went at his quickest pace, he would hardly be back before seven.

The wind meeting him was bitterly cold, and the sky hung low and grey. A curious yellow tint pervaded the air.

"Means snow, I shouldn't wonder," he said aloud.

He felt extraordinarily light-hearted. Hardly anything can give a man feelings of greater light-heartedness than the sense of victory. He had fought feebly, and had been overcome, again and again. Now at last he had fought and had conquered. For once, when the craving had seized him, he had not shown himself a slave. He had met and had mastered it. He could feel himself a MAN once more.

The struggle had been sharp for some seconds. No one would know this better—no one could know it better—than he himself. But he had not succumbed.

Divine strength had been granted in answer to his cry—strength that is "perfected in human weakness."

Humphrey walked on rapidly, rejoicing to feel what freedom was. Now he could be glad in the home-going, in the coming Christmas-tide.

(*To be continued.*)

"Thy Word is Truth."

XVIII. "CLING TO CHRIST."

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A.

> "He . . . exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."—*Acts* xi. 23.

THERE is a picture hung in the gallery of Scripture Portraits with this label attached to it—"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." It is the picture of St. Barnabas.

A very great work had been going on in Antioch, and there were many signal conversions. "*The Hand of the Lord was with them.*" That is how St. Luke, in his glowing Book, describes the work of grace. For you must remember, the Acts is the sweet and loving and triumphant story of all Jesus did *after* He was taken up. And oh what miracles and wonders of grace and mercy would have to be recorded if the history of the Christian Church begun in the Acts, were brought down to the present hour! These men were turned from sin and from Satan, and looked simply to Christ as the one object of their hearts and lives. The unseen Hand of the Living Lord had done it all. It drew; it constrained; it compelled.

1. What St. Barnabas *saw.*

He saw the grace of God. His loving heart was greatly cheered. He was glad men were saved. He was glad God was glorified. He entered into the joy of Christ, and he set the joy-bells ringing again in the Church below.

2. What St. Barnabas *said.*

He was anxious this grace should continue. He knew very well it required quite as much grace *to go on* as ever it does to *begin* to be a Christian. So he exhorted them all to cleave to the Lord, that is, to cling to Christ. I think "the Lord" means *Christ*—the same Lord who opened Lydia's heart to attend to the things spoken by St. Paul. "Cleave to the Lord," said St. Barnabas, "for He is thy life (Deut. xxx. 20). The limpet cleaves to the rock. It is very hard to get it away, for the little creature in the shell knows the moment it separates itself from the rock it dies.

The great saying of St. Barnabas is as fresh today, though centuries have passed since it came glowing from his lips. If he stood on earth now, I know he would say, "O sinful man, cling to Christ as your Saviour to save you from sin: as your Priest to plead for you in Heaven: as your Righteousness before God: as your Guide in difficulty: as your Comforter in sorrow: as your Defence in danger: as your Light in death: as your Hope for Eternity. For weal or woe—in life and in death—you have only one thing to do—it is all your life and all your strength—your Heaven below and your Heaven above—to 'cling to Christ.'"

> "How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
> The soul that clings to Thee!"

XIX. THE KEY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

THE mind of a pious workman, named Thremey, was much occupied with the works and ways of God, which appeared to him full of inscrutable mysteries. One day, in visiting a ribbon manufactory, his attention was attracted by an extraordinary piece of machinery. Countless wheels and thousands of threads were twirling in all directions. He could understand nothing of their movement. He was informed, however, that all their motion was connected with the centre, where was a chest, which was kept shut. Anxious to understand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior. The reply, however, was—"*The master keeps the key.*" The words came to him like a flash of light. Here were words for himself. They seemed to be a whisper to his mind about higher things. Here was an answer to all his perplexing doubts. "'*The Master keeps the key.*' He governs and directs. It is enough. What need I more?"

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Know now we *cannot*—whether we submit as trusting children, or resist with murmuring, rebellious spirit. But surely the wisdom of the wise man is to take the Father's outstretched hand, and in humble faith let Him "lead on." The Eternal goodness, the infinite love of God in Christ Jesus, is a "thing revealed": and holding fast in faith to that Eternal Goodness,—

> "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,"

our pilgrim feet may safely pass. There may be—there will be—dark hours, and perplexing providences, and intellectual battlings, and baptisms of fire; but the Guide we trust will never fail us.

XX. THE LIFE WAS THE LIGHT.

BY THE REV. EVAN H. HOPKINS, M.A.

OF the Lord Jesus it was said, "In Him was life, and *the life* was the *Light.*" We all want to shine; but the question is, what kind of light is it to be? The Lord says to you and me, "Let your light so shine." "My virtues, Lord? my gifts?" "Your *light,*" says the Lord. "Yes, Lord, but what is my light?" Well, first of all, find out what is your *life.* You say, "Oh, Christ is my life." Well then, "the *life* is the *light*." And so let Christ, who is in you as your LIFE, shine out of you as the light. So that what we need to-day are believers in whom *Christ is living* and therefore shining.

"Under whose preaching were you converted, my friend?" said a man. "Nobody's—but under my aunt's practising." Now that is what we want. We cannot all preach in the ordinary sense of the word, but we can all LIVE. It is beautifully simple. Let the Lord take the centre; let Him have full control. You need not be anxious; you need not try to manufacture a life. The verb *to be*, it has been said, is the most important verb in any language. Be true to God. Let Christ LIVE in you, and your life will testify.

XXI. ALL SAINTS' DAY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., BISHOP OF EXETER.

"All are yours, and ye are Christ's."—1 *Cor*. iii. 22.

FOR ever ours,
The good and great of all the ages past;
The Father's children gather'd home at last:
Oh wealth, unutterable wealth of love,
All ours above.

For ever ours,
The noblest and the best of every land,
Innumerable as the silver sand
Of ocean, or the dust of stars that gem
Night's diadem.

For ever ours,
Pilgrims and patriarchs and kings and seers,
Whose forms loom dimly through the mist of years;
Apostles, martyrs, and evangelists,
All who are Christ's.

For ever ours,
The lowliest who the purest crowns have won
And sit the nearest Jesus on His throne,
And love Him most for most has been forgiven;
The peers of heaven.

For ever ours,
The children by their angel guards caress'd;
And all the myriad myriads of the blest;
Each heart a crystal well-spring of delight,
All clothed in white.

For ever ours;
What eye can range the limitless expanse,
Or bear the blaze of love's inheritance?
Ours:—Christ is ours: oh, miracle of bliss!
And we are His.

Nuts with Kernels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC.

NOTHING to Do.—Over-worked people often say, "How I wish I were like So-and-So, who has nothing to do except enjoy himself!" Nothing to do except enjoyment! Why, that is the hardest kind of work. To plan amusements and carry them out is so troublesome, that many weary of doing so before the end of a short holiday. What must it be to have to do this for life?

"This must be Jesus!"—If we were faultless, we would observe with less pleasure the faults of others. "Only perfection can put up with imperfection." This proverb is well illustrated by a beautiful apologue or fable.

Jesus Christ is supposed to have arrived one evening at the gate of a certain town, having sent His disciples forward to prepare supper. He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. He saw, at the corner of the market, some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground. He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt. A viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man.

Those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, "it pollutes the air!" "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "His ears," said a third, "are all draggled and bleeding." "No doubt," said a fourth, "he has been hanged for thieving." And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth."

Then the people turned to Him with amazement, and said among themselves, "Who is this? This *must* be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog." And, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way.

Pills of Comfort.—There are many good recipes for lowness of spirits. Here is one:—"Take one ounce of the seeds of *Resolution*, properly mixed with the oil of *Good Conscience*; infuse into it a large spoonful of the *Salts of Patience*; distil very carefully a composing plant called '*Others' Woes*,' which you will find in every part of the Garden of Life, growing under the broad leaves of *Disguise*; add a small quantity; it will much assist the *Salts of Patience* in their operation. Gather a handful of the *Blossoms of Hope*; then sweeten them properly with a Syrup, made of the *Balm of Providence*; and if you can get any of the seed of *True Friendship*, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful that you get the right seed of *True Friendship*, as there is a seed that very much resembles it, called *Self Interest*, which will spoil the whole composition.

"Make the ingredients up into pills, which may be called *Pills of Comfort*. Take one night and morning, and in a short time the cure will be completed."

From a Photograph] WENDOVER PARISH CHURCH, BUCKINGHAM. [by J. Rutherford.

Where the first Savings Bank in England was opened in 1799.

Money in the Savings Bank.

BY H. T. INGRAM.

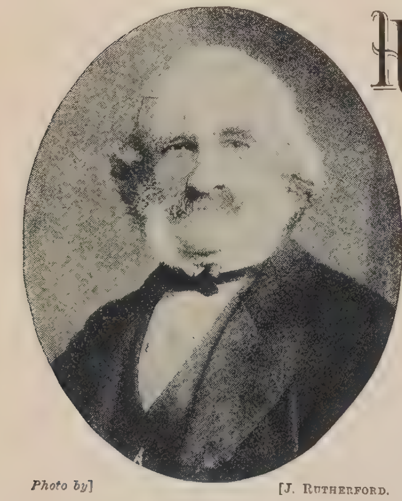


Photo by] [J. Rutherford.

SIR CHARLES W. SIKES,

Originator of the Post Office Savings Bank.

HOW much money ought the average Briton to possess? In other words, suppose the wealth of the United Kingdom were distributed to all men equally, how much would each share amount to? Roughly speaking, the sum would be £300 per person. Had the same question been put fifty or one hundred years ago there would have been a very different answer. Let me illustrate what I mean with a careful calculation made by that prince of statisticians, Mr. W. H. Mallock. During the first sixty years of this century the income of the "working classes" (by which term Mr. Mallock means those who do not pay income tax) rose to such an extent that in the year 1860 it was equal (all deductions for the increase of population being made) to the income of all the classes (including the wealthiest) in the year 1800. Marvellous as it may seem, the "working classes" have been minting money even more rapidly since 1850.

Even in 1880, nearly twenty years ago, the total possessions of the average working man were more than equal to the total possessions of the average man (all classes included) in 1850. "Thus," to quote Mr. Mallock's conclusion, "the working classes in 1860 were in precisely the same pecuniary position as the working classes in 1800 would have been had the entire wealth of the kingdom been in their hands; and the working classes of to-day are in a better pecuniary position than their fathers would have been could they have divided between them the wealth of every rich and middle-class man at the time of the building of the Great Exhibition." This means that twice in the course of three generations there has been a complete redistribution of wealth. Put the case even more plainly. If the wealth of England were now divided, each share would be £300. In another twenty years, or less, £300 will be the average wealth of every member of the working class.

In the year 1800 the United Kingdom possessed 1,740 millions of money; in 1860 the sum had increased to 6,000 millions; to-day it is nearly 14,000 millions.

Does this vast increase of national wealth mean that we are becoming more thrifty? Let us examine the history of savings banks and search for a reliable answer. It is just a hundred years since savings banks were first established in Great Britain. The credit of their inception belongs to our Church. In 1799 the Rev. Joseph Smith, Rector of Wendover, Buckinghamshire, opened the first "bank for savings" in England, in connection with his parish church. In the course of nine or ten years quite a number of banks were established throughout England, and in 1810 they were introduced into Scotland—this time also by a clergyman, the Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, his parish church likewise being the "place" where the first Scottish savings bank began business. In 1817 the Legislature recognised its importance. By the year 1836 the deposits amounted to £25,000,000, most of which, however, was at the credit of English depositors. In September, 1861, at the suggestion of Sir Charles W.

Trowel and mallet used when the foundation stone of the new Post Office Savings Bank was laid at West Kensington.

Sikes, a Huddersfield banker, the Post Office Savings Bank system was founded. There are now over 12,000 Post Office Savings Bank offices, with 7,500,000 depositors, and £125,000,000 sterling at their credit.

How little Sir Charles Sikes could have anticipated such a vast extension of his scheme.

The following figures show the increase during the fifty years between 1831 and 1881:—

	1831	1881
Number of Depositors . .	429,000	4,140,000
Amount of Deposits . .	£13,719,000	£80,334,000
Amount per Depositor . .	£32	£19

I need not do more than refer to the number of Registered Friendly Societies, which invest their funds in the Savings Bank, and to the Penny Banks. With reference to the latter it may, however, be noted that when the Free Education Act came into operation it was desired that some part of the fees should be paid by the children into the Savings Bank by means of the system of stamped slips. In 1,400 schools the system was at once adopted, and in three months a sum of £14,000 had been deposited.

The popularity of the Penny Bank shows how real is the anxiety of the working classes to save, and how genuine is the want which it supplies. In the case of *one* of these institutions the number of deposits during a single year increased by 71,802, the amount deposited by £187,911. Forty-four additions were made to the number of branches, and in some instances applications for branches had to be refused, in consequence of the applicants living beyond the limits fixed by the articles of the Association. How minute in its sums, and how large in its extent was the business done, may be seen from the fact that in twelve months 791,873 deposits were made, their aggregate reaching a total of £650,714. Each depositor thus must have saved on the average something less than a sovereign, and it can scarcely be doubted that but for this bank these small amounts would have found their way to the public-house till.

One final question and I have done. The wealth of the nation has enormously increased; how about the happiness? It is an old truth that happiness cannot be bought or sold. Happiness often comes like sleep when one is least conscious of trying to get it. What we do know is that happiness and the haste to be rich never go hand in hand. America has learnt — is still learning — the lesson. God grant that we may never have to experience what America has passed through during the last forty years. "If America is to be ruined," wrote a great American author, "it will be by the mad chase for individual wealth. It is that which will dry up human sympathies, divert the mind from high and healthy thought, degrade art and science and literature, destroy family life, poison the fountain of society, sanction immoralities, and make the nation a seething cauldron of selfishness and unrest. The greatest need of our land to-day is an education away from this fearful danger, a cultivation of the quiet and improving arts, an encouragement of genial and benevolent lives, a preservation of home virtues, a teaching of the truth that moderation best serves the cause of happiness, and a demonstration that in helpfulness to others man best helps himself. While wise laws can do much to suppress some of the worst features of the gold-hunt, it is to the press, the school, and the church that we must look for the inculcation of the purer and loftier ideas that will meet and overcome materialism."

From a Photograph by] RUTHWELL PARISH CHURCH, DUMFRIESSHIRE. [J. RUTHERFORD.

Where the first Savings Bank in Scotland was opened in 1810.

By the Night Express.

BY "CARRUTHERS RAY," AUTHOR OF "A MAN AND A BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE BURDEN BEARERS.

WHEN the night express, which passes through Kenlock at 8.15 p.m. and is due at Fentonbroad five minutes before midnight, was snowed up for six hours two miles from the village station of Thorntonwold, no reporter noted the fact that it was an exceptional circumstance. In fact, so full were the newspapers with forecasts of the international complications over a crisis in the East that the directors of the railway found no difficulty in hushing up the true account of the accident. There had been a moderately heavy snowfall for a week, and deep drifts had blocked the hilly sections of north country lines; but Thorntonwold lies bare and unprotected—a hamlet of a few dozen cottages—with neither hill nor dale for miles round. Past the village station the rails seem to converge into a single line drawn straight across country. It is true that a mile before the express dashes through Thorntonwold it skirts round a knoll, topped by a high hedge, and it is possible that careless newspaper readers may have imagined that the permanent way was blocked at this point.

Strangely enough there was a slight mishap there on the night of the accident, and to the very train which was subsequently snow-bound. The last five carriages and the guard's van broke away, owing to the snapping of the screw connection, the chain links having been left unfastened. The delay necessitated by the backing of the forepart of the train, and the recoupling of the carriages, made the express more than three-quarters of an hour late in passing Thorntonwold. Two miles further on the engine plunged into a drift about six feet deep, and ploughed forward for some yards. Then the driver felt a slight concussion, and the train came suddenly to a standstill. His first impression was that he had been deceived in the depth of the drift, or that his engine had left the line before entering the snow; otherwise it appeared impossible that six feet deep should have stopped the train.

The newspaper reports simply added that twelve hours later the line was cleared and the journey continued. Also that one passenger, Sir George Rollit, the well-known judge, had refused to wait cooped up in the disabled train, preferring to walk on to Caston, where he caught a "special." It was also stated that urgent family reasons had led him to risk the exposure of the three miles walk across country.

It is not difficult to imagine what would have been made of the affair had it been known that a deliberate attempt to wreck the train had only been foiled owing to the unusually heavy fall of snow. When the relief gang of men dug away the snow they discovered that the engine had cleared a heavy iron obstacle, fixed across the line, and that it was jammed in front of the first wheels of the tender. Had the drift been two or three feet deep only, the train, running at a fast pace, must have been derailed. Why a snowy night should have been chosen for the perpetration of the outrage no one who knew the details could explain. However, it is possible that the fact that the line is closely watched in all but the most inclement weather may have accounted for the choice. It seemed likely that the snow had been cleared to enable the fixing of the iron bar, and subsequently shovelled back to prevent the possibility of premature discovery. Happily, for four hours after, a blizzard had raged, and fresh drifts of snow had been blown across the line. These drifts undoubtedly saved the express by checking its speed before the iron bar was reached.

* * * * *

Bound up with this mystery of the line—for the perpetrator of the outrage has never been discovered by the police—is the story I have to tell of Stephen Grant, who, with his wife and boy, lived in one of the outlying cottages of Thorntonwold. I say "outlying," but it is doubtful if Stephen's home was really within the

"The last five carriages and the guard's van broke away."—*Page* 254.

"'We're fast in a drift.'"—*Page* 257.

parish bounds. It stood alone about a quarter of a mile from the main line. The whistle of the express was often the last sound that the inmates of the cottage heard before sleep closed their tired eyes.

On the night of the accident trouble was like a heavy burden upon Stephen and his wife. As a wayfarer, weighed down with a load, trudges silently, almost sullenly, forward, so were these two following the road of life. They saw no stray gleam of light on their path, and their gaze was bent downward, so that they could not note the first signs of a silver lining to the clouds.

Danny, their only boy, ten years old, was worse; that was all. Danny's blue eyes haunted them; they seemed to dance about the tiny room, now to the hearthrug, where he was fond of lying stretched before the cheerful blaze, now to the time-blackened grandfer's chair, where he would nestle, now to his mother's face, now to his father's, and when his eyes rested there they were full of trust. For the boy did not know he had been sentenced to lie on his back for months—perhaps years. The injured spine might be cured—but no, Danny's father had had to thrust the thought from him; he had no money to pay a great surgeon's fees.

At last the boy fell asleep, and furtive glances from father and mother stole to his bedside. Then the two looked at one another.

"Don't thee worry, wife," Stephen whispered hoarsely. He tried to make his voice come gently, but the effort was wasted.

Her mouth twitched, but she made no answer save to stroke his hand.

"'Tisn't always right to think—think of the morrer," he said brokenly; "no, nor of days that's gone. He's got to-day fashioned out for us."

"But termorrow 'll come," she answered, "and a heap o' days; and every one will be like as if all the joy was taken out of it. 'Twas such a little thing—just a trip. Nobody would call it a fall. And there; it can't be cured; can't be touched, not if you give up months to it—aye, and money to it."

The child moved uneasily in his sleep. The mother's eyes were quick to see his restlessness.

"Come," she whispered.

Noiselessly the two left the room, and crept across to the kitchen.

There they talked in low tones far into the night. Stephen earned good wages on a neighbouring farm; but what was eighteen shillings a week? It could not meet the new, sudden call.

The distant scream of the night express turned the current of Stephen's thoughts. He had honestly tried to lighten the sorrow of his wife, but now her burden seemed to be added to his own.

She had gone to the next room, and he was alone. Strange, unsummoned thoughts assailed him. He let his mind dwell on them until at length they seized possession of his brain.

"How could he get money? It was money that would save his boy—the doctor had said so; said it, too, with pity, which he took no pains to hide. 'I wish I could advance something to you myself,' he had said. The rich world was far beyond the cottage—beyond the village. And even if it were near the rich world mightn't care. But wait; there was one link with the people who had enough and to spare. The scream of the engine sounded like "Clear the way; we are rich and can do as we like. Clear the way!" Suppose some night the way were not clear. Suppose there were a great accident. Suppose he—Stephen Grant—were there in the nick of time to help the rich folk from the shattered train. Would they not reward him? Some, too, might have to feel like little Danny, and then they would care."

He started from his brooding as though a man had struck him. Of what had he been thinking? Surely he had not been hoping for an accident to happen. If it were so God forgive him!

He rose to his feet, and at the instant the whistle of an engine came shrilly to his ears. Again and again the sound was repeated.

"There must be something wrong for her to do that," he said to himself. Softly he picked his way across the passage, the whistle still dinning in his ears.

"I'm going to see what th' express be after," he told his wife. "I'll be back presently if 'tis naught wrong."

He put on a great coat before venturing out. It was snowing heavily, great grey flakes dropping noiselessly out of the coal-black sky overhead. There was no wind, and little frost. Stephen plunged along a narrow path, which had been cleared of the previous day's fall; but he none the less sank in half way to his knees. As he pushed forward he wondered if his waking dream had been a kind of warning to him of what had actually happened. Had there really been an accident? The whistling had stopped; but as he turned out of the lane into the field which led to the line, he caught sight of the lights of the train.

"She be at a standstill, anyway," he muttered. Another hundred yards and he saw the express wrapped in a winding sheet of snow. The engine was buried to the buffers, and the red glow from the furnace shone out on the white drift as though it came from the open door of some hospitable mansion.

"What's up?" shouted Stephen to the driver.

"We're fast in a drift," he answered. "Who are you? Where are you from?"

Stephen explained.

"If you can get hot stuff—food and drink—for the passengers, you can ask what you like for it," he said. "We're the last train over the line to-night; and besides, the guard's gone along to the station, so all's safe—safe to be here for hours, too," he added with a brave attempt at humour. "She went plump in; first staggered a bit, and seemed to bounce; then settled down quiet as a lamb. Snow must have banked solid, I should say."

A window shot down and a man's head appeared.

"Hi, there!" shouted a voice.

"Go along and see what he wants. I reckon it's tea," said the driver, with a trace of contempt.

(*To be continued.*)

A Marriage Hymn.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A.,
AUTHOR OF "MATIN BELLS," ETC.

"See Home in Heaven and Heaven in Home."

DEAR Master, let Thy blessing lie,
As it on marriage still hath done,
On these that seek its tender tie
And in Thy mercy make them one;
That they may know the solemn deed
Was in Thy counsels first decreed.

* * *

Oh of Thy goodness closer bind
The bond that deeper is than death,
Till it be fashioned to Thy Mind
And quickened with the Spirit's Breath;
So, in the sweetness of their Lord,
They thus may find the "threefold cord."

* * *

Walk with them in the common round,
And sit beside them at each meal,
Till every path is holy ground
Which hath Thy Presence as a seal;
And show them that the very shade
Is but by Thine own splendour made.

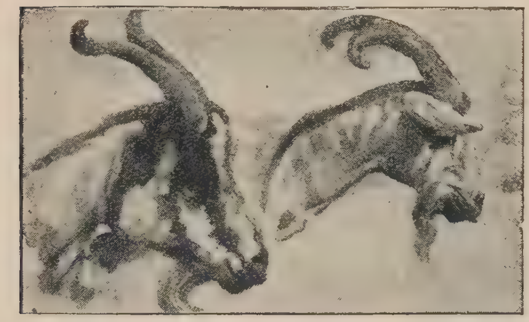
* * *

Then with Thy blessing they shall meet
The hourly fret, or Mercy's rod,
And lay their troubles at Thy feet
Because they have no help but God;
And, ere the Day of Glory come,
See Home in Heaven and Heaven in Home.

THE REINDEER.

Great Arctic Travellers and Noted Mountaineers.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.



WHAT is the use of a baby? Make it of use," said a philosopher, answering his own question. Of what use are horns? They are very effective weapons, as any one who has been tossed by an ill-tempered bull, and survived, will freely acknowledge. A female deer, gazing with admiration at the branching antlers of her husband, doubtless regards them as "sweetly pretty" ornaments. An ibex, falling from a height on its thick, elastic horns, and rebounding without injury, probably considers them capital buffers.

Horns are of two distinct types, and animals which chew the cud, and are also horned, are classified according to the fashion of their headgear. First, there are the possessors of hollow horns, which are intended to last their lifetime, such as oxen, sheep, goats, gazelles, and antelopes. Secondly, there are the ruminants (or cud chewers), with solid, bone-like horns, including the deer family generally. The males alone of this class have horns, and these are often elegantly branched and of large size (those of the extinct Irish elk measuring eleven feet from tip to tip), and are shed annually. There is a notable exception to this rule. Horns adorn both sexes of the reindeer, but do not last the whole of their lifetime, as do the hollow horns of the other class ruminants.

Reindeer in a wild state are found in the Arctic regions of Europe, Asia, and America. They roam over an immense extent of country, and are not often plentiful in any given locality; so that the hunter who is able to shoot one in the course of a week may consider himself a favoured man.

These animals have the usual deer-like form, but their legs are stouter than is common among deer, and their necks thicker. They cannot boast of small feet, but their wide-spreading hoofs are much more useful for walking on soft snow than any slender, genteel foot-gear would be.

The reindeer needs a warm coat to protect it against the keen northern winter, and that supplied to it meets every requirement. It is dark-brown in summer, and becomes lighter in winter. Some reindeer are almost white, and white stockings are the rule. The coat is, so to speak, double-breasted, being composed of thick, harsh hairs outside, with finer and softer underneath. Clothed in this garment, the reindeer suffers more from the heat of summer than from the cold of winter.

The horns are very large and, in the males, flattened out, so as to serve as shovels for removing the snow from the moss or lichen which forms the animal's food. The reindeer has thus literally to earn its moss by the sweat of its brow. Some moss is procured from trees, but, as a rule, it is only obtained in large quantities from the ground. Unhappily, it is often covered with four or five feet of snow, and this the reindeer has to remove by its feet or horns before it can satisfy its hunger.

Reindeer are remarkable as being the only members of the antlered, or solid horned ruminants, which have been domesticated by man. They form almost the sole property of the Laplander, affording him food, clothing, cord, thread, dining utensils, and means of locomotion. The Lapps are not a very advanced race, but they manage, in the case of the reindeer, to make a little go a very long way. Coats, mittens, and shoes of skin are deftly stitched with thread formed of the sinews; and the Laplander, clad in this costume, takes his rides abroad in a sledge pulled by one reindeer tethered by harness made of the no longer needed coat of another. When, after the day's journey, the good gentleman seeks repose, he tucks around him a reindeer-skin counterpane. Milk, rich and cream-like, with a flavour of cocoa-nut, is eaten by means of spoons of horn, and sometimes a ham graces the feast; the milk, spoons, and hams all being evolved out of this useful creature. About two hundred reindeer are necessary for the support of an average family. The Laplanders keep reindeer, and the reindeer keep them.

Let us look for a minute or two at a ruminant with the hollow type of horns. Most people who have been in Switzerland have seen the word "Chamois" on their dinner bill of fare; and, after they have eaten the flesh so-called, have wondered in what respect chamois differed from goat. Probably in most instances there was no difference whatever.

The real chamois, which is found in the Alps, the Pyrenees, the mountains of Greece and the Caucasus, is a goat-like antelope, the male of which is about two feet high at the shoulder and the female somewhat less. The long hairy coat is dark brown in colour, with a still darker streak across the back. In the summer the chamois disports itself in a lighter coat, reversing the order observed by the reindeer. The head is pale yellow, with a darker nose. Both sexes possess horns about seven inches long, which stand up from the forehead and then curve sharply backwards. Herds of sixteen or seventeen are sometimes seen, and companies of three or four are not uncommon in remote and almost inaccessible recesses of the mountains.

Goats and, in a lesser degree, sheep are notoriously sure-footed. I have seen the former animal standing with its hind feet on the edge of a cliff, while its fore feet rested on a slender tree growing up from the almost perpendicular face of the rock. But, as hunters know, the chamois performs feats of mountaineering which a goat never dreams of. A friend tells me that during his climbing in the Alps last summer he "found evidence of a chamois covering some fifteen miles of snow at a stretch, inclusive of some unintentional glissades and one dangerous slip, the animal having lost its footing and fallen on its side, thus sliding for twenty odd feet." In spite, however, of its splendid climbing, the chamois is pursued and killed; one old man, who died in the Italian Alps in 1874, having himself shot no fewer than fifteen hundred.

The chamois is a very intelligent creature, and its senses of sight, hearing, and smell are extremely well developed. When feeding, a sentinel is stationed to give warning of coming danger. This is done by whistling, the ordinary voice being a rough bleat.

A climber in the Alps once saw a pair of chamois with a young one. At the report of a gun they quickened their pace, but always accommodated it to that of the kid, the parents placing themselves on either side to shelter it from harm.

Finally, a word about those queer creatures the Barbary sheep. They are found wild in Africa on

BARBARY SHEEP.

the southern slopes of the Atlas. The rams are some three feet high, with massive horns, a thick neck-mane, and a heavy fringe of hair on the fore-limbs. The females are somewhat smaller, with shorter mane and fringe, but carry nearly as large horns as their lords.

Mr. E. N. Buxton, probably the first Englishman who stalked these animals, says: "I hunted for twenty-three days, being nearly always out from before sunrise till after sunset, and I got shots at only four during that time. The reason for this is the extraordinary capacity for hiding itself shown by the 'Aroui' (the Arab name for this animal), in which it is assisted by its own nearly invisible colour, which is pale rufous-yellow, and by the extremely broken character of the rocks."

There are specimens of Barbary sheep in the Zoological Gardens, and the story goes (possibly it has little truth in it) that a man who had been teasing one of these animals carried home his fore-finger in his pocket. The sharp edge of the horn caught it against one of the upright bars of the enclosure, and sheared it off more quickly than the cleverest surgeon could have done.

The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

V. HENRY II. AND THOMAS À BECKET.

THE eclipse of Truth in England was now almost complete. Becket and Henry Plantagenet appear on the scene. The conflict was undoubtedly one of ambition and love of power on both sides; but the king's royal rights were at least legitimate, whilst Becket's usurpation was based upon the unlawful claims of the Papacy to supremacy over all sovereigns and states. The record of the conflict is a terrible one. We must give it in the briefest summary form.

The reign of Stephen had been a prolonged period of anarchy, lawlessness, and confusion. On his death Henry II., great-grandson of the Conqueror, succeeded. He was a lion-like man, of strong passions, and indomitable resolve. He was certainly not a good man in moral life or example; and his "religion" was simply outward conformity to the superstitious teaching of the age. Becket was at first his personal friend and chancellor. They both loved hunting and hawking: but Becket was fond of display and magnificence, whilst the king was a rough, plain man.

On the death of Archbishop Theobald, in 1611, Henry made Becket his successor, although then only a deacon,—a strange token of the spirit of the times. No sooner was Becket archbishop than the tone of his life changed. He became a veritable Hildebrand in England; and the champion of the Papal assertion of clerical freedom from all secular rule and punishment, even for crime.

The king naturally asserted his rightful authority to bring cases of crime before the civil courts. A great Council was held at Clarendon, a palace near Salisbury, and the ancient customs of the realm were reasserted. But Becket still resisted in the name of the Pope, and the enmity grew stronger and stronger. He had evidently yielded himself thoroughly to the delusion of Hildebrand, and regarded the kingly power as entirely subject to his own. Addressing the Earl of Leicester, as Chief Justiciary, he said: "You are bound to obey God *and me*, rather than an earthly king . . . I disclaim the king's judgment, and yours, and all the other peers', being only to be judged, under God, by *our Lord the Pope*.

Becket now left the kingdom, and, resorting to Rome, sought the Pope's aid and support. Pope Alexander seized the opportunity to advance his own claim to supremacy, and appointed the archbishop his legate for England, armed with full power for proceeding to extremities against his sovereign.

Becket now proceeded to excommunicate several of the English bishops and peers who, in loyalty to Henry, had resisted his claim, in a fearful service, "delivering them over to perdition," and threatening the king himself with a similar sentence if he did not repent. No one could exaggerate the terrific terms of the Roman curse of excommunication thus employed by Becket. Such a sentence, like that of an "interdict" on a nation, shut up the very mercies of God, and cut off the victims from all consolation and hope until absolution was obtained by entire submission. An "interdict" actually suspended all religious forms and sacraments, closed all churches, and deprived even the dead of Christian burial.

At length Becket returned to Canterbury. His arrival only intensified the bitterness. Preaching in the cathedral on Christmas Day, in a stream of fiery indignation (for so his admiring biographers have described it), he thundered out his invectives against most of the king's councillors and friends. Three of the excommunicated bishops sought the king, and implored justice for themselves and the clergy of the kingdom. And now occurred that pregnant conversation which resulted in the terrible death of Becket. Henry asked the Archbishop of York and the others for advice. "It was not for them," they replied, "to say what ought to be done." But one of them seems to have added, "There would be no peace for the king or his kingdom while Becket was alive." Henry, on hearing this remark, was understood to express, in his anger, a wish for Becket's death. Four of his knights and barons took the words to imply almost an order, and unknown to the king they hastened to Canterbury to execute it. The sad story of the archbishop's death in the cathedral needs no fresh telling. Refusing to withdraw his excommunications, the deadly blows of the barons were aimed at him, and he fell at their feet, a victim to the delusion of supreme power under which he laboured.

Henry avowed the deepest sorrow when he heard of the terrible catastrophe, and called God to witness that he had never thought of so dreadful an act. Soon after he proceeded to Canterbury and underwent severe "penance," being literally whipped on his bare shoulders by eighty monks and abbots. In many ways he now sought to propitiate the Papal power. Throughout he had only as a king resisted Becket's ecclesiastical usurpation; for on neither side do we recognise true Christian principle as a motive in what was said or done. The darkness of the age is the best excuse we can urge for the sins and mistakes of Henry's life. Aiming to maintain what he felt to be national rights, he yielded himself to impulsive passions, and was always more feared than loved. His last days were days of cloud and darkness. Family sorrows abounded. Even his children had rebelled against him, and he closed his life with the hopeless testimony, "My very heart has forsaken me."

So far as Becket's death affected our Church and nation, of course crime and violence *could* only strengthen the power of superstition and the grip of the Papacy on the freedom and liberty of the people. The adherents of the archbishop, in days when there was no education of the poor, and no way of testing the truth of reports, found no difficulty in *imagining* wonderful miracles at his death. It was said that on the morning after his murder he lifted up his hand and gave the monks his blessing; that his eyes were replaced by others of two different colours; and that he had appeared in his pontificals at the altar on the third day. Soon after it was said that at his tomb paralytics recovered strength, the lame walked, the blind obtained sight, the deaf heard, and the dumb spake! He was canonized as a saint by the Pope, and a prayer was introduced in the service for his day for "salvation through the merits and blood of St. Thomas à Becket." In one year, we are told that more than £600 had been offered at Becket's altar, when at the altar of Christ nothing had been presented. The stories of miracles spread abroad, and grew as they spread. The king felt his crown in danger; and no doubt policy led him to lean still more on the Pope and his influence. England was rapidly on the road to the degradations of John's reign, when the excommunicated king laid his crown at the feet of the Pope's legate, and agreed to hold England as a fief of the Roman See!

But England's God had not forgotten her. There were still "seven thousand" faithful and loyal men in the land. We cannot doubt that the old truth held in Anglo-Saxon times was still secretly treasured in many a humble home; and though there were many "dark days" to come, even the darkest days were to herald the glorious dawn of Reformation light in the future of England's greatness.

Of Becket's Papal delusion little more need be said. We would not take too dark a view of his character and aims. He was not the first man by many who has supposed that *if he were God*, or God's representative on earth, endued with needed power, he could easily set the world right! We are all too prone to imagine thus what *we* could do. With strong passions, inflexible wills, and human ambitions to prompt the effort, in days of darkness and superstition, with so many things in disorder around them, Hildebrand and Becket may not unnaturally have "thought evil good," and that the "end" in view justified the use of any "means," however lawless. No peril is greater to men in power than that of "leaning to their own understanding," instead of hearkening to the Divine Teacher. The only safeguard from error in religious matters is to be found in faithful allegiance to the written Word of God. The entrance of that Word "giveth light"; and we are ever safe as the disciples of Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Let us, as English churchmen, thank God for the open Bible which our Church places in all hands as the one Rule of Faith and practice, and pray that no "Eclipse of Truth" may ever again gather over, or shadow, the Divine Revelation, which is "a Light to our feet, and a Lamp to our path."*

To Our Readers.

Our Christmas Numbers. TO meet the demand for our Christmas Numbers, we are obliged to issue them with the November Magazines, in order to get a sufficient number printed in time for circulating at home and abroad.

We have secured a number of striking features, not the least of which will be found to be the complete illustrated tales.

The Price, *with* each November Magazine, is *Twopence*; but further single copies, price *One Penny* each, can be ordered from the Booksellers.

"We all Love Jack." A splendid story of land and sea has been written for us by Sydney Watson, whose tales are known far and wide, entitled,

"THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR":
or,
"WE ALL LOVE JACK."

This story, fully illustrated by Will Morgan, will be *Home Words* Christmas Number for 1899. Make a note of the fact that to reach the colonies Christmas Numbers must be posted early. No better link between the old country and her daughter colonies could be found than "We All Love Jack." Order the number at once, and friends abroad will not be disappointed.

Our Annuals. For friends at home or "across the sea" we would suggest nothing would be more acceptable for Christmas and New Year's gifts than our new Annuals, sold at 2*s.* each. Foreign book postage is the same as in England.

A January Forecast. What may be expected in our first number of 1900 may be guessed from this list of contributors:—The Archbishop of Sydney, the Bishop of Caledonia, the Bishop of Ossory, Sir Martin Conway, Frank T. Bullen, the Rev. John Isabell, F.E.S., Agnes Giberne, Sarah Doudney, the Rev. John Rooker, M.A., Mrs. Orman Cooper, Dr. Mann, and Professor Harald Williams. Further details of our programme will be given in the December Number.

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* *Sunrise in Britain*, and *The Eclipse of Truth*, may now be had in two volumes (London, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.). To further a wide circulation, especially in schools and for home reading, the price is only 1*s.* each; or in quantities not less than 25, direct from the Publisher's Office, 9*d.* each. Bishop Pakenham Walsh, late of Ossory, says: "A clear and reliable book like *Sunrise in Britain* is invaluable. I have read it with great interest."

"SAY 'PLEASE'!"

The Young Folks' Page.

"SAY 'PLEASE'!"

"WHAT a funny old bird!" Funny did you say—did you whisper? Beware of that beak, for Sarah has a way with her, and will permit no disrespect. Happily her look is worse than her peck, or many a small boy would regret the day he poked her with his stick. She thinks she is wise, does Sarah. I don't dare to put it like that when I am near. "Sarah," I say very humbly, "you *are* a wise bird." Sarah nods her head and answers emphatically, "Say 'Please'!" "Please, Sarah," I hasten to add, and she *is* pleased. It is the only sentence she can speak, but no matter, it is worth many a long speech. I don't say she wears the elegant cap that becomes her so well in the picture. Artists are of an improving nature, and being beyond the reach of Sarah's attentions the artist has ventured to give her a neat cap "out of his own head," as the saying is. I hope, however, he did not forget to "say 'Please.'"

If he did, he certainly ought to be packed off to the island where they send "the folks who don't say 'Please'."

We've heard of an island far away,
  Across the sunset seas,
Where we'll send to stay, for a year and a day,
  The folks who don't say "Please."

We'll pack them off, the ill and the hale,
  In a well-manned ship together,
And we'll hoist the sail on the date without fail,
  Regardless of the weather.

And when they come back they'll be so polite,
  They'll say "How-d'ye-do?" on their knees.
Won't it be a delight to behold the sight,
  And to hear them in chorus cry "Please"?

UNCLE JOHN.

A LIFE WORTH LIVING.

JUST above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy, who was called Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*. He then entered an evening school. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

He was soon advanced in the factory from a "piecer" to the spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lesson open before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He now began to desire to become a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of others. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way, but he also knew the power of resolution. He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to the college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, "*I never had a farthing that I did not earn.*"

That boy was Dr. Livingstone. That was a life *worth living.*

A. C.

WHAT WE OWE OUR TEACHERS.

I DO not think there can ever be much kindness without self-denial. Certainly it costs a teacher something, after a week of hard work—it may be in a confined office or shop—to get up early and prepare an interesting lesson, and spend an hour or two, all for love, in the Sunday School, instead of seeking his or her own pleasure and ease in other ways. It is not possible to calculate the value of kindness. It could never be paid for by money. But when Sunday Schools were first opened, many of the teachers used to be paid from one shilling to two shillings for what they did on each Sunday. If they were paid now, say only one shilling for the day, what do you think it would amount to in the year? I cannot be quite sure how many teachers there are in the land, but five hundred thousand would, I believe, be under the mark, and that number would require £1,300,000!

Well, that is more easily said than counted. If you were to begin on Monday morning and count daily, except on Sunday, for ten hours each day, at the rate of a shilling a moment, how long do you think it would take you to count £1,300,000? Perhaps I should leave you to do the sum, and not give you the answer. But I should not like even one not to know it—and there *might* be one a little disposed to be lazy,—and so I will tell you that I make the time required to be two years, four months, and a little more than two days over!

I think it was Queen Elizabeth who, when she was told she was dying, exclaimed, "A million of money for an inch of time!" I wish the value of kindness could be reckoned in the same way. You know a drop of cold water "given in the Saviour's Name" will prove to be worth more than a million of money *one day*—when "it shall in no wise lose its reward." We should all try to value kindness more now as it will be valued then. Sunday scholars who think £1,300,000 an immense sum, should try to put it in one scale, and then weigh against it the debt they owe to Robert Raikes and the Sunday School, for the kindness of Sunday School teachers. I know which scale would weigh the heaviest.—From "*I Did Try.*" By the Editor of *Home Words.*

SOME SWEDISH PROVERBS.

"WHEN the cat is away, the rats jump on the table."

"A new broom sweeps well, but an old one is best for the corners."

"One bird in the hand is better than ten on the roof."

"When the stomach is satisfied, the food is bitter."

"To read and not to know, is to plow and not to sow."

"That which is eaten from the pot never comes to the platter."

INSTINCT IN MICE.

AN Icelander naturalist tells a wonderful story of the sagacity shown by mice in crossing rivers in search of food. He says that eight or ten mice dragged a piece of thin turf to the edge of the stream. They all got on this quaint raft, sitting with their heads towards the centre and their tails in the water. They used their tails as oars and rudders and so got across. He says that many Icelanders have seen these singular voyages.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. WHO knew he would live to be old?
2. In which parable did our Lord introduce real places?
3. Where does St. John first mention the Apostles?
4. What did our Lord say which shows that He was "the Everlasting Father" mentioned by Isaiah?
5. Who was a model of early rising? Give three texts.
6. When is the word "door" used for opportunity?
7. Is sin compared to sickness in Holy Scripture?
8. Show what a trial solitude was to St. Paul.

ANSWERS (See SEPTEMBER No., p. 215).

1. At Cæsarea. Acts x. 1, 24-29, 34-48.
2. At Rome. Acts xxviii. 16, 30, 31.
3. Paul. Acts xxv. 23, 24.
4. Simeon. Luke ii. 34.
5. Solomon. 1 Kings iv. 30-33.
6. Herod the Great. Matt. ii. 1-3.
7. Maher-shalal-hash-baz. Isaiah i. 1; viii. 1-4.
8. Josheb-bassebet, Eleazar, and Shammah. 2 Sam. xxiii. 8-17.

King Baby

HIS CARE & CULTURE

By
Lina Orman Cooper.
Author of We Wives.

A Japanese Baby.

XI. INFLUENZA AND INFECTION.

IT is impossible to write anything about children in this year of grace 1899 without giving due prominence to a disease very prevalent therein, the first on my list to-day, viz., influenza. La Grippe, or whatever we like to call it, is a power in our midst that must not be overlooked. Its onslaught, too, is so varied that my usual advice regarding prevention has to take quite a subordinate place. *Nothing* seems to guard us or our babies against influenza. It attacks rich and poor alike. It is as virulent in the strong as in the weak. It seems to generate spontaneously, as well as to be conveyed by infection. The only thing we can do is to keep the body of our baby in the highest condition of health possible, and trust to God. *Something* may be done by avoiding sufferers from the complaint. One never thinks of going to sit with a scarlet fever patient, "to pass the time"; yet how often we boldly enter the domain of tyrant Influenza and think nothing of it! His name is partly responsible for this carelessness. Old-fashioned influenza was simply a cold in the head. Nowadays it has reverted to its original proportions, and is a violent fever—extremely depressing in its effects and extremely dangerous in its complications. If we mothers realized the true consequences of this terrible malady, we should avoid it like the plague, especially if we have young children in our care.

Now influenza is extremely varied in its onslaught. At one time I had five cases of it in the house at once. One was ushered in with sore throat and slight feverishness; another with an extremely high temperature and croup (this was with my particular King Baby); a third with intense pains in the limbs; a fourth with vomiting and diarrhœa; a fifth with intense frontal headache. *All* were influenza, and *all* treated in the same way—kept in bed and fed entirely on milk. This, I believe, to be the only way of successfully treating this disease. A boiled egg may even keep up temperature, and rising too soon prolongs subsequent weakness. Cold or hot milk, taken continually and *only*, overcomes the worst attack, and invites no complication. Patience in lying still and avoiding solid food will do more than all doctor's febrifuges (though they are useful too). As soon as the fever is reduced to normal—and has stayed there for thirty-six hours—feeding up must begin. Strong broths must build up the system—meats and cream replenish waste,—and tea, coffee, and alcohol must be avoided. Of course, to King Baby these latter spectres of indigestion are unknown. But, in his culture and care, we must not forget that "it is a mother's first duty to maintain the standard of her own health at its highest." Unless *she* recovers quickly from influenza baby must suffer, even if he is being reared on the bottle. There is no illness that paralyzes effort like La Grippe, and makes even slight exertion distasteful. So don't forget, for King Baby's sake, to take tonics and broths and strengthening food, dear mothers. *He* is your chief thought, of course. But if you carry altruism too far he will also be chief sufferer.

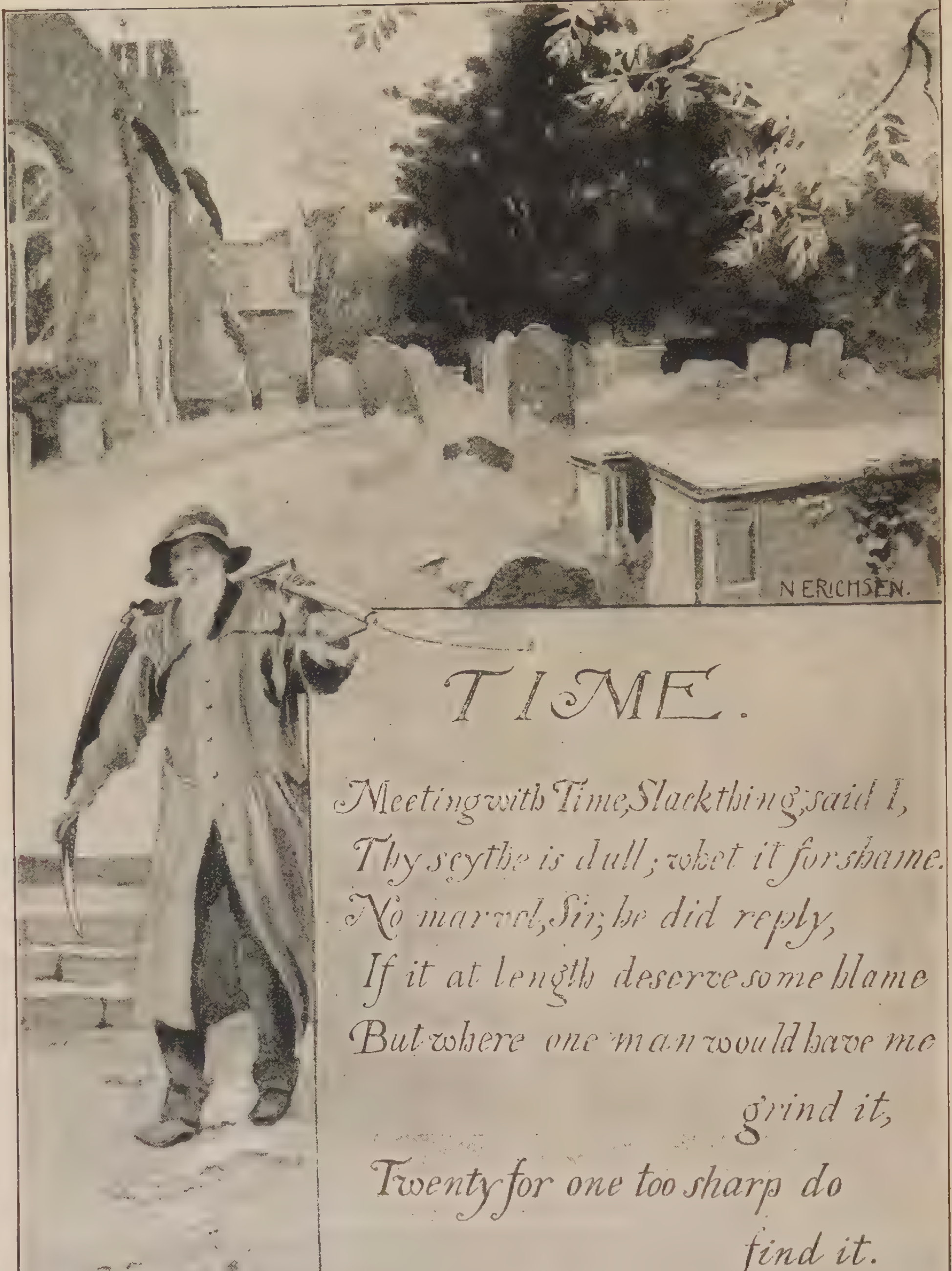
I do not want these papers on the Care and Culture of King Baby to degenerate into a glorified medicine book. For that reason I do not attempt to describe any of the more mature ills to which he is occasionally liable. But the subject of infection is one most intimately connected with his uprearing. The passing of an open sewer, the shake of a dusty carpet, a chance kiss, may convey germs of diphtheria, scarlet fever, or typhoid, to our wee monarch. Over such sources of infection we have no control. Within and behind all these shadows of disease stands the great Creator and Preserver. Our very helplessness in the matter *forces* us to trust our little ones to His all-protecting, omniscient care.

But there are many things in our power. We can, for instance, daily inspect bucket and bin, we can see that refuse matter is burned, that water bottles are emptied, and so do our best to guard against enteric fever. We can open our nursery cupboard every day, and relentlessly order away every scrap of vegetable or milky remains. We can let in fresh air by night as well as day. We can dispense with blinds and curtains, and let King Sol pour his cheerful rays into every crevice and corner. We can turn out baby's crib whenever he leaves it, hanging blankets and sheets and mattress in a draught. We can see that bottle and vessel and plate and dish are kept scrupulously clean. In fact, we can adopt every hygienic and sanitary method to keep our children in health. But, in spite of all precautions, disease will occasionally invade our homes. What are we to do then?

Well, of course, in every case of infectious illness we must try to prevent it spreading. With an ordinary cold we must urge that all kissing be prohibited, and, in even the most trivial complaint, begin with *isolation*. One room at the top of every house should be capable of being turned into a temporary hospital. It should have a bare floor and be away from the ordinary nursery. In this room for the life of King Baby we may have to fight recurrent battles. Let there be much open space then. Do away with valance and bed hanging. Have no clothes pegs on the wall, no hanging press in the room. Let an ordinary "maiden" suffice for the hanging of half-worn clothes. If this maiden stands by the fire it acts as a screen, and any particles of infectious matter are carried up the chimney. If it stands by the window it enables a current of air to be turned on without draught. If it stands at the bed foot it gives welcome shade to weak eyes, even whilst the room is flooded with sunshine. In fact, a bed and a screen are the two indispensable articles in a sick room. We may add to it a cane lounge chair for the patient mother nurse, and a stool for her feet. Nothing more, or the risk of carrying infection into the house is increased.

Well, in this room, daily scrubbed with carbolic, or daily rubbed over with beeswax and turpentine, King Baby lies ill perhaps for days or weeks. If it be scarlet fever, a sheet dipped into a solution of sanitas and water hangs all the time over the door. This prevents all egress of germs, even when the door is open. Everything used in the room is carried away immediately, well covered with carbolic acid and water, in the proportion of 1 part fluid to 8 of water. A good way to measure is to have a penny tin mug. Eight of these filled with water are added to one of Condy's fluid or carbolic acid. This, kept in an enamelled bucket, will cover any plates, dishes or spoons used in the sick room, and completely disinfect them. An excellent method of cleaning dirty sponges is to put a piece of soda the size of a walnut to a tablespoonful of salt into a basin, and pour on boiling water. Dirty sponges should stand in this for a short time, when they will be quite clean and free from grease. Rinse in cold water.

In scarlet fever microbes lurk under the skin. To prevent them getting into the air, our wee patient must be sponged with vinegar and water frequently, to prevent excessive desquamation, and, when the skin is peeling, must be sponged with sanitas. *It is necessary then to burn the sponge.* In it are those deadly spores which can only be destroyed by fire.



TIME.

Meeting with Time, Slack thing; said I,
Thy scythe is dull; whet it for shame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE, READY," "LEAST SAID, SOONEST MENDED," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE DRIVING SNOW.

SO busy had Humphrey been with his thoughts, that for some time it hardly dawned upon him that snow had begun to fall, and that the wind was fast rising:—a strong blustering gusty wind, icy cold, driving direct in his teeth. Large heavy snowflakes had been dropping ever since he had left the town. Soon they grew smaller and smaller, more and more rapid, till they were as tiny sharp-edged scraps of ice, which even his weatherbeaten skin hardly knew how to face.

Advance already was no easy matter. To get on meant a hard fight—as real a struggle as that which he had gone through in the town. Only that had been with unseen and intangible foes; and this was with the outer elements. At first it served to brace and hearten him up, and then he began to find the struggle severe. Once and again he turned from the rush of snow for brief shelter under the hedge; but the storm did not lessen. It would not do to stand still. He pulled his cap lower over his forehead, bent his head, and bored his way through the gale.

Hark! What was that?

Humphrey fought on; but he could not help listening for a recurrence of the sound.

Hark! again. What was it?

A feeble little cry somewhere. Not very far off probably. By this time night was come, the early darkness of a wintry afternoon, and darkness reigned. No step but his own could be heard on that deserted road.

The faint low cry, as of a child's voice, recurred.

A child out in this turmoil of wind and snow! No chance for its life, if it indeed had wandered away from its friends, and were alone.

The snow was thickening, driving in fine dry sheets, each small bit of ice stinging sharply as it met his cheek. Humphrey was tired with his strifes, past and present. He had had little food that day; he had walked far; and he was eager to be at home. His whole heart was bent on seeing Mabel's face of glee, when he should open the parcel and should display the fair-haired beauty to her wondering gaze. He did not feel at all disposed to wander from the road, in a useless search after a child who most likely did not exist. He tried to persuade himself that the sound was a rabbit's cry, not a child's,—unlikely though it was that a rabbit would be out on such a night as this. Or perhaps it might be the creak of some great bough, swayed by the wind. He bored on steadily still. The tiny hard flakes, thick as sand-grains in a sandstorm, were whirled in his face, giving him the same breathless feeling that Nan had had. If once he left the beaten track—who could tell?—he might never find it again.

That feeble wail once more. Humphrey came to a dead pause.

"If a child's there, and it died in the snow to-night, and I might have saved it, I'd never forgive myself," he said.

He listened carefully, trying to make out the direction from which it came. Were the voice that of a child, the little thing could not be far away, or the faint sound would never reach his ears through such a swirl of snow.

Then he went to the right, feeling along the hedge, till he came to a stile. He shouted, and he heard the cry anew.

Humphrey climbed the stile, and was in the field on the other side, surrounded by a whirling blizzard of snow. He tried to keep his bearings carefully in mind as he stumbled onward, listening for that little pitiful sound, and getting gradually nearer to it. He groped his way along by the hedge, keeping close to the road which he had quitted; and soon his hands felt something.

"It *is* a child," he said, a glow of thankfulness filling his heart. "You poor little thing! Come along. I'll take you home to your mammy. You'll tell me where she is. We'll see where you belong."

Whether she heard or understood he could not know. He could not see her face in the pitch darkness, though he knew by the feeling of her short frock that it was a girl, not a boy. He could feel too that she was small, and very cold and terrified. She had a little shawl on, but it felt thin; so he took off his second coat—happily he had wrapped up in anticipation of the coming snow—and he folded it closely round her. The feeble sobbing died away as she clung close to her protector, and very soon she was sound asleep.

Humphrey held her tightly, and he also kept a firm grip upon his precious packets of Christmas gifts, as he fumbled his way and stumbled slowly back to the road,—no easy matter. But at length he found the stile, and was once more in the straight path for home.

It came over him then—what if he had yielded to that past temptation and had gone into the public-house? He would certainly have spent not less than a shilling; and friends also might have offered to treat him. If he had not been in the end too much muddled to find his way home at all that night—and in such a storm as this he might easily have failed—he certainly would not have heard or heeded this cry for help. A human life would have paid the forfeit.

Only a little child's life! But some poor father and mother might have broken their hearts over the little dead child who might have been saved.

Humphrey pressed on, cheerily fighting the gale, and feeling most glad that his own little Mabel was not exposed to such a storm as this. He was hardly less glad that he had saved this poor wee wanderer from certain death. A very little longer, and she must have succumbed to the intense cold, ceasing to cry. Nature would soon have drawn a fair white coverlet over her, and the little body would not have been found until the next thaw.

"Poor little maid! I'm glad for your people—that I am!" said Humphrey heartily.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUED CHILD.

A SECOND and a third time Nancy left her shelter behind the massive oak, and strove to make ad-

"He folded it closely round her."

vance; and each time she was foiled. The wind treated her as a mere plaything; and the rush of fine snow beat back her breath, till she was frightened. Home was near; but how to reach it Nan did not know. Once more she cowered, shivering, close to the trunk; and as she did so she caught a glimpse of something stirring, of somebody passing, not two yards off, yet barely visible,—a dark figure, fighting as she had fought with the blast, and staggering under it.

There was no time for thought. One instant's delay and the figure would have passed beyond her reach. She sprang out and clutched it,—gripping a coat or an arm. Nan did not know which: she only knew that she was no longer alone in the whirl of elements.

"She sprang out and clutched it—gripping a coat or an arm."

"Hallo! A woman! A girl!" exclaimed a voice which Nan knew. "What business have you out in this storm?"

"I got — caught," panted Nan. She clung to the strong arm, fearing to be torn away. The wind at that moment rose to a pitch which drowned her utterance. The man reeled before it across the road, dragging Nan with him. There he laid a hand on the wood paling, and bent towards her.

"Eh? What? Who is it?" he asked, shouting. "Nan!"

"It's me. I didn't know what to do. Oh, please don't leave me."

"Leave you! No, of course not. Hold my arm tight. This is pretty bad. Hold on."

The injunction was hardly needed. Nan was gripping him frantically. George Dickenson fought his way onward for some paces. Then he did as Nan had done—retreated among the trees, finding partial shelter behind one of the larger trunks.

"We'll wait here—a minute," he said, gasping. "It's enough to—choke one. It'll get better—soon."

Would it? Nan wondered if things might not get even worse. But she did not mind now. She was happy, clinging to him. She scarcely even felt cold.

"Doesn't seem to get better. We mustn't stop here long," said George, rather anxiously. "I've got my breath again now."

Nan was in no hurry. She had something else in her mind. George, watching intently for a slight break in the fury of the gale, heard her say,—

"I'm sorry I was cross."

George looked down at her involuntarily, though he could see nothing.

"I'm so sorry—it was horrid of me."

George made some little sound in response, which failed to reach her hearing.

"I didn't mean it really, you know," came once more.

"This won't do," exclaimed George. "We shall be buried alive in the drift. Come, Nan."

He put his arm round her, and by main force fought his way upward and onward, almost carrying her. She would have been powerless to make headway alone. The part of the hill that they were on was peculiarly exposed to the full sweep of the wind, and only a strong man could hope to face it successfully. A thin belt of trees on one side made but a poor protection, even if the wind had come that way, but it did not. It poured fiercely down the hill, straight against them.

Nan was breathless, helpless, half stupefied,—yet thought remained clear. She was painfully conscious that George had made no answer. His firm grasp of her now spoke merely his sense of her bodily need. It was not that he had forgiven her angry outburst of the day before. So Nan told herself.

The top of the hill was nearly reached, and they were close to the cottage garden. Full upon them came a renewed swirl of snow, a fresh rush of tearing wind. George again felt, as he had felt before, that he could go no further without time first to take breath. These tiny hard dust-like flakes, crowding together like grains of sand, half choked him, and Nan was heavy on his arm. He began to fear,—was she unconscious? If they both fell, near though they were to Nan's home, it might be serious for them. As he vaguely thought this, he stumbled up against the wall of Humphrey's wood-house—a rough little building at the lower corner of the garden. George put up one hand, fumbled with the latch, and managed to drag Nan in.

He pushed the door to, and let her go carefully,—not till he felt that she could stand. Then he stood panting, trying to regain his expended powers. For two minutes neither spoke. Nan was the less used up of the two, for she had simply depended on him, and he had fought the wind for her as well as for himself.

"All right?" asked George at length.

"Yes. I wonder if father has got back."

"Where's he gone?"

"To the town. Christmas shopping."

"Sure to be back by this time. If he isn't, that road is more sheltered than on this hill."

"But he's got a bit of the hill to do too."

"Not so exposed as this road, though. Oh, he'll be all right, I hope. He's strong, you know. And he won't have you to carry."

"It was so good of you to help me," Nan said, almost timidly.

"We've got to get indoors directly."

"That isn't far. I wonder what I should have done if you hadn't come up!"

George did not know. He felt a pleasant glow at the thought of having been of service to Nan; yet he said nothing. Nan began to feel sadly down-hearted.

"Look here, Nan, I want to know something," said George. He had to speak clearly, if he would be heard above the howl of the storm, even though they were within wooden walls.

"Yes."

"What did Lou say to you yesterday that made you so——"

"Cross!"

"Well, you were vexed; weren't you?"

"Oh, I was dreadfully cross. I know I was. I'm so sorry. But you know I do get cross sometimes. It's my way."

"And it's your way to be sorry after."

George could not see Nan's face in the darkness, but he could hear a choke of tears in her voice as she said,—

"I'd do anything not to be made cross so easy."

"Nan, what did Lou say?"

"I'd rather not tell."

"But if I want to know?"

"It was only—something about what somebody had said—about me being so horrid, you know. And I knew she meant you. And she couldn't say she didn't. And I did feel—so—as if—you see, I'd always thought you and Lou were such friends!—and it seemed then as if——"

"But I say, I never said nothing of the sort. Whatever could Lou mean?"

"I don't know. I don't mind—if you didn't say it."

"I know now. It was one day last week. Something was said about you, and I know what I said. I said 'Nan has a quick temper, and she speaks sharp sometimes; but she never sulks, and she's never backward to say she's been in the wrong.' That was it. Did you mind that so much?"

"It didn't sound—exactly like that," murmured Nan.

"Lou was vexed, I suppose, and so she gave the words a twist."

"I'm sorry I didn't understand. I'm sorry I was cross," repeated Nan.

George took hold of her hand in the dark.

"Now you mind—" he said. "We can't stop here, Nan. We must go indoors, or your mother'll get into a fright about you. But you mind,—if Lou says that sort of thing again, you just tell me. Or, anyhow, don't you believe it. You're a deal more to me than any other girl in all the world. And Lou knows it. And you ought to know it too, by this time. And it won't be *my* fault if some day you and I are not a great deal more to one another than all the rest of the world put together. I've been meaning to speak out soon, and it did take me uncommon aback yesterday when you flew in my face like that. I began to wonder if I wasn't altogether mistaken in you. But when I came to think it over, I determined I wouldn't believe anything against you in a hurry, and I was on my way to your house to see if you didn't feel different."

"And, George, I was on my way to *your* house—because I wanted so to tell you and Lou that I was sorry. Only the snow——"

"So here you are—at last!" sobbed Mrs. Humphrey, as the two came in, glad to shut the door behind them. "Oh, dear me! I didn't know what to think; that I didn't, and it's a fact. You away, and the boys away, and my husband away, and Mabel——"

"Mabel, mother!"

"Nobody doesn't know whatever has become of her," sobbed Mrs. Humphrey. "Nobody hasn't seen her since I don't know when. And if she's out in this storm——"

Nan grew white, and she and George exchanged scared glances.

"When was she seen last?" asked George.

He had difficulty in arriving at the truth of the matter. Mrs. Humphrey wept despairingly instead of replying. He had to ask many questions before she would tell all.

After Nan's departure she had attended to the pudding and had done some mending. Then the elder boys had returned with their little fir-tree, and Ted had helped them to arrange the candles on it in readiness for Christmas Day. Somebody had asked for Mabel, and Ted had said that she was upstairs. A little oil stove was burning there to dry a damp outer wall. and Mabel might be enjoying its warmth. "Let her stay," the boys had said, wishing to surprise her with finished arrangements. Then they had dashed out into the falling snow once more to get an extra supply of holly. Ted had gone to find his little sister, and presently he had limped down with wondering eyes to say, "Where is Mabel?" Even then Mrs. Humphrey had not waxed anxious; but when some time had gone by, as the storm increased, she had wakened to the thought of her husband's long walk, had wished that the boys and Nan were indoors, and finally had attended to Ted's perplexity as to the whereabouts of Mabel.

"Humphrey staggered in."—*Page* 272.

"Why, she's upstairs, of course," Mrs. Humphrey had said; but Ted assured her that she was not. Then, for the first time, fear assailed Mrs. Humphrey. When Nan and George came in, she had just ended a long and fruitless hunt in every corner of the cottage. Five minutes or so earlier the boys had returned, for the second time, dragging a big holly bough and expatiating on the nature of the storm. On hearing that Mabel had vanished, they dashed out again, in consternation, to search through the little garden, and the small field at the back, and the road near at hand.

"She has gone to meet father—to see the doll!" Nan said at once, in despair. "It was just what Mabel was likely to do. If only some one had thought of it sooner! If only I had been at home! Oh, poor little Mabel!"

"Which way did the boys go? I'll go after them," said George.

"It's no good. We'll never see Mabel again," wailed Mrs. Humphrey.

"Nonsense! The snow is bad, but it hasn't lasted any time yet. She must have been overtaken by the storm. We shall find her somewhere close at hand. A little mite like that couldn't wander far," urged George.

But Nan and her mother knew better how strong and independent a child Mabel was. If, indeed, she had set her heart on meeting her father, on getting a first view of the new doll, she might have gone a long way. She might, when the storm broke, have wandered from the road, and have been lost—anywhere. Probably the growing darkness had surprised her; and then the drifting snow would soon make short work of that little frame.

George told Nan to stay with her mother and Ted, while he went forth again to brave the gale, trying first to find the boys who were distractedly searching for the child, and also hunting himself as he went.

But in this blinding blizzard of snow and wind what chance had they of finding her?

An hour and more passed in the fruitless search,—fruitless and exhausting. George in time found the two boys, huddled up against a wall, unable to advance. The most he could do was to get them home.

And Humphrey was still absent; and no sign had been seen of pretty little Mabel.

Would they ever see her again—alive? Was Mrs. Humphrey to lose husband and child in one fell blow?

She had grumbled many a time at little worries and troubles. Now a great trouble had come, and it took her by surprise. In that hour, notwithstanding all her past discontent, she knew how dear was the little one to her heart; and she knew that Humphrey, with all his faults, was still her husband, and that to lose him thus would be a heavy blow. A step at last was heard trampling in the little porch outside. On the soft snow there was no sound. Bob flung the door open, and Humphrey staggered in.

From head to foot he was deluged in snow. He seemed to be carrying some parcels and a good-sized bundle; but nothing could be plainly seen through that wintry covering. He looked round with eager eyes, breathing hard.

"Where's Mabel?" he asked, as soon as he could get his breath. "It's been hard work. Glad I'm here safe!" Then he saw the blank dismayed faces, the despairing looks, the tears of his wife and of Nan. "Eh?—what's wrong? Did you think I was lost?" His tone softened. "Would you have minded, Anne? But I didn't go into the public—not once; and I've got the doll. It's all right. A beauty too. Where's the child? I thought she'd be on the look-out for me."

"The small pale face was that of Mabel."

A sudden awful fear possessed him as the silence lasted. He sat down on the nearest chair, staring.

"Where's Mabel? Tell me!"

"She's wandered out to meet you, and got lost in the snow," sobbed his wife.

A short terrible silence followed. Humphrey could not speak. He could hardly think. His little pet, Mabel, out in this driving storm. He could remember nothing else. A groan broke from his very heart. He forgot the little child whom he had saved,—he forgot the joy of those other parents, to whom she belonged, in the agony of his present dread. Mabel wandering alone in the snow—or perhaps already lying dead and cold beneath a snow-wreath!

"What're you all doing here? Why doesn't somebody go after her?" he demanded hoarsely. "Here—I'm going. Take these things!"

One of "these things" was the child he had saved. The warmth of the room was rousing her, and she stirred in his arms. Then he recollected her existence, and a terror shook his strong frame as a ship is shaken by some mountain wave. Terror mingled with hope! Who could say that it might not be his own little Mabel? But if it were not?

He hardly dared to lift the covering from her face and to look, lest that look should set a seal to his despair. If Mabel were still out in this storm, all would indeed be over with her.

"What's that you've got?" asked George.

"It's—it's a child I've found," Humphrey tried to say. He was standing up now, not daring to look; and yet the next moment he dared not wait. For if Mabel were not here, not an instant must be lost in beginning anew to hunt for her.

"Take it off—take it off!" he said.

George's hand drew aside the coverings, and the small pale face was that of Mabel!

"Take her! take her!" he gasped; and George lifted away the little sleeper. But it startled and awed them all when Humphrey covered his face with his rough hands, and burst into heavy sobs.

"God, I thank Thee," he said brokenly, and he sobbed on till not an eye in the room was dry. Mrs. Humphrey came close, saying in a tone that not one of her children could remember hearing from her before,—

"Phil, what's wrong? Mabel's all right. And you're back, too. What ails you?"

Then they all heard what it was that so stirred and shook the man. They all learnt by how narrow a line little Mabel had escaped death.

She was given back to them as the sweetest of Christmas gifts, unhurt by her perilous experience, able, in less than an hour, to sit up with a face of wondering delight, nursing her doll.

And the Christmas Day which followed was a new kind of Christmas to the Humphrey family. In its joy and tenderness it was an earnest of many a better Christmas-tide to follow.

Treasures of the Snow.

BY THE REV. A. V. W. CARDEN, M.A.,
VICAR OF ST. ANDREW'S, HASTINGS.

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"—Job xxxviii. 22.

WHAT do you know about the snow?" That is the question God here puts to man. It comes from a chapter full of questions—a passage so magnificent and far-reaching that, perhaps, in all literature there is none that can vie with it.

God asks poor, puny, insignificant man what he knows about "the earth and its foundations," and how it was made. And even now, after these thousands of years since the question was first put, science can give no answer. And then He says: And what do you know about "the sea and its doors," and what do you know about the "gates of death"? God challenges ignorant man to give a clear answer about these things; and man has to be silent. "I was dumb and opened not my mouth, for it was Thy doing."

Among the questions thus humbling to man is this one: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

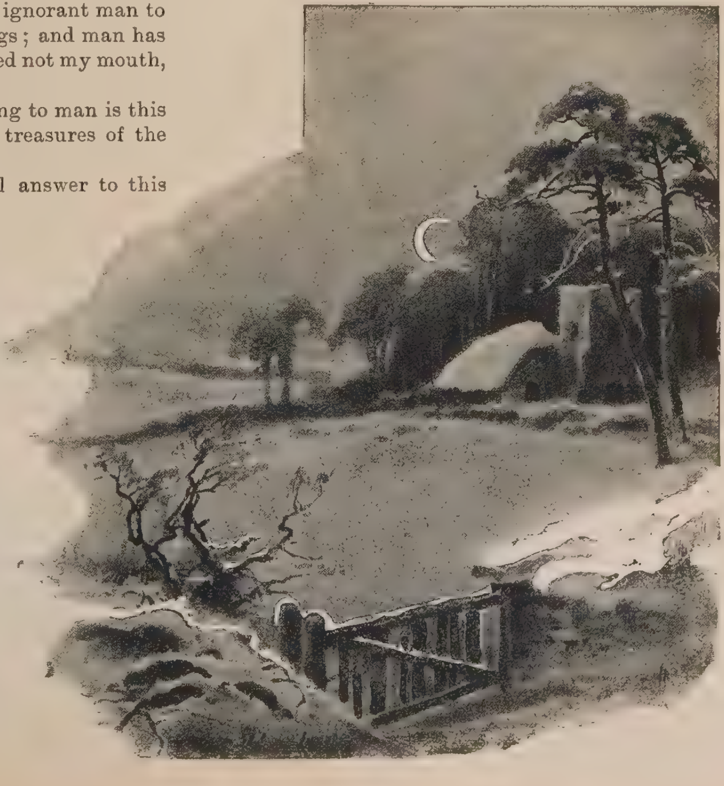
Now God alone can give the full answer to this question as well as to the others; but still, there are some things that we have learnt, God guiding us—things which teach us somewhat of the ways of God to man. And though you and I have not seen the snow in its storehouses, or "treasure" houses—though we have never visited it in its strongholds and fastnesses, as in the Arctic regions, like that adventurous man Nansen, with whose praises Europe was lately ringing, yet still, as the subject comes home to us just now, let us see somewhat of that which the snow does teach us.

I.

And surely the very first thing we have often noticed, as we watched it in its swift descent, flake upon flake, that crystallized vapour falling in its myriads—our first perception was that it is

From Above.

That is the case with all snow: it has come from the upper regions of the air, there formed by intense cold in that higher atmosphere. That it is "from above" is a fact drawn attention to by God Himself in that well-known 55th chapter of Isaiah, where it is likened to God's Word. God's Word and God's snow, we are told, both come from Him; both are from the skies; both are for the earth's inhabitants; and both are seen to do their appointed work. Just as surely as God's snow does its duty in Nature, so God's Word will be certain to do its duty in Grace. The passage reads thus: "For *as* the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; *so* shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me



THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES TO WARM ALL HEARTS.

void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Snow, then, is *from above*—as indeed most surely are *all* the best things.

The "Book"—this Book—on which we want to pillow our heads when dying; the Book which tells us what we are; the Book which so constantly reminds us we are sinners; the Book which reveals to us God's only, but unfailing, remedy for sin; the Book which preaches the love of Jesus; the Book which invites all to come to Him; the Book which alone can make us truly wise—*this Book is from above.*

So too, *the Man, Christ Jesus, Himself*—the Man who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities—the Man who tasted death for every man—the Man upon whom was laid the iniquities of us all—the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—the Man who alone can weld all men, all kindreds, all nations, all classes into one vast brotherhood—He, that Man, was *from above.* The Man who is God's best Gift to us: the Man who in Himself epitomises God's love: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son"—*that Man is from above.*

"Oh, 'twas Love! 'twas wondrous Love!
The Love of God to me!
It brought my Saviour *from above*
To die on Calvary."

And the *Great Salvation* also—that, too, is *from above*; for there is no salvation in any other, for there is none other Name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved.

II.

A second lesson the snow teaches, which we learn very well every winter. We gather from the fact that it is a wonderful *Covering.*

Watch the snowflakes, and it is simply marvellous what they can do in this respect. They can bury not only shrubs and fields, but even trees, houses, entire hamlets; and all is done so swiftly and so silently. Without the slightest sound they do their work, and a whole countryside is speedily covered. The unthinking and selfish may forget that it is an untold blessing—a very benediction to the soil; so much so that it is almost, if not quite, indispensable. In the rigours of a great winter were it not for the snow-covering, there would be widespread harm done to the harvest prospects of the coming year. The snow is, in fact, a precious mantle to keep the earth warm, and to preserve life that is in the earth from otherwise fatal extinction. The snow, itself a product of cold (so mercifully ordered is it), itself keeps that which is below it safe and warm. Yea, the covering of snow has often saved many a life. Travellers overtaken in snowstorms have often found in the snow their shelter, provided they did not yield to drowsiness; and in regions where ice and snow last long, the natives are wont to build their temporary dwellings of the ice and of the snow—to them a necessary "covering."

And does not all this picture *the spiritual covering* that man needs for the soul—the clothing that Jesus Himself wrought by His Life and by His Death? All His life long He was making it. He said at His Baptism: "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness"—indicating the garment in which sinful men need to be clad—a clothing like His own robe at the Crucifixion—perfect, without any flaw. ("Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout"—John xix. 23). It cost Him His death to complete it. His very last thought and word were about this very covering. He said, "It is finished: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30).

We shrink from the severity of a sharp burst of cold, but what is it on the plains of Russia? What must the unhappy soldiers of the Grand Army have felt in 1812, when they fled before the winter? Was it not a Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt who was saved by the devotion of his ten followers? Leaving him asleep in his hut, they heaped upon him their own warm clothing, and then laid themselves down outside and died? The Prince could say, "They died for me." Yes; but Jesus died for *sinners*. "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." That is God's special recommendation of His Gospel, that the "covering" was made for those who did nothing to deserve it.

"Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

Yes, the great covering we require is *from above*.

III.

Once more—and this is what is sure to strike us all—snow is an unequalled emblem of

Whiteness.

It is so much so, that we cannot really think of anything that is whiter. It is so intensely white that mortal eyesight cannot stand it. It can cause "snow-blindness," and exposure to it necessitates the use of veils and dark glasses. It is so dazzling, so pure, so unsullied.

Ah! it is so till it touches earth, and is contaminated thereby. Then it can become the foulest of things. It can thus be the very reverse of what it was. But in itself it is so gloriously pure that God's Word again and again uses it as an indication of what *we* ought to be, of what *Jesus* is, and of what we *can* be through Him.

The last book of the Bible begins (Rev. i.) with a description of our great Saviour, Jesus: and amongst other things, it says of Him—"His head and His hairs were white as snow." Ah! when we look into all this—the portrayal of the Divine Glory of *Christ*, His inspiring greatness, His wondrous majesty, His unspeakable awfulness—do we not gather as one of the chiefest ideas suggested His intense *whiteness*? And well might this appal us, for we are only too conscious of our being the reverse, were it not that we can fall back upon poor David's experience and make it our very own. Realizing his blackness of soul, he was taught that he, even he, could be made "white." Yes, and "whiter" than the snow; for the snow has no enduring whiteness about it, and he yearned for something—and you and I want something—that can *last*, a whiteness of soul, a cleanness that can never pass away: and so he cried (what a mighty word of faith it was!) "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." And lest we should think such a happy experience, such a vista of glory, quite beyond our own realization, we are promised this very thing—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isa. i. 18.)

May you and I, brethren, by Divine mercy, know this blessedness as our own. Remember, we are to possess it now; we can claim it now; and by God's help we may live up to it from now, if never before. When, with spiritual eyesight, we discern that all this is *from Above*, when our souls are clad with God's true *Covering*, when we blessedly experience, by faith, the unspeakable *Whiteness* that Jesus gives; then, and not till then, we can answer in the affirmative the old, old question of our text, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow"?

"Washed in the Blood of the Lamb! of the Lamb!
And *then* we are whiter than snow."

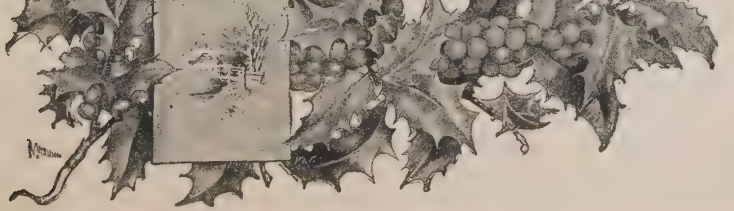
CHRISTMAS PEACE.

HUSH! while on silvery wing of holiest song
Floats forth the old, dear story of our peace:
His coming, the Desire of ages long,
To wear our chains, and win our glad release.
Our wondering joy to hear such tidings blest
Is crowned with "Come to Me, and I will give you
Rest."

F. R. H.

OUR CHRISTMAS CALLING.

AS members of Christ we are called to be Christ's Body: the eyes by which He would see the needs of the world; the mouth by which He would speak His truth to the world; the hands by which He would heal the miseries of the world; the feet by which He would walk over the world as its Friend and Saviour. F. R. H.



By the Night Express.

A TALE BY "CARRUTHERS RAY," AUTHOR OF
"A MAN AND A BROTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

SNOW-BOUND.

STEPHEN GRANT climbed on to the foot-board of the carriage. The window had been promptly closed as soon as the passenger had seen that his summons was heard. In answer to a sign, Stephen unlocked the door.

"Come in out of the cold," said the passenger shortly. He was an old man, muffled in furs. Deep-set, piercing eyes, and a determined mouth did not prepossess one in his favour. "I am Sir George Rollit," he continued; "it is of the utmost importance that I should reach London early to-morrow. Is there any conveyance to be had? I must drive to the next station on the line."

"The roads are too deep in snow," began Stephen.

"Then I walk. How far is it to the nearest station on the other side of the drift?"

"Three miles, sir—possibly a bit more; but 'tis fearful heavy going."

"That is obvious, my man," answered Sir George more genially. "The question is, are you willing to guide me? Do you know the road?"

"I'll do my best, sir; but there's no sign o' a road to find by the short way to Caston. The line curves a matter of five miles, but by the fields we save——"

"That will do." Sir George rolled up his heavy coat, and strapped it tightly. "If you can carry this, and show me the way to Caston, you shall not be the loser."

Five minutes later the two had started, Sir George slipping and stumbling, and making but slow progress in the darkness, Stephen doing his best to pilot the old man safely.

"If we go by the cottage," he suggested, "I can get a lantern."

"By all means," was the quick reply.

At the cottage Sir George declared that he was too short of breath to go on at once. "A rest and something hot will put fresh life into me," he said.

As the water boiled the visitor's gruffness thawed.

"How many of you live here?" he asked Mrs. Grant.

"Only my husband and the little lad," she answered.

The shadow of a great anxiety passed across Sir George's face.

"I wonder if I have a little lad—now." He spoke the thought unconsciously aloud. A minute later he had roused himself; and after his cup of coffee he was for going on at once.

"We must be starting afresh," he said. "I shall not forget your services, Mrs. Grant, rendered at a most untimely hour." Then he strode out into the night, Stephen following with a lantern.

For a full mile scarcely a word was spoken. They advanced very slowly, the old man needing a light and careful directions whenever the smallest obstacle barred the way. Constant halts were made, the baronet breathing heavily. It was clear enough that the need must have been great to have induced him to brave the rigours of such a night. The snow had ceased, and it was freezing hard, with a sharp wind stirring.

"I must go moderately, moderately," he said to Stephen. "Imagine you have your little lad coming after you. I am sure I feel as weak as a child."

"He's crippled, sir," said Stephen; "been crippled this month past. We don't know as he'll ever put his foot to the ground again. Everything do seem as dark as 'tis to-night now that Danny's laid up to bed."

"I can sympathise with you." The words came with an effort.

For the next ten minutes Stephen forgot that he was acting as guide. They had crossed the fields and joined the main road, where the snow was harder. He was thinking—with half-numbed brain—over and over again that he wished a rich man's sympathy could be turned into coin of the realm.

"I—I think we'll rest—rest a moment or two. It is more sheltered here." Sir George was breathless again, for Stephen had unintentionally increased the pace when they reached level ground.

Strange thoughts had been passing across the mind of the baronet, and before they again started he spoke.

"Come close to me, man. I want to speak to you. About this little lad of yours, how old is he?"

"Nigh eleven, sir."

"I have a son that age."

There was a pause.

"You think that the good things all fall to the share of the wealthy. It is not true. I have heard it again and again, seen it in the eyes of poor wretches in the dock, felt that they were envying me. How little they knew."

Stephen looked at the old man uneasily. He was not sure that the strain and exposure were not proving too much for his charge.

"I'll tell you," he burst out again. "For as I believe God loves me, I will make it equal between your son and mine. If my little Hal lives and gets better, your boy shall have all that doctors can do for him. Pray for him, then, as you'd pray for your own son."

So these two tramped forward, leaving deep tracks behind them, Stephen scarcely knowing whether his companion were sane, the baronet arguing with God as though he were the advocate and his boy the prisoner of death.

At the station the outlook was desolate enough. A special relief train had been telegraphed for, but it was not likely to be at Caston before midnight. The baronet made himself as comfortable as he could in the waiting-room.

"Look here, my man," he had said to Stephen before they parted, "I meant what I promised just now. If the boy gets better—I fear there is little hope of it—your little lad shall have all the care my boy has had." He made a note of Stephen's name and address, and then, under a sudden impulse, held out his hand.

"We'll shake hands on it," he said. "Never think you have all the troubles in your line of life, Stephen Grant."

Stephen started on his homeward tramp, wondering whether it could be true that he was richer by half a sovereign and a promise.

"Five minutes later the two had started."—*Page* 276.

CHAPTER III.

JUDGE AND PRISONER.

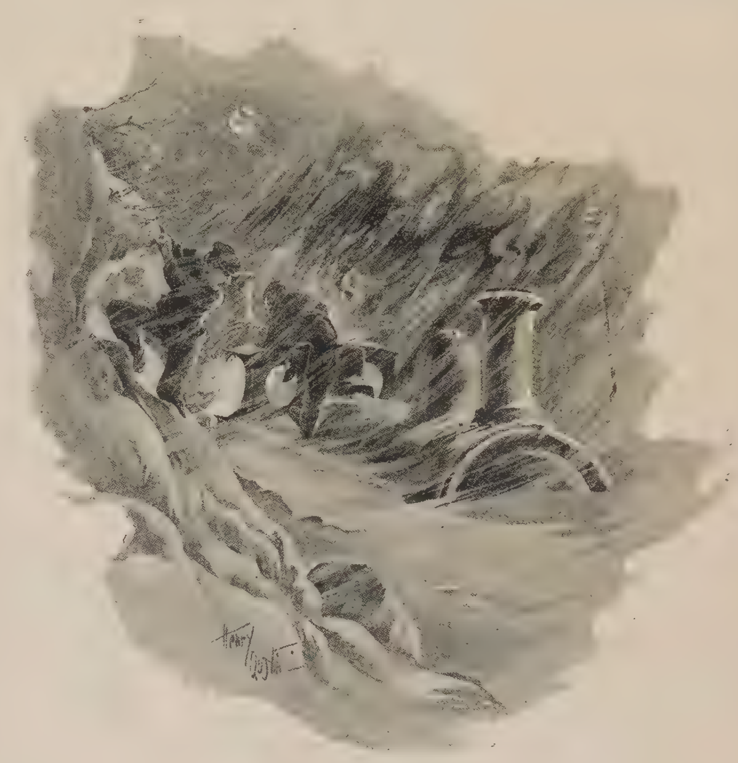
HERE a word must be said of another strange link between the lives of Stephen Grant and Sir George Rollit.

It was Mary Grant who recognised the name of the judge.

"'Twas he tried Robert. I knew it as soon as you told me his name," she said, the morning following the accident. "He hasn't much pity, I fancy. No wonder Robert said he was dead against him from the first."

Robert Nash was Mrs. Grant's eldest brother—a man who had taken a wrong turn early in life, and had at length been convicted of falsifying his employer's books in the bank in which he held a position of trust.

The sentence was a harsh one, perhaps needlessly so, but in any case the prisoner brooded over revenge during two years of hard labour. It is possible that the thought of paying back the judge turned his brain, for on being released he dogged the steps of Sir George Rollit with fixed intention to be "even with him, by fair means or foul."



"Snow-bound for twelve hours."—*Page* 279.

A letter, received by his sister, Mrs. Grant, suggests that he was scarcely responsible for his actions when he came near to committing a horrible crime a fortnight after his discharge. The letter ran thus:—

"DEAR SIS,—I've done it. Something told me it was the only chance I'd ever have. I thought revenge would be sweet, but it's bitter as gall. I put the iron bar across the rail nearly opposite your little place; I knew who'd be in the train. Then I ran for it, and by this I'm out of the country. If I've killed him, or any one, I'll do for myself.

"Your hopeless brother, BOB."

The letter was a fearful shock to Stephen and his wife. The very man whom they had received into their home that snowy night was the judge Robert Nash had meant to murder. He it was who had thrown a ray of hope across their lives. How could they receive any help from him now?

"Poor Bob! What must he be thinking? What *can* we do?" sobbed Mrs. Grant. "I know he'll kill himself before he hears the train escaped. Can't we telegraph or do anything to let him know?"

Of course it was impossible; and the two could only wait in an agony of suspense.

At last, three days later, they received another letter; years seemed to have passed since the first had come. Judging from the contents, Robert Nash had stayed his foot on the brink of the precipice. He was utterly broken down. The awful horror of his position had flashed upon him. Now he had been saved—saved by a miracle it seemed to him; and his only hope was that if such mercy was for a wretch like himself God had yet further mercy for him.

* * * * *

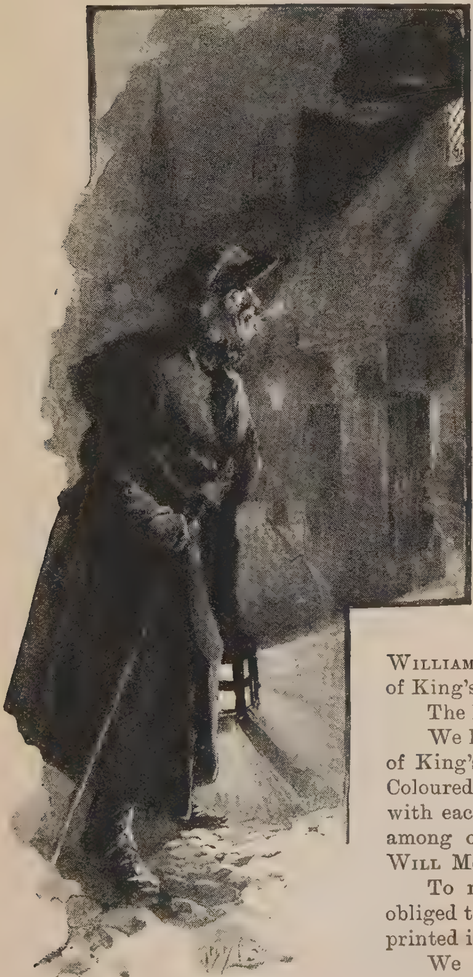
I set out to give the bare facts connected with the Thorntonwold accident—the facts, that is to say, which did not appear in the public press. I have done this at far greater length than I intended. The reader, however, may be sufficiently interested in Stephen Grant to wish to know the outcome of the providence which brought Sir George Rollit to his home.

The last time I saw Stephen he was the happiest man in all England. The little lad had passed through an operation in a great hospital in London and was doing well. The news seemed too good to be true. Mrs. Grant was with her boy, or rather, to be quite accurate, she was in lodgings close to the hospital. Every penny of expense was being borne by Sir George Rollit, who had fulfilled his promise to the letter.

Some time had elapsed before Stephen and his wife could bring themselves to accept Sir George's generous offer. "I wish to do my utmost for your boy," he wrote, "as a thank-offering to God for the recovery of my child. I hope I should have done the same even had my Hal been taken from me. I have other reasons for deep gratitude. On the very day I was snow-bound near your cottage, I had received a threatening letter from a man, who said he intended to pay me out for some imagined injury I had done him. I tell you this that you may never again think that troubles only touch the poor. We all have our burdens. God give us grace to bear them, and help bear the load of every heavy-laden fellow-creature who needs our aid."

Such is the story of the night express, which was snow-bound for twelve hours near Caston. The accident happened years ago, but the details, as I have related them in the foregoing pages, have never been printed.

Our Christmas and New Year Announcements.


ONE OF THE OLD CHARLEYS.

DESPITE the arguments of mathematical professors, there is, at least, the suggestion of a new century in the thought that next month we shall all be writing 1900. The date has neither tens nor units, and if a great number can be an inspiration to fresh effort 1900 should see the work of 1899 far surpassed.

We have several new writers to introduce in the January Number:—Mr. F. T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., who is now regarded as *facile princeps* of "Sea Authors," has written, at our request, an article on *Sunday Afloat.* Sir W. Martin Conway, who has made the highest mountain ascent ever accomplished, contributes a remarkable paper: *On the Top of the World.* The Rev. John Rooker, M.A., writes an instructive and amusing article on *Church Organs.*

Of authors familiar to *Home Words* we have secured:—Agnes Giberne, as the writer of our *Serial Tale.* Sarah Doudney, as the writer of a *Complete Short Story.* The Rev. John Isabell, F.E.S., contributes the first of a series of papers under the heading, *Other Folks' Parishes: 1. A Fisher Parish.* Lina Orman Cooper follows up her popular articles on King Baby with a new series entitled *Home, Sweet Home.* The Bishop of Caledonia writes a delightful sketch, *The Gander's Wooing*; The Archbishop of Sydney a poem, "*Where is Home?*" Bishop Pakenham Walsh, D.D., writes "*Our Daily Companion: A New Year's Message.*" In addition we have obtained a *Hymn for the New Year*, by Professor Harald Williams, which has been specially set to music by Dr. Mann, Organist of King's College, Cambridge.

The Editor contributes "*Notes on Our Book of Common Prayer.*"

We have only to add that in addition to two Full-page Illustrations of King's College Chapel and our New Year's Motto, "Keep Smiling," a Coloured Plate, from the picture by Joseph Clarke, will be presented with each number. The total number of Illustrations will be 36, and among our artists are Sydney Cowell, A. Twidle, W. Cuthbertson, Will Morgan, etc.

To meet the demand for our Christmas Numbers, we have been obliged to issue them specially early, in order to get a sufficient number printed in time for circulating at home and abroad.

We have secured a number of striking features, not the least of which will be found to be the complete illustrated tales.

The Price, *with* each December Magazine, is *Twopence*; but further single copies, price *One Penny* each, can be ordered from the Booksellers.

A splendid story of land and sea has been written for us by Sydney Watson, whose tales are known far and wide, entitled, "*The Lass that Loved a Sailor*"; *or,* "*We All Love Jack.*" This story, fully illustrated by Will Morgan, will be *Home Words* Christmas Number for 1899. Make a note of the fact, that to reach the colonies Christmas Numbers must be posted early. No better link between the old country and her daughter colonies could be found than "*We All Love Jack.*"

Christmas Peace.

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM A VILLAGE CHURCH," ETC.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE is a time of blessed commemoration. We delight to celebrate the birthdays of those we love. Much more should we hail the Birth of the Friend of Sinners, and the Prince of Peace.

The early Church called the day of Christ's Birth, the *Great Epiphany*, because Christ was *manifested* by being born. Oh, may He be manifested to our hearts, and our Christmas will be an Epiphany indeed! May we gather up the crumbs under His table, and embrace His gracious promises! For He came from heaven: and His lying in the manger, and His dying on the Cross, were in order that He might "guide our feet into the way of Peace."

If we have been led by grace into this "way of Peace," men will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. For true religion is a temper of mind. And if we are walking in God's "way of peace" we shall show a spirit of love and forbearance which will sweeten our own homes. We shall try to heal and soften strife. We shall endeavour to bring those together whom quarrels have estranged. And we shall seek for grace to restrain unholy temper and unkindly words.

Would we then have Christmas peace in our home? We must set up Christ as the Ruler there. If parents and children submit themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ, there will be peace within our walls, and quietness within our gates. Setting up Christ as All-in-all is the true secret of family peace.

Let this then be our *Christmas wish* one for the other:—May "the Lord of Peace Himself give you Peace at all times in all ways" (2 Thess. iii. 16, R.V.). Let this be our *Christmas prayer*:—"O Lamb of God, grant me Thy Peace." Or this, "Lead me forth with Peace" (Isaiah lv. 12). And when our last Christmas on earth is over, when life is done, its joys and its tears passed for ever, may the pierced hand of Him who was once the Babe of Bethlehem open the door of a better home.

"Grant us, we beseech Thee, All Merciful Father, pardon and peace, that we may be cleansed from all our sins, and serve Thee with a quiet, happy mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord. May our Christmas be a day of reverent joy and holy gladness. So bring home to us the value of 'the Unspeakable Gift,' that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith and in our lives by His Holy Spirit. Amen."

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.—Almost exactly as we have it, this Creed (*Credo*, 'I believe') was used in Italy as early as 400, probably much earlier. Originally the Creed was used not in public worship but in preparation for Baptism, and at Baptism the candidate repeated it in a short form.

Note the following. "Into *hell*," means, "into *Hades*," the world of departed spirits. The Latin is *ad inferos.* Much strange imagination gathered early round this "Descent"; but the Creed asserts only *the fact.*

The Nicene Creed.—This is commonly called the "*Nicene* Creed" from the first "General Council," held at Nicea, in Asia Minor. This was in 325, when the truth of our Lord's Godhead was discussed and solemnly confessed. Note the phrases following: "Before all worlds"; *i.e.*, in the unbeginning Eternity. "God of God, Light of Light, Very God, etc."; *i.e.*, "God, the Son of God; Light, beaming from Light; True God, the Son of true God." "Of one *Substance*"; *i.e.*, "of one Essence, or Being"; possessed of *Godhead* as truly as the Father. "The Lord and Giver of Life": the original Greek is nearly "The Lord, the Life-Giver."—*Professor Moule, D.D.*

The Litany.—Note the following: "The Father, *of heaven.*" That is, the Father *who dwells in* heaven; as we say, "Saul *of* Tarsus." "*Deadly* sin": all sin leads to the soul's death; but sins specially wilful and deliberate are *swift* poisons. "*Sudden* death" may be a blessed thing for the person who dies, but it may bring ruin as well as woe to survivors; so it is right to pray against it. "*Kindly* fruits" means "natural," "after their *kind.*"—*Idem.*

The Confession.—"Miserable offenders" means, sinners needing *miseratio*, sovereign *mercy*; "without one plea" but Christ and the promise. "No *health* in us" means, "no *healing* in *ourselves*"; all must be from God.

The Aged.—What can I not say for our Liturgy, and yet not exaggerate? *The ear* of the old man may fail, but he can follow the familiar words. *The eye* may grow dim with years, but memory can supply the void. And many a *half-palsied tongue* that finds it hard at home to stutter its bodily wants, can utter forth with comparative ease the sentences that long association has made so dear! Ah, for those whose powers are failing, what a blessed shelter is our English Liturgy!—*Canon Bardsley.*

One Step Enough for Me.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.

DID you ever think, good reader, what a mercy it is that your life has been cut up by God into little bits—into days and nights? that even the day is cut up into spaces which end at each meal? Many a poor mourner gets through the sad day by having it thus divided. The day would be long to us if we went from morning to night without a break; perhaps we should have no heart to face it when we got up in the morning, and we should dread its recurrence as we lay down to sleep at night.

But what if we had no nights—no sleep? These wearied bodies would soon be worn out, and so too would be our wearied minds. What a great blessing is the gift of sleep? Almighty God does not suffer us to be miserable for a long time together, even when He afflicts us; but He separates our trial portions, takes us out of the world ever and anon, and gives us a holiday time, like children at school. God will not lay the whole stretch of the road in the coming year before us at once—let us not want to do this for ourselves.

How much lighter will life's journey be to us if we take it as God orders it, than if we travel it as we order it for ourselves!

RUSKIN ON THE BIBLE.

"ALL that I have taught of art, everything that I have written, every greatness that there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

IN the hall of a merchant's office in London there is a clock on which is inscribed the words, "Go about your business." This is an excellent motto for a clock, for it reminds us that the time of our lives is passing quickly, and that we have much business to do before the night cometh when no man can work.

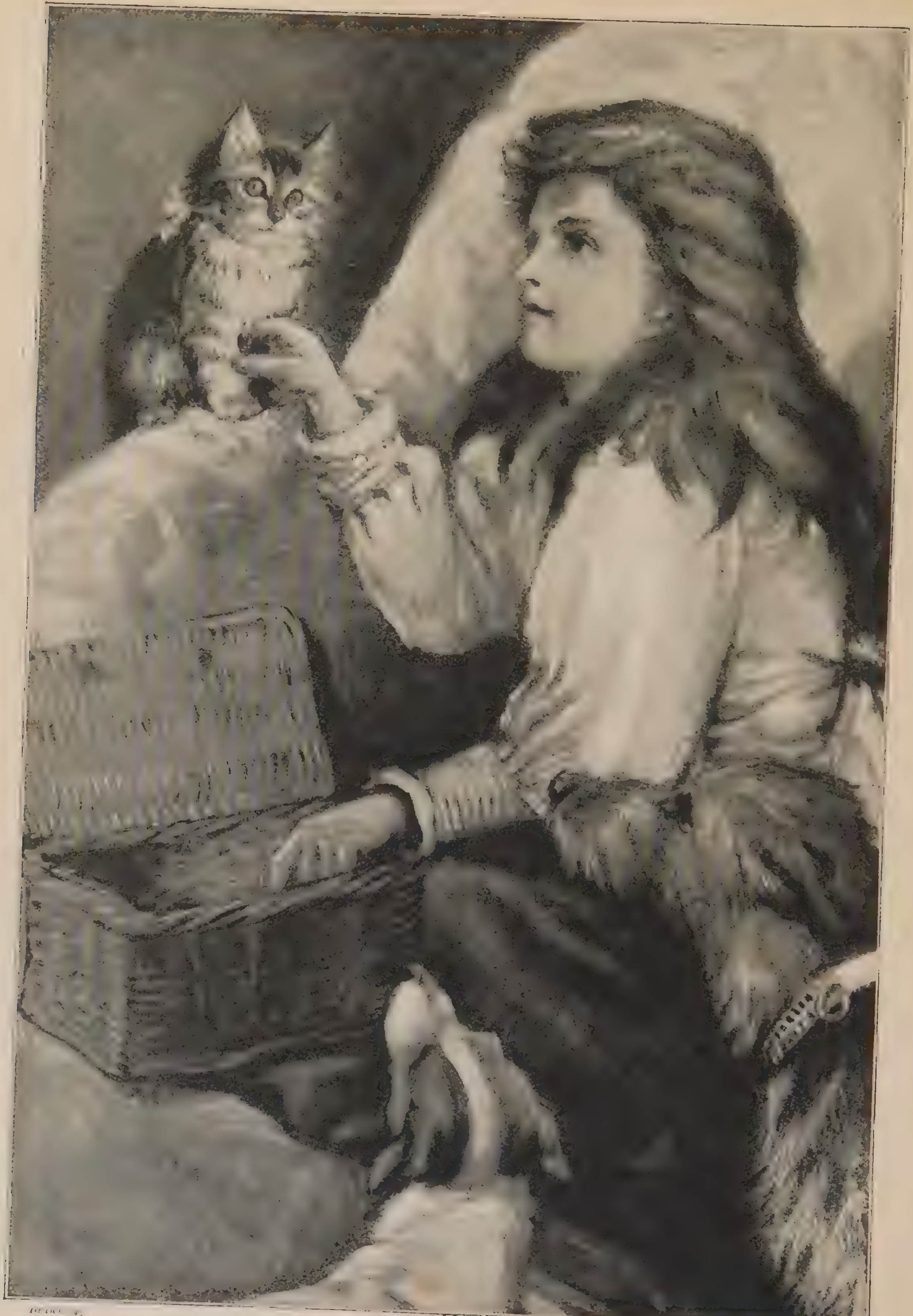
Saturday Night and Sunday Morn.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS," ETC.

THE little ones—scrubbed from top to toe—
Each fresh as a pin,
Are just tucked in,
And dinting the bolster three a-row.
The baby (where did he get that cough?)
Stares solemnly round, and won't go off;
Grandmother still, with her tidying face
Hovers about from place to place;
While Johnny and May, by father's rule,
Look over their text for to-morrow's school.

Oh, rare—when you wake with a start and shock,
And half uprise
The sleep in your eyes,
And feel for the matches to see the clock—
The thought, "Why, it's Sunday! not to-day!—
I can wait for the light this once in a way.
No whistle this morning, harsh and short,
With a threat of fines in its rasping snort!"
And so in the pillows to burrow deep
For two more exquisite hours of sleep!

And rare to gather the gloves and books,
And summon a mite
To left and right,
With a glance of pride at your wife's good looks;
To sit in the pew—no more a "hand,"
But a soul that can listen and understand;
To feel that the smoke rolls off the blue,
And a Father's Face looks smiling through,
While a voice on the heart falls kind and blest,
"Come, and behold I will give you rest!"



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT. [FANNY MOODY.

The Young Folks' Page.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

DON'T give all your presents at Christmas. Some people do. They forget that the present on Christmas Day ought to be just the sign of all the love we have given through the passing year, and the love we intend to give in the days to come. And when those days come, let us make up our minds to try to give our presents of love and unselfishness, even though it costs us much, without parading the trouble it is to us. On one occasion a man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries. "Where did ye get the berries?" he asked the boy; "they look fine, they do." "Aye," answered the boy cheerily: "they came from the brambles yonder." "Daresay the missus will be glad to have 'em. Make a bit of a dinner out of 'em, I guess." "Yes," answered the boy, "mother will be all that. She's reg'lar pleased, she is, when I bring 'em to her, and *I don't tell her nothin' about the scratches gettin' 'em.* That would spoil everything."

He trudged off, overweighted on one side with the basket of berries; and the man made up his mind that there was something in *not saying anything about the scratches*; and, without knowing anything of New Year mottoes, he made it his for the next twelve months and, maybe, more.

CHRISTMAS FUN.

LOOKING up our History.—How few of those who admire the roof of Westminster Hall remember that the original hall was built by William Rufus (*Roof-us*).

Homely Proverb for the Kitchen.—Wishes won't wash dishes.

Too Bad.—"Wake up, wake up; there's a man in the house!" cried Mrs. Portly to her husband the other night. The husband rolled out of bed, and opened the door to sally forth for the robber. Then turning to his wife he said, "Come, Sarah, and lead the way. It's a cowardly man that will hurt a woman."

Bed-ticking.—A lady put her watch under her pillow, but couldn't keep it there because it disturbed her sleep. And there, all the time, was her bed-ticking right underneath her, and she never thought of that at all!

In what respect does a locomotive resemble a dream?—In running upon sleepers.

What word is that of which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain?—Fall.

GLAD TIDINGS.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN, a deaf and dumb girl, when an inmate of an asylum in Boston, one day spelled out on her fingers the question, "What is the soul?" Her instructor answered her in the same mute language, "The soul is that which thinks, and feels, and hopes." Laura immediately spelled back, while a look of intelligence passed over her features, "And *aches* so." Ah! how true this is! Who has not known, however young, what "soul-ache" is? Remember the Gospel brings glad tidings of a cure for "soul-ache." It is the sweet Story of Peace. Happy are they who can keep Christmas with *true* Christmas joy because they know what "soul-peace" is. And if *we* know it let us do what we can to send the glad tidings to those who know it not.
C. B.

CHRISTMAS BELLS AND FLOWERS.

MERRY, merry go the bells—
Christmas bells!
O'er the hills the cadence swells—
Christmas bells!
Ringing out the grief and sadness,
Ringing in the joy and gladness.

Hark! the distant carols swelling—
Christmas songs!
All the joy of Christmas telling—
Christmas songs!
Sung by voices loud and thrilling,
Earth's discordant passions stilling.

See the flowers of Christmas blooming—
Christmas flowers!
Sweet domestic hearths illuming—
Christmas flowers!
Bells, and songs, and flowers, uniting,
All to love and peace inciting.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

A CHRISTMAS LESSON.

CHRISTMAS ought to be a forgiving time. It would indeed be so if we all learned the lesson the Lord of Christmas taught:—"I say unto you, Love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you." When one of our celebrated missionaries read these words to an intelligent native youth in India, he could not restrain himself, but cried out: "Oh, how beautiful!" For days and weeks he would constantly repeat: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." "How beautiful! surely this must be the truth!" Forgiveness is the odour the flowers breathe when trampled upon. How ready we should be to forgive one another, when we think of *His* love, who "singly reconciled us all to God."
C. B.

VIEWS OF LIFE.

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting upon the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way!" said the other bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

CHRISTMAS.

1. PROVE that "the birth of Jesus Christ" was a lowly birth.
2. Prove that it was (*a*) a Jewish birth, and (*b*) a royal birth.
3. Prove that it was the birth of One without sin, the manhood taken into God.
4. What does "nativity" mean? and "regenerate?" and "adoption?"
5. What three names does St. Matthew give of the incarnate Son of God?
6. And what do they severally mean?
7. Which prophet spoke of the Saviour's mother? and which of His birthplace?
8. Who were the first, and second, to pay court to the new-born King?

ANSWERS (See OCTOBER NO., p. 239).

1. See Mark iii. 5; Mark x. 14.
2. The Jews. Rom. x. 2.
3. Peter, James, and John. Gal. ii. 9.
4. Felix, Acts xxiii. 24; Festus, Acts xxiv. 27; Fortunatus, 1 Cor. xvi. 17.
5. Lydia, at Thyatira. Acts xvi. 14.
6. James. Acts xii. 2.
7. See John i. 45; John xii. 20-22.

King Baby: His Care and Culture.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

XII. INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

IN diphtheria or diphtheritic croup, the bits of hard mucous, looking like dark, dirty wash-leather, should at once be burned, as well as every kind of expectoration in any disease. A bronchitis patient is best provided with a glass stoppered bottle, and should *never* use an open mug to spit into. With ordinary measles its first stages are infectious. In German measles its last. In whooping-cough a child should be trained to be sick only into a basin, the contents of which must be buried.

We owe a great duty to those around in the matter of spreading infection. Even if all our own family are impervious to a certain disease, we must take every precaution to prevent other people's children from being infected. To take King Baby, for instance, when recovering from whooping-cough, into a railway carriage, without first acquainting its occupants of his possibly infectious condition, is absolutely wicked. One day on the D.W.W.R., into a coach previously occupied by a delicate-looking little girl and her brother, jumped a troup of ruddy, strong-limbed children. Presently, from one of them came the bewraying whoop of pertussis. I leaned over and asked the mother of the little girl if her child had ever suffered from whooping-cough? Her agonized glance of alarm was pitiable. This fragile daughter was *all* she had left, and into her very face had been coughed the germs of *the* most infectious disease there is. Humanly speaking, nothing could save the poor wee thing from whooping-cough. Those other parents had never reflected on the cruelty they were guilty of; but I think they were acquainted with the fact before I left the carriage! Again, never take convalescents for an airing on the top of a tram car or omnibus. "A heart at leisure from itself," will think of the many passing and repassing, and guard against spreading disease in this way. "In honour preferring one another," should be written up in every home anent this matter.

THE LITTLE PATIENT.

After a severe case of infectious disease, it may be necessary to disinfect the room with burning sulphur. Nothing is easier. Stop up every crevice in window and door-frame with rags—stuff the chimney and keyhole. Spread out as completely as possible everything used during the illness—dresses, nightsuits, pillows, blankets, quilts, towels, etc., etc. Then set alight a sulphur candle. This can be bought for 9*d.* and should stand on an old tin tray in the centre of the room. Once alight, quit the room as speedily as you can and lock the door.

At the end of twenty-four hours you may re-open the chamber and fling up the windows. Picture-frames may be dim, glasses cloudy, brass-work tarnished, bedclothes smelling villainously, but every germ will have been destroyed. *Nothing* can live in sulphur fumes. Personally I consider that influenza needs fumigation. If we burned sulphur in the room where we elder folk had lain in the grip of this terrible scourge, King Baby would less often fall a victim to it.

A less troublesome disinfectant for grippe and ordinary colds is the use of eucalyptus oil. This, sprayed into the air, is a splendid thing, or a few drops of it let fall on the bosom of King Baby's nightdress may prevent influenza spreading.

As a fumigator nothing is better than eucalyptus burned on a hot shovel; whilst a pleasant deodorizer is vinegar used in the same way. We must, however, remember that to mask a smell does not necessarily make it innocuous, and the use of aromatics in King Baby's chamber is not to be recommended.

Let me urge upon the Prime Ministers in this limited monarchy that very strict precautions should be taken to keep all articles of clothing worn by children in sickness away from our general and household linen. Not only when the child is very ill, but for some weeks after apparent recovery, his bed and body-linen should be washed separately. This is especially needed in all affections of the skin. It so often happens that a mother will scrupulously burn everything that touches the *sores* say of eczema, but will let the little one's undergarments be included in the general wash! Even after the sores are healed baby's skin is not in a normally healthy state, and we must guard against his brethren contracting the disorder by continuing our care.

But, when all is said and done, fresh air is the first disinfectant in the world. When disease is rampant upstairs, we must keep every door and window possible open downstairs. Fresh air will kill the most terrible microbe that ever grew and multiplied. Dr. Pye Chevasse says it is an essential in the treatment of all fevers. It is certainly an essential in preventing their propagation.

This fact was first impressed upon mankind in the Crimean war. Hundreds of soldiers, sick with small-pox, had to be nursed in draughty, wind-swept tents; yet the proportion of those that recovered from that fell disease, was far larger in the canvas hospital than in the crowded, hermetically-sealed wards of the fever one. Treatment in both cases was alike, so science and common sense naturally decided it was the fresh air blowing in and around the temporary infirmary that worked such good results. So do not be afraid of fresh air. It will act as a preventive to disease, as a cure-all for the same, and as a disinfectant on recovery.

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

(1) DO not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature. We should forbear and forgive, as we often need forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

(2) Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

(3) Beware of the first disagreement.

(4) Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

(5) Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers.

(6) Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

"BUSINESS FIRST, PLEASURE SECOND."

"WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

No 1. JANUARY, 1900.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,—

I must devote this letter, I think, to the explanation, to such of you as it may concern, of the nature and aims of the little association we are forming, and seeking to locate in our new room. It is proposed to call the association the "Cullompton Young Men's Club and Christian Union." It will be wholly undenominational and unpolitical, open to all who desire to join it, and who fulfil the conditions of membership. The proposed limit of age is between 16 and 40. This is a liberal construction of the term "young man," but we desire to embrace all the members of our present Bible Class, some of whom are nearer the 40 than the 16. It is further proposed that members pay a subscription of 2s. 6d. per annum. Besides these ORDINARY members, it is hoped that HONORARY members may join the association, who will be entitled to the benefits of the club, &c., on payment of an annual subscription of not less than 5s. The office of vice-presidents will be held by such gentlemen as may do us the honour of becoming patrons of the club. The Vicar, for the time being, will be ex-officio-President and Chairman of the Committee. The said Committee will consist of gentlemen consenting to act on it, and qualified to carry out the objects of the association. Three members of the Young Men's Bible Class will represent the young men on the Committee. A programme for the several evenings in the session will be drawn up by the Committee, which, it is hoped, will furnish pleasant and profitable occupation and recreation for the various classes of members. Games of divers kinds will be provided, including the excellent bagatelle board purchased from the late Liberal Club. Competitive tournaments in chess, draughts, &c., are contemplated, as well as in gymnastic displays, when the gymnastic apparatus shall have been erected, and the members have become proficient. Debates, popular lectures, papers on various subjects by members and others, and classes on such subjects as it may be found desirable and practicable to arrange, will, in course of time, be established; whilst pleasant social evenings, and musical entertainments will, from time to time, add to the enjoyment of members and friends. The library will be open to all members. It already contains over 300 volumes of entertaining and instructive literature, and will be augmented as funds permit, or friends are good enough to present books to it. Such daily papers as the Committee approve, and they may be able to provide, will be regularly laid on the tables for reading. The room will be open between the hours of 7 and 10. The Bible Classes will be held therein, at the hours indicated on the programme, and the last quarter of an hour each evening will be devoted to worship, at which a brief portion of scripture will be read, hymns sung and prayer offered. It is hoped that members will make a point of remaining to this exercise, and that they will join in every effort to promote the moral and spiritual, as well as the general well-being of the association. Christian Union to foster Christian friendship and to further Christian work is, of course, a foremost aim of the Vicar, and he trusts he will be seconded by the ready co-operation of the members. The basis of such union will be the common faith of Christians accepting the Bible as the Rule of Faith and practice. At this season of the year, when the message of "peace and goodwill is sounding" in our ears, it seems specially fitting that Christians should unite in brotherly union. That our Young Men's Club and Christian Union, will not only help to promote peace and goodwill amongst the members themselves, but throughout the community to which they belong, is the earnest hope of

Yours, with best wishes for 1900,

G. FORRESTER,

Vicar.

P.S.—The Rules of the Club and Programme will be printed and given to members shortly.

BAPTISMS.

November 30th, Herbert Massy Alleyne.

December 10th, Lucy Baydon Osborn.

" 24th, William Henry Morrish.

MARRIAGE.

December 25th, John Vickery and Jessie Dennet.

BURIALS.

December 2nd, Richard Smart, aged 70.

" 7th, Thomas Williams, aged 67.

" 23rd, Annie Richards, aged 35.

" 24th, James Flay, aged 50.

BINDING ARRANGEMENTS.

The Magazines for 1899, or previous years, may be bound for 1s. prepaid, in a handsome blue and gold cloth cover. The numbers should be sent to the vicarage, without delay, with the owner's name and address. Any missing months' numbers can be supplied for 1d. each.

PAROCHIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

DECEMBER, 1899—JANUARY, 1900.

We desire to put on record our sense of the valuable help rendered us by our good brother, Mr. Prideaux, during his brief ministry amongst us. We are sure he has gained the respect and regard of all who have come into contact with him, or have heard him in the public service of our Church. His earnestness and devoutness, his thoughtful and spiritual discourses, combined with his personal courtesy, kindness and geniality, must have commended him to us all, and we trust his labour has not been in vain in the Lord. He carries with him our warm wishes for his future happiness and ministerial success. It is, however, with no little sense of relief that we find our long period of waiting for a permanent fellow-worker has at last come to an end. The Rev. G. L. Fitzmaurice, B.A., of Selwyn College, Cambridge, was ordained in our Cathedral on December 21st, and took up residence among us the same day. That he has had the prayers of many among us we have reason to know; that he will receive a cordial welcome from you all, we are fully assured. It will, of course, take considerable time before he can make the acquaintance of those amongst whom he comes to minister. New to the place, to the people, and to the duties of his office, he will need, and I doubt not, will have your kind consideration. That he is most desirous to "make full proof of his ministry" and to win souls to Christ, we have ample assurance. That he will take a lively interest in all that concerns the welfare of the parish, and especially in the young men, we can confidently predict. He comes to us with the best credentials, and that he will justify them, we feel convinced. Fully realizing the solemn responsibilities of his office as charged with the care of souls, you will, we trust, continue to uphold him by your prayers, and "esteem him highly for his works' sake."

Our Temperance Meeting on December 4th, was very largely attended. An excellent programme proved attractive, and a stirring address from General Desborough, of Northam, warmed us all up to renew and continue our temperance campaign with fresh vigour. Our next meeting will be on January 8th, when the Rev. M. Shaw, of Halberton, will be the speaker. Friends, please note the date.

The annual distribution of prizes, awarded to the scholars of our National Schools, was made on Thursday, December 21st. The Infants' Schoolroom was packed from end to end. We were glad to see several of the parents present, beside a fair number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the schools. The managers were represented by Messrs. Turner, Grant and Lawrence, jun. The proceedings were enlivened by the songs and recitations of the scholars of several departments of the school. Boys, girls and infants, alike, giving gratifying evidence of most painstaking and efficient training. Mrs. Sanders presided at the harmonium, and accompanied the singers, who are largely indebted to her skill for the really remarkable display of musical attainment. The reports of the several departments, drawn up by the head-master and mistress, showed that the high average attendance of the scholars had been well maintained, some 96 per cent. being the proportion in the boys' and girls', and the infants reaching an equally good average for them. That the reports, both of the Government Inspector and the Diocesan Inspector bear witness to the thoroughness of the teaching imparted and the high tone of the schools —all classed "excellent"—attests the ability and zeal of our excellent staff.

The services on Sunday and Christmas Day were brightened by hymns suitable to the happy season; by a Christmas anthem, excellently rendered by the choir, under the able leadership of our organist, Mr. West, and by Christmas Carols at the close of the Sunday evening service, selected with sound judgment, and sung with befitting expression. We owe our warm acknowledgments to the ladies and others who decorated our Church so appropriately and tastefully. The joy of the season was not a little darkened by the shadow of the woeful war, which has caused, and is causing, such desolation in so many hearts and homes. God send it may soon cease!

We notify you that, in accordance with the expressed wish of our Archbishops, we purpose having collections in our Church on Sunday, January 7th, in behalf of the fund for the relief of the Families of the Soldiers and Sailors engaged in the war. We are in hopes that our local volunteers may see their way to attend our afternoon service, on that day. We trust that the response to the appeal will be worthy of the noble object.

The Ladies' Working Parties in preparation for the Annual Missionary Sale in March will commence on January 3rd, and be held at the Vicarage every Wednesday, from 3 to 5 p.m. New members will be gladly welcomed.

The Annual Sunday School Prize Distribution will be held on Friday, January 26th.

COMMUNION ALMS, &c.

	£	s.	d.
December 3rd	0	11	8½
„ 10th (for Hospital and Dispensary)	6	0	1
„ 17th	0	10	1½

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No 2. FEBRUARY. 1899.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,—

I feel I must devote this letter to the subject that is pressing very heavy on my mind, namely, the parting with my dear fellow-worker Mr. Krüger and his excellent and esteemed helpmate, who will be leaving us ere long to enter on their duties at Jacobstowe, to which parish Mr. Krüger has been recently appointed vicar. Whilst very pleased to know that he will have an independent sphere of work, as well as a more settled home, which, as we advance in years, we most of us desire ; I am very sorry to lose his services, which have ever been faithfully and cheerfully given. It is over five years since he came among us, and, during that time we have worked together in happy harmony. All who can appreciate high principle, resolute adherence to right, steady devotion to duty, quiet consistent godliness, reverence and sobriety in the services of the sanctuary, and sound practical teaching in the pulpit, will have learnt to value Mr. Krüger's character and ministrations ; whilst very many who have experienced his personal kindness and that of Mrs. Krüger will hold them in grateful memory, and join me in regretting their departure. The interest taken both by Mr. and Mrs. Krüger in the young men of our parish is well known to you all, and is, I am sure, highly appreciated by the young men themselves, whilst Mr. Krüger has also devoted no little time and labour in advancing the cause of temperance amongst the young and instructing the members of the "Band of Hope." That Jacobstowe will be gainers by our loss is some consolation. That Mr. and Mrs. Krüger will be followed by the kind wishes and prayers of those, who have learnt to prize their labours of love, I am well persuaded. Nor shall we fail to look forward to many a visit from them ; seeing they will not be far remote from us, and trains and bicycles make distance of comparatively little moment. Meanwhile, I am anxiously looking out for a worthy successor to the curacy. I have been exceedingly fortunate, during my ministry as incumbent, in securing excellent and congenial fellow-workers. Prayer and pains have not been wanting in the search for suitable men. Nor shall they be lacking at the present time.

Let me remind you that it concerns you, as parishioners, even more than myself as incumbent, that the new comer be the "right man." Join, I pray you, in our supplications, that he who comes may come God-sent and God-fitted for the work, and bringing with him "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

Do not look for every possible gift and grace in him, as unreasonable people expect to find in their ministers. There are diversities of gifts. It is well when the gift of preaching is possessed. But there is a tendency to attach far too great relative value to such gift. The quiet plod of pastorial work, especially among the poor of the flock ; the minister's life, the kindness and patience, which overcome opposition and win hearts to better ways, the spirit of the peace-maker, which heals divisions and promotes brotherhood, these are gifts which commend the Gospel, better than all eloquence, and which preach Christ far more effectively than "the tongue of men or of angels." May he who comes to us have these gifts as well as that of "tongues." I look with hope to my new fellow labourer to supply that which is lacking in him who could fain do you better service and who begs you to believe that it is no formal phrase, when he calls himself,

Yours ever affectionately,
G. FORRESTER.

BAPTISMS.

January 22, Annie Blackmore.
„ „ Morice Martin.
„ „ Jane Martin.
„ „ Hettie Reynolds.
„ „ Hannah Elizabeth Davey.

MARRIAGES.

December 29, Charles James Harris and Eliza Batten.

January 25, Alfred Voisey and Martha Wyatt.

BURIALS.

January 22, William Osborne, aged 5.
„ „ Hester Osborne, aged 3.

COMMUNION ALMS, &c.

	£	s.	d.
January 1st	1	8	5
„ 15th		9	9
20th	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

PAROCHIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

JANUARY—FEBRUARY,

Though not taking place in January but on December 30th we must not omit mention of the "Band of Hope" entertainment so successfully got up by Miss L. Potter, assisted by her friends. The children excelled themselves in their various displays of musical drill; very pleasing and graceful were the action songs performed in pretty costumes and with an intelligence and precision, which evinced the patient pains expended in their instruction. We were glad to see a good number of the parents among the audience.

On January 6 our Infants' Schoolroom was occupied by a large gathering of young men, members of Mr. and Mrs. Krüger's Bible Classes, who sat down to an excellent supper, provided by their esteemed teachers. The rest of the evening was pleasantly and profitably spent in singing of hymns, and listening to recitations and addresses, varied by vocal and instrumental music. Amongst the speakers Miss Tracey and Dr. Tracey were heard with special appreciation, whilst Dr. and Mrs. Gidley added greatly to the pleasure of the evening by their musical contributions, and Mr. de Bradôt, and others favoured us with recitations, delivered with feeling and effect. The Vicar and Mr. Krüger said a few words upon matters appertaining to the class, and a warm vote of thanks was tendered by the guests to the host and hostess, for their kindness, and to the ladies, who lent their assistance in ministering to their enjoyment.

On January 9 our monthly C.E.T.S. meeting was held. An agreeable programme of music, &c., arranged by Mrs. Krüger, prefaced the address by the Rev. Allin. Space forbids dwelling on details.

Our February meeting will be on the 6th, when we expect an address from Rev. E. C. Nightingale, of Sidmouth, brother of the gentleman who recently gave us such an excellent speech.

On January 19th, the members of the Y.W.C.A. had a pleasant evening. An interesting lecture by our friend Mr. M. Foster, enlightened them on the subject of Geological Formations, or, as he more simply and modestly

The Winter Treat and Distribution of Prizes connected with the Church Sunday Schools, were held on Friday evening, January 30th. Over 330 sat down to tea, under the presidency of the ladies who kindly looked after their comfort. A touching story full of high teaching, and illustrated by excellent lantern slides, skilfully shown by Mr. Krüger, was effectively read by our Superintendent, Mr. Welchman.

We should like to give the long list of full-timers, as well as of prize winners, but must content ourselves with mentioning those, who in addition to prizes and special certificates, gained the medals for those never missing attendance for three consecutive years—viz., William Smith, Ellen Morrish, and Mary Owens. We must also hold over to a future number the list of day school prize winners, previously promised.

On Tuesday evening, January 17th, a very pleasant gathering of the children attending the Langford Sunday School, so kindly taught by Miss Lawrence, Miss Walters, Miss Ellis, and other friends, was held at Langford Court. Despite the drenching rains, the young folk mustered in force, and did justice to a capital tea provided by their teachers and friends. After tea a Christmas Tree heavily laden with a goodly assortment of toys and useful articles, gladdened the eyes and hearts of the little ones to whose hands the fruits soon found their way. Afterwards a lantern entertainment was given by the Vicar, assisted by Mr. Sanders in the Cottage Meeting Room. Old, as well as young seemed to enjoy the readings and pictures. The Vicar also gave two prizes to the two children deemed most deserving.

We hope to have a course of lectures on the Wednesday evenings in the coming lent. The lecturer's name will be duly announced. Let me earnestly urge our readers to keep those evenings free and to come to the services.

On Friday evening, February 10th, the Vicar will (D.V.) give a lecture illustrated by magic lantern photographic slides entitled "A tour through New Zealand," in the Schoolroom, at 7.30. On Sunday evening, February 26th, the sermon will be more especially addressed to young men.

We hope to have a better print of our Church on the cover of our magazine this month, as it is to be on better paper and ought to be more

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No 3. MARCH, 1899.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My dear Friends—

The Centenary Services in connection with the Church Missionary Society are, as many of you know, to be held in the month of April. In London, many meetings have been arranged all over the city and suburbs, as well as services in the Cathedral and in Churches, during the week commencing Sunday, the 9th. In the two following weeks it is intended that services and meetings should be held in the country parishes throughout the land.

I am endeavouring to arrange for sermons by a special preacher on Sunday, April 16th, and, also, for a special missionary prayer meeting on the preceding Saturday evening, and a public meeting on the Monday evening. I am not, as yet, able to announce the name of the special preacher or speaker, but I am anxious to enlist your interest in the arrangements, and to secure your individual attendance on the several occasions indicated. The object is mainly two-fold—to commemorate the marked blessings vouchsafed to the Society during the hundred years of its existence, and to awaken yet more earnest zeal for the extension of the Society's work in the years to come. Many of you have long manifested your interest in this great evangelistic agency, and have not only contributed to the funds, but devoted your handiwork to enrich our annual missionary sale. This is well. Notwithstanding this, however, our contributions last year fell short of those in the previous year. This is, doubtless, chiefly owing to the loss of generous helpers, removed by death from our midst. I trust, however. that this centenary year, at least, will see a substantial increase in our local contributions, and that we may enlist the warmer sympathies of some who, hitherto, have been lukewarm in the cause. Never has the Society itself been more energetic, or more blessed in its labours, than during the last ten years. In the spirit of faith it has entered upon every "open door," and accepted the services of all suitable candidates for work in its ranks. Its reports have teemed with interesting and encouraging accounts of new stations established in every part of the field, whilst the stories of martyr missionaries in Africa and China have been as thrilling as any that have ever been recorded in the history of the Church. Two more recent departments of missionary enterprise have, perhaps, done more to promote the success of the Gospel than any other agencies. I mean the Zenana Missionary Association and the Medical Missions. The number of devoted ladies labouring in the mission field, many at their own charges, has multiplied manifold, whilst both male and female doctors are now attached to well-nigh every station of importance; and, whilst ministering to the bodily sufferings of the heathen, get ready access to their hearts, and sow the saving seeds of divine truth in their souls. No one who has read the records the Society's labours in recent years but must exclaim with admiring wonder, "What has God wrought ?' Behold, "He has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Never let us listen to those who would persuade us that Missions are a failure. It is false. Never let us grudge the money and the efforts which are being made to fulfil the great commission of our King, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." *That*, as the Archbishop of Canterbury has so truly said, is the very object for which the Church exists, and it is the test and gauge of spiritual life alike of churches and individuals, how much are they doing for missionary work and the extension of Christ's kingdom. May our coming centenary services tend to quicken our spiritual life as a Church and may each one of us ask himself or herself, can I not, ought I not, to do more than I have done for the winning of the world for Christ? So may we more hopefully pray: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom."

Ever yours affectionately,

G. FORRESTER.

P.S.—The Missionary Sale is fixed for March 17th. The Jumble Sale will be held next day. We hope our friends will send in even a more extensive stock of articles than heretofore, and that there will be a large number of generous purchasers.

COMMUNION ALMS, &c.		£	s.	d.
January 29	Church Pastoral Aid Soc.	5	9	11½
February 5	.. .. ..		19	7
February 19	.. .. ..		8	4
February 26	Sunday Schools	5	12	0½

PAROCHIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

Through the absence of Canon Atherton, the energetic manager and secretary of the Diocesan Home Mission Society—owing, I regret to say, to illness due to over-work—and to the inexperience of the excellent clergyman who kindly undertook to act in his place, we have failed to secure a special preacher for our course of Lenten Services on Wednesday evenings. I had been assured of a preacher, but at the last moment found that none could be obtained. I am, however, endeavouring to secure different preachers for the successive services. Dr. Croslegh has kindly promised to preach on Wednesday, March 1st. I earnestly invite you all to profit by these services.

Our monthly Temperance Meeting was of more than usual interest. Not only was the programme of music and recitations of a high class, but the address by the Rev. J. L. Nightingale was of a highly interesting and instructive character. Such addresses do much to commend the cause of temperance, being wise, earnest, charitable, and Christian in tone and spirit.

The Vicar's Lecture on his "Tour in New Zealand" was delivered to a truly select audience. It is said that it was not adequately advertised. However, there was one interested auditor of sympathetic nature who cheered the poor Vicar's heart by asking for a collecting card for the Room, to which the proceeds of the Lecture (alas! barely enough to cover expenses) were to be devoted; and so zealously and successfully did he collect that he added £2 6s. to the Building Fund. Would that there were many such hearty helpers! Our fund would soon reach the desired amount.

Miss Goldstone's entertainment in the Jubilee Room, in which the children attending her Working Party were the performers, attracted a crowded audience, who evidently appreciated the young folks' efforts, as, indeed, they deserved to be appreciated. The platform end of the room was very tastefully decorated, and the children's dresses were very picturesque and appropriate to the parts they played in the performance. Mrs. Gidley very kindly and gracefully distributed the prizes and presents given by Miss Goldstone to the members of her class. The Vicar presided, and said a few words explanatory of Miss Goldstone's work and aims. We trust that the bold venture of renting a cottage in the "New Cut" for the carrying on of the Class will prove a success. Of course, the children are admirably taught to sew, etc., in our day schools, but the present effort is directed to employing the children in doing "work" for special objects.

We must not omit to notice the other efforts expended on our children, each of no small value. The Class, for instance, of the Sowers' Missionary Band, conducted by Miss Welchman, which we are glad to know is awakening the children's interest in missions. A very pleasant hour do the members have, with interesting books read, and busy fingers making divers things for the missionary sale. Then, too, there is the Children's Monthly Scripture Union Meeting, held at the Vicarage, where some thirty to forty boys and girls gather, many of whom send in papers on the subject set for Bible search, and are encouraged by prizes in books or cards. And last, but far from least, the Band of Hope, over which Miss L. Potter has so long presided, and which Mr. Krüger has so kindly and diligently instructed, and divers other friends have so devotedly laboured to render pleasant and profitable to the young hopefuls. Verily, the children are well off in Cullompton; spoilt, I am half tempted to say.

The annual Social Meeting of the Men's Bible Classes, senior and junior, will (D.V,) be held on the evening of March 16th. We hope to see a large muster of members on the occasion.

We have not yet secured a successor to Mr. Krüger, but more than one applicant for the curacy holds high commendation from those best qualified to judge of their character and capabilities. May the Head of the Church send us the right man!

The sermon on Sunday evening, March 26th, will be on "Christ the Victor."

During Holy Week there will be early Services in the Church, morning at 11, evening 7.30; same on Saturday.

BAPTISMS.

February 15.—Florence Faith McCullock.
February 22.—Herbert Philip Walters.

MARRIAGES.

February 6.—Samuel Edward Williams and Charlotte Mary Hornsey.
February 8.—George Francis James and Bessie Lane.

BURIALS.

January 10.—William Way Kerslake, aged 27 days.
February 5.—Francis Langsford, aged 67 years.
February 11.—Elizabeth Gillham, aged 81 years.
February 12.—Frank Wyatt, aged 3 years.
February 17.—James Chard, aged 43 years.
February 18.—Eliza Cook, aged 82 years.

My Dear Friends,

At Eastertide the high-water mark of our work, as your ministers, is reached.

From November to end of March our classes and meetings are in full swing, and we have rarely a free evening. Lent brings extra services and extra sermons; and "Holy Week" has its morning and evening services daily. For myself, I confess I am very tired in brain and body, and I think I can say the same for my helpmate. Few know how hard the work of the parish is, especially during the winter months. Much less do they know what anxieties and worries are connected with the work. Often are we cast down and disquieted, but we feel this is not right, for we ought to have more faith in God's goodness and guidance, and cast our care upon Him. Sometimes, on the other hand, we are cheerful and hopeful, when some sign of fruit of our work appears, or some token of your appreciation of our poor endeavours to serve you is given us. Such token we have received recently. The parting gifts presented to Mr. and Mrs. Krüger, must, I am sure, have gratified and encouraged them. They will feel that their quiet faithful labours of love amongst you have been valued, and that they carry with them your good wishes and regards. The members of the Y.W.C.A. were foremost in giving such tangible token of their appreciation of Mrs. Krüger's services, as Secretary of their Association, in the shape of a handsome and useful present. But the young men belonging to her Sunday afternoon Bible Class, were not far behind with their generous gift; this being their second testimonial to their respected teacher. The choir, too, could not let Mrs. Krüger go without tendering their token of affectionate regard. Whilst from the wider range of the congregation and parish, a yet more substantial presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Krüger bore witness to the general esteem in which they are held. I need not say, that it is not in the gifts themselves, handsome though they were, that the chief value lies; but in the kind thought and loving appreciation which they betoken. I am persuaded that the memory of such kindness will linger long in the hearts of the recipients, and will not only recall pleasant recollections of their six years sojourn at Cullompton, but will inspire them with increased courage, as they enter on their new duties at Jacobstowe.

It would almost seem as if there was an epidemic of generosity raging amongst you, at present. For Mrs. Forrester, too, received a very valuable and useful gift from the members of her Senior Women's Bible Class, and I myself had a very pleasant surprise in the shape of a no less handsome and useful present, from those attending my Men's Bible Class. I am sure neither of us looked for any such mark of kindly regard. It is quite reward enough for any service we have rendered, to see the members of

through the winter months. But it will certainly serve to stimulate us to try to make our work among you more effective and more acceptable.

At present, I am very anxiously, and, thus far, unsuccessfully, looking out for a successor to Mr. Krüger. I had hoped that I had secured a good curate, but he has elected to go elsewhere. Meanwhile, I am fortunate in having met with a brother clergyman of experience, highly esteemed for his efficient ministrations, who will take charge of the parish, whilst we seek needed rest. I commend him to your kindness. I trust you will profit by his ministry, attending regularly the services of the church, and the Saturday Prayer-meeting, which I would affectionately urge you not to neglect. I will only add, that I have felt it expedient to postpone our local celebration of the C.M.S. "Centenary," until the month of May, when we have our Annual Sermons in behalf of the society, with which I hope to combine a series of meetings, to be addressed by a special deputation. Meanwhile, let us not slack our efforts to make our "Centenary" offerings worthy of the occasion.

With grateful thanks to you for all your kindness, I remain, Ever yours affectionately,

G. FORRESTER.

PAROCHIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

March—April.

March has been a busy month in parish matters. I can do little more than chronicle the various services, meetings, &c., which have been held.

The Wednesday evening Lenten services were for the most part fairly well attended. They would have been still better attended, had not bitter cold weather and an unwarmed Church kept many away. Those who did attend, must, I think, have profited by the faithful addresses of the special preachers.

The Temperance Meeting, on March 6th, was exceptionally successful. This was partly due, no doubt, to the admirable selection of music performed, and the excellent recitations, &c.; but, mainly, to the presence of Mr. Gidley, whose address was much appreciated and applauded, dealing, as it did very effectively, with the evils of the drink system, and brightened, as it was, by telling illustrations and anecdotes, and permeated with the Spirit of the Gospel. Several pledges were taken. We trust they will be faithfully kept.

The Sale of Work, in connection with the C.M.S., produced £63. The several stalls were well stocked with an extensive assortment of all kinds of goods, useful and ornamental. A fine day helped to increase the number of purchasers, and brisk business was done by the lady saleswomen. Very grateful thanks are due to those who, by their work, their gifts, or their

The Annual Supper and Social Meeting of the members of the Men's (senior and junior) Bible Classes took place on March 16th. We missed our good friends, Dr. Gidley and Dr. Tracey, who, on previous occasions, had so greatly helped to brighten our meeting. But we had a most admirable address from our esteemed neighbour and brother, the Rector of Willand, which greatly impressed us all. Mrs. Gidley, with her usual kindness, delighted us with some choice songs, as did also Miss Steele, of Exeter, to whom we are indebted for more than one favour, conferred upon us in the way of valuable help. Hymns were heartily sung by the whole assembly, and several short speeches made. Mr. S. Labdon and Mr. Budd acted as the mouth-pieces of the members of the senior Bible Class, in presenting to the Vicar the gift of a beautiful timepiece, to which allusion has been already in the monthly letter. They were good enough to assure him that the gift expressed the appreciation of his endeavours to make the instruction in the Class profitable and attractive, and was a token of their regard and goodwill. The Vicar, we fear, sadly failed to say all that he would like to have said in the way of grateful thanks for the generous gift, but he hopes to prove by his acts, that he deeply prizes the proof of brotherly regard, which he heartily reciprocates. Mr. Krüger said a few words upon the work done in his Class during the session, and expressed his best wishes for the future welfare of its members, and the assurance of his continued interest in them. Cordial thanks were given to Mrs. Forrester and the ladies who assisted at the supper and in the subsequent proceedings.

The Women's Bible Class held its last meeting on Tuesday evening, March 21st. At the close a presentation was made by its members to Mrs. Forrester, its teacher. For the past six winters, this Class, numbering over one hundred, has met every Tuesday evening, in the Girls' Schoolroom, though with fluctuating attendance natnrally dependent upon the health of the various homes. One and all have joined heartily in the hymn-singing and have listened with great interest, and shown much appreciation of their teacher's efforts to influence their lives through the study of the Book of Books. On this particular evening, after a cup of tea, the address was given by the Vicar (Mrs. Forrester having lost her voice from severe cold), and, at the close, Mrs. Voisey came forward, and in the most kind and affectionate terms, speaking on behalf of the whole class, begged Mrs. Forrester's acceptance of a nicely-fitted travelling-bag, as a token of their warm affection and keen appreciation of her endeavours. In a few words of thanks, Mrs. Forrester expressed her extreme gratification at the manifestation of kindness and good-will, and for the evidence,

response. The bag also contained a list of the names of the contributors, to the number of sixty-two.

The Y.W.C.A. brought their session to a close with a concert, given in the Schoolroom, on Thursday evening, March 23rd, which was largely attended. The programme of music, vocal and instrumental, was of exceptional excellence. The members' choir distinguished themselves by the singing of several concerted pieces with taste and precision, and solos were also given by individual members and others. The executants on the piano were happy in in their selections, and some exquisite violin pieces were played with rare skill and expression by Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Roberts, who kindly lent their valued services. A recitation by Miss Rickards was also much applauded. Mrs. Gidley acted as accompanist, and, it need not be said, largely contributed to the success of the concert. A pleasing close was put to the entertainment by the presentation to Mrs. Krüger of a testimonial of esteem and affection from the members of the Aasociation to which she has so efficiently acted as Secretary. The gift took the shape of a very comely silver egg-boiler. The Vicar, who was deputed to hand the gift to the recipient, spoke of Mrs. Krüger's universal popularity, of the varied services she had rendered to the parish since she had resided in Cullompton, of the loss of which all were conscious in her departure, and of the warm regard in which she would be continued to be held.

The Band of Hope, likewise, wound up its winter meetings on March 20th, when a large number of boys and girls assembled. The Vicar gave an address on "Self." Mr. Krüger made a statement respecting the subjects of temperance instruction during the session, and expressed his pleasure at the improved behaviour and attention of the members, and at the diligence of those who had sent in papers containing the substance of his addresses. A prize was given to the boy and also to the girl, who had the best record. The Vicar thanked very gratefully Miss L. Potter, Mrs. Krüger, and the others who so kindly devoted themselves to the welfare of the children, and exhorted the members to stand fast by their pledge, and to be loyal to their band.

BAPTISMS.

February 26th, William Charles Denner.
March 22nd, Grace Daniels.
,, 26th, Gladys Mary Palfrey.

BURIALS.

March 2nd, John Forse, aged 73 years.
,, 3rd, Joseph Hancock, aged 86 years.
,, 21st, Alice Selina Vickery, aged 32 years.
,, 24th, Maria Sampson, aged 73 years.

ALMS, &c.

February 26th	(Sunday Schools)	5	16	1¼
March 5th	.. .. ..	1	6	3½

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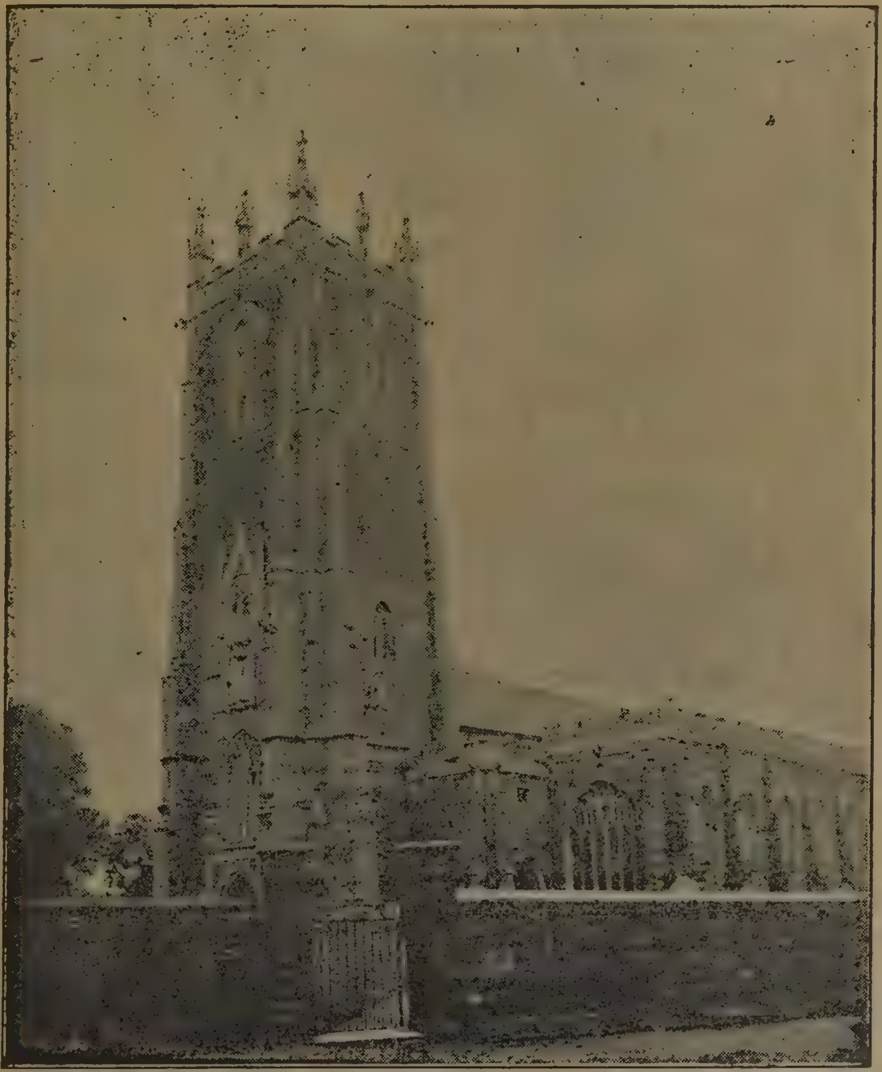

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,

Having been away from home, I have comparatively little to record in this month's letter. The minds of the religious community have been largely occupied with the proceedings connected with the Centenary Commemoration Services of the Church Missionary Society. Those held in London were attended by multitudes from all quarters. They were admirably arranged. The speeches were of exceptional ability and interest, and the singing of the special hymns was impressive beyond all conception. At the "Service of Thanksgiving" in the Albert Hall probably 10,000 people were present, and so excellent were the vocal gifts of the speakers, that every word was distinctly heard in the remotest corners of the vast building, whilst the singing of the *Te Deum* was like the "voice of many waters." As announced last month, I hope to have our local "Centenary" celebration, together with our annual sermons, on the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of May. But I regret to say that hitherto I have failed to secure preacher or speaker. So great is the demand for deputations that it is almost impossible to secure anyone capable of giving the required addresses. Application to headquarters only brought reply, "Whole available staff engaged for month to come." However, I am still endeavouring to obtain a deputation for above dates. Equally unsuccessful have I thus far been in finding a curate, although I have never ceased efforts to discover a suitable successor to Mr. Krüger. The best men naturally prefer work in the great cities, or, at least, in centres of wider activity than Cullompton. Gladly would I have engaged one fine, vigorous brother, who had highest credentials; but I could not lure him away from London, whilst others, whom I have interviewed, seemed little fitted for our requirements. I find I am no worse off than many of my fellow incumbents, some of whom have been over six months vainly searching for curates. However, I deem myself fortunate in securing the valued help of my present "*locum tenens*," Mr. Miles, who has kindly consented to remain with us till the end of June. Sometimes I think I will take a curacy myself. I know that the curate has in almost every respect the happier position. He is better off in point of income; has less responsibility; no anxiety, that is, if not burdened with family cares; and largely escapes the abundant criticisms to which his Vicar is exposed. I am speaking from experience of both positions, and give my verdict unhesitatingly in favour of the curates. Let us hope that some curate will come to regard Cullompton as a curate's paradise. Doubtless, that will depend, in part, how he gets on with his Vicar, as well as how he may be received by you. Do not cease to pray that he may be a man "full of the Holy Ghost." I am planning new work for the coming winter. I hope that the new curate will by that time be in harness, and that he will throw life and heart into our various organisations. "Life and heart," yes, that is what is greatly wanted in pastors and people. Lifelessness and heartlessness, dull indifference and apathy, chill the very soul and paralyse all efforts. I would rather, like St. Paul, "fight with beasts at Ephesus" and meet vigorous opposition, than carry on ministerial work amongst luke warm Laodicæans. But life and heart, true vitality and warmth of zeal, can only come from the quickening force and fire of the Spirit of God. May that Spirit quicken and animate both you and your ministers, that we may all labour together for the good of our parish and the glory of our God!

Ever yours affectionately,

PAROCHIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

APRIL—MAY.

The services in holy week were fairly well attended. The addresses of the several special preachers were of no ordinary interest. We have still to express our regret that our town should be invaded at the solemn season of "Good Friday" by noisy entertainments. Easter Sunday was in all respects a bright and glorious day "Our triumphant holiday." The decorations of our church were in excellent taste and beautiful in design. We heartily thank those who gave their time and toil thus to impart festive appearance to our Paschal Feast. Not less heartily do we thank our organist and choir for the pains expended in rendering the Easter hymns and anthem so effectively. It is ever fitting to give of our best to God's service.

The Easter Vestry was held on the Monday at noon. It was, as usual, but thinly attended. Mr. J. S. Upcott's motion, however, to alter the hour, did not find favour. Possibly, next year it may meet with consideration, which we personally think it deserves. Nor did the other motion of our venerable townsman fare better, namely, that a voluntary rate should be raised to meet the church expenses. We need not say that we should be only too glad had that proposal found acceptance. In many parishes such a rate exists. Happily, however, our excellent parish warden, Mr. E. Lawrence, jun., by his energy, succeeded in obtaining sufficient contributions to more than cover the year's expenditure. He was unanimously re-elected warden for the ensuing year. The Vicar nominated Mr. F. Sellwood as his warden. Sidesmen, and lay representatives on the Decanal Conference were also re-elected.

As stated in the monthly letter, we hope to have our annual C.M.S. Sermons on Sunday May 14 and to hold centenary meetings as under :—

Saturday Evening, Prayer Meeting with Special Address, 7.30.
Monday Evening, General Meeting, with Address, 7.30.
Tuesday Evening, Meeting for Young, 6.30.
Wednesday, Service of Praise in Church, 7.30.

I earnestly ask all our parishioners to do their utmost to attend these meetings. Could not our tradesmen kindly close earlier at least on the Monday evening and give themselves and their employees the opportunity of joining in these Centenary Celebrations? We should greatly prize their presence.

BAPTISM.

April 23 Frederick James Frost.

MARRIAGES.

April 3, William Morrish and Bessie Fouracre.
April 12, William Henry Hallett and Anna Arbery.

BURIALS.

March 31, Joy Winnifred Colwell, aged 2 years.
April 2, Florence Faith McCullock, aged 3 months.
April 6 Sarah Burrows, aged 82.

ALMS.

	£	s.	d.
Easter-day	2	11	2
April 16..		7	7½
„ 23.. (District Visitors' Fund)	4	7	9¼

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PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,—

Spring, though dull and chilly, has once more clothed Nature in her "Mantle of Green." I have heard it said, and I am tempted sometimes to believe it, that those who live amongst the lovely scenes of the country do not prize the beauties of Nature as much as those who reside in the large towns, and see but rare glimpses of the glories of the garden and the field, and leafy woodland. "Familiarity" is apt to "breed contempt," as the proverb puts it. We fail to prize the blessings which we have daily within our reach. I have seen the poor children from London—and, for the matter of that, their elders, too—go into ecstasies over the loveliness of a bit of country, that you would probably think tame enough and ugly. And, oh, with what wonder and delight have they gathered some common wild flower, and kept it in some cracked tumbler at home, as if it were a prize-winner at some grand show of rare exotics. Yes, and I have noticed how the dwellers in the smoky city are often such students of Natural History. They read with deepest interest all about plants and animals. They get a cheap microscope, and examine specimens of all sorts of natural objects, and make collections of birds' eggs, butterflies, moths, insects, and flowers, walking many a mile to get into the country. And this love of nature is a habit to be cultivated. It not only furnishes a ceaseless source of purest pleasure; but it contributes also to health of body, mind, and spirits. Of body, for does it not require bodily activity, and call us out into pure air, that Elixir of life? Of mind, for it calls forth our powers of observation, adds to our stores of knowledge, and furnishes us with delightful themes for reflection. And of Spirit, for it helps to purify the heart, and to lift us up through Nature to Nature's God. Now, I have noticed that very few of those who live in the country, devote themselves to the study of Nature. Indeed, I have been astonished to observe how ignorant many are of the names of the commonest flowers and plants, which have met their eye every day for years. Much less have they cared to examine their structure. I would strongly urge upon our young friends in particular, the cultivation of the habit of studying the common objects around them. I have always regretted not having devoted more attention to such study myself. Why should there not be some humble attempt made to start a little "Natural History Society" in our town? It would give me pleasure to become a member, and to lend what co-operation I can. I am too unlearned in such lore to attempt to teach. But I fancy we could find some friends who would give us the benefit of their knowledge. Should any care to take the matter up I would be very pleased to talk it over with them at the Vicarage.

Next to the Bible, the Book of Nature is most worthy of our study. To the devout mind, it is written within and without with the praise and glory of God.

Well writes the poet:

"Go abroad
Upon the paths of Nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,
Who hath the living waters shall be there."

Yours ever affectionately,

G. FORRESTER.

BAPTISMS.

May 28th, Walter Sellick, Frederick Robert Owens, Stanley Victor Emmett.

MARRIAGES.

May 1st, Alfred Davey to Elizabeth Ellen Ingersent.

May 10th, Murray Toogood Foster to Emma Plumpton.

BURIALS.

May 18th, Leonard Pitts, aged 21.

May 21st, Reginald James Blackmore, aged 11 months.

May 28th, William James Lane, 9 months.

Elsie Salter, 1 year.

PAROCHIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

MAY—JUNE.

The most important event connected with our Church during the past month was our C.M.S. Centenary celebrations, held on Friday, May 12th, and two following days. At the moment when we feared that no "deputation" would come to us, we were rejoiced to find that we were to have no less than two able clergymen to conduct our services; or, rather, to preach and give us appropriate addresses. Thanks to our treasurer, Mr. Sellwood, we were honoured with the presence of the Rev. H. E. Fox, the head secretary of the Society, who has devoted his gratuitous services to its interests, as well as given his children to go forth into the Mission Field. Whilst, in the person of the Rev. H. Goldsmith, we had a missionary who has laboured long and successfully in a most important post in India. Those who availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing those two earnest holy men, will, I am sure, consider that we were highly favoured. Mr. Fox's Sunday morning sermon must have stirred every heart, and Mr. Goldsmith's quiet but telling address, to the young in the afternoon, and to the adults in the evening, were alike instructive and impressive. Nor were the several addresses at the "Service of Praise," and the "Service of Intercession," less calculated to kindle warmer interest in the cause of Christ's Kingdom. The special missionary hymns, set to stirring tunes, were sung with such hearty fervour as it has not been our good fortune to witness before in Cullompton. The contributions, too, to the Society's funds, if not as large as we could have wished, were none the less, indications of deepened interests in the Society's work. We trust such interests may prove permanent, and prompt to yet further efforts in the cause of missions.

Whit-Sunday is a day justly marked out by our Church as one of the great Christian festivals. The offices of the Holy Spirit, as well as the narrative of His descent at Pentecost, are prominently brought before us in the services. Our hymns, too, fitly sang of the gifts and graces of the same "Guide and Comforter Divine." And the simple anthem, sung effectively by the choir, with the sweet solo so devotionally rendered, was in itself a sermon. May that spirit quicken us into newness of life! Whit-Monday happily proved a finer day than the dawn presaged. The local "Sports" we hear, were largely attended and provided amusement to holiday-makers. We are glad to learn that the number of those who think there can be no enjoyment without intoxication, were apparently few. Let us hope they will soon be

The marriage of our respected townsman Mr. Murray Foster to Miss Emma Plumpton, on May 10th, is entitled to be chronicled in our magazine having evidently awakened more than ordinary interest thoughout the town. The Church was crowded with friends eager to witness the happy event. The reception at the bride's father's was no less crowded. The elegant and sumptuous refection provided was duly enjoyed; and hearty prayers and good wishes were uttered by all present as they sped the happy couple on their honeymoon. On their return they had quite an ovation. The bells of the Parish Church rang out a merry peal, the local band serenaded them, whilst enthusiastic friends unhorsed the carriage, and dragged it, amidst vociferous rejoicings, to its destination. That these are tokens of the genuine regard in which both bride and bridegroom are universally held, we are well assured. We "wish them good luck in the name of the Lord."

Joy and sorrow follow, the one the other, like sunshine and shadow. The funeral bell, has, alas, tolled far more frequently in Cullompton than the marriage bell, since we have dwelt here. And this past month it has tolled yet again and again, chiefly for the young. Our hearts grieve for the bereaved parents. For the "little children," who are safe in the arms of Jesus, we may not mourn. "It is well with the child."

We hope to have our Annual Sermons on behalf of our "Nursing Fund" on Sunday, June 25th.

We have, as yet, failed to secure a successor to Mr. Krüger. But we are in communication with more than one promising clergyman, and hope we may ere long be able to announce that the curacy is filled. Meanwhile we congratulate ourselves, and you, on the continued ministrations of our valued friend, Mr. Miles.

We have just heard of the success of our town ladies in the butter-making competition at the Agricultural Show in Exeter. We are pleased and proud to think that four of them—Misses Farrant, M. Morrish, Sprague, and Batten—have carried off prizes. Doubtless the Technical Classes in Butter-making held lately in Cullompton, largely contributed to these gratifying results.

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		£	s.	d.
May 3rd	.. ..		18	8
,, 12th	Centenary C.M.S. ..	4	15	0
,, 14th,	Annual Sermons C.M.S.	11	8	8

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No 7. JULY, 1899.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton,

My Dear Friends,

I have been debating with myself a question, which I think you also may be interested in considering, namely, what share "luck," as we call it, has in shaping the fortunes of us mortals. I don't altogether like the word "luck." Perhaps I ought to say Providence; but this latter word is so misused that I shun employing it on the present occasion. Some people think that it is Providence that sends typhoid fever, and so kills their friends and children; when human providence could have averted the said fever and deaths by proper attention to sanitation and the use of disinfectants. On the other hand, thousands attribute to "luck" what is really the result of wise use of shrewd sense, industry, and energy. Nevertheless, call it providence, luck, or what we will, there is an element of chance in human affairs which undoubtedly influences the current of the lives of most of us. A man *chances* to take up a newspaper, and his eye *happens* to light on an advertisement of some vacant post or other; he writes and gets the place. He turns a corner on life's road; has a new career before him. Possibly, he makes his way to wealth and founds a family. A girl chances to meet a young man some evening at a party, and the acquaintance thus casually formed shapes her life for the rest of her days, "For better or for worse." A poor labourer goes to Klondyke; he may *chance* to fall down a precipice and be killed, or, after digging in vain for gold, and on the very verge of starvation, he may one day light on a monster nugget or strike a "lode" that puts him above want for the rest of his days, that is, if he does not, like a fool, waste his new-gotten gains in riotous living. So, in a thousand other ways, luck is constantly exercising a powerful effect upon the fortunes and fates of the large majority of men. Life does thus greatly resemble a voyage. The captain may set sail for a certain port. He may use all the knowledge and skill of seamanship, but some day a storm comes which wrecks his ship, and he is glad to escape with his life, which he owes to the lucky chance of finding a spar floating within reach. No doubt, if he be a Christian, he will trace the hand of providence in the changes and the chances which befall him as he sails o'er "life's wild, stormy sea" But the world in general will see in them only good or bad luck. One thing, however, is certain, that men who look to luck to befriend them, in place of befriending themselves by using their brains, their hands, and the opportunities which lie before them, are not likely to become millionaires. They will be lucky if they do not lack bread, and land at last in the workhouse. "God helps those who help themselves" is a true proverb. For one who gets on through luck, thousands get on through labour. Industry, sobriety, economy, honesty, civility, good common sense are the sure, though it may be the slow road to success; and these are all graces of that godliness which "hath the promise of this life as well as of the life to come." He is truly lucky who in his childhood and youth had parents and instructors who trained him up in the way he should go, and has had grace to tread that way with patient feet. It may not have led him to a gold mine; but it will have led him in the way of true prosperity and peace. For "the blessing of the Lord *it* maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith." Such good "luck," my reader, do I wish thee, in the name of the Lord.

Ever yours affectionately.

G. FORRESTER.

BAPTISMS.

June 7th.—Thomas John Ashman.
June 17th.—Wilfred George Rutley.
June 21st.—John Bale.
June 25th.—Rose Ellen Brooks.
" " William John North.
" " Mabel Holcombe.

BURIALS.

May 30th.—Annie Seymour, aged 30.
" " Isabella Cook, aged 11.
June 18th.—William Charles Denner, aged 4 months.
June 25th.—Wilfred George Rutley, aged 1 month.
June 20th.—Ann Martin, aged 78.

PAROCHIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

JUNE—JULY.

In this hot summer weather indoor meetings are not popular. We have had, however, some out-door gatherings which have been pleasant and profitable also. On the evening of June 22nd the members of Y.W.C.A. met in the Vicarage Grounds, where they had tea, and afterwards disported and distinguished themselves in divers games till dusk. Then they assembled to join in the singing of some sweet hymns and in prayer, followed by a very impressive and affectionate address given by Miss Lovell, of Dawlish. If they enjoyed themselves as much as we did in seeing them so bright and happy, then they must have had a good time. Miss Lovell was accompanied by two friends, one of whom, Mrs. Pardoe, is a daughter of the Rev. R. Pinckney, one of the former Vicars of Cullompton.

On Tuesday, the 27th, the members of Mrs. Forrester's Women's Bible Class were also guests at the Vicarage. Some of these were not quite so nimble of foot as our other guests, so they contented themselves with a quiet chat or stroll round the grounds. Others, however, were young and frisky, and joined in games as if they were still in the school-girl days. Oh, it is good to have a young heart, even when the head is grey and the limbs have lost their litheness. We hope our friends enjoyed their tea and talk and play, and that they no less enjoyed the quiet half-hour of prayer and praise, and the excellent address of our lady speaker, who was again Miss Lovell, who adapted her subject to her audience with admirable discretion. We trust all may be spared to join the Class when it re-commences in the autumn.

Three meetings, outside our parish, but interesting to some of our parishioners, are looming in the immediate future. First, that of the Day School teachers of the Deanery, to be held at Burlescombe, on Saturday, July 1st. At this Meeting two of our young teachers, F. Peurcey and L. Labdon, will receive the prizes earned by passing the examination in Scripture and Prayer-book held under the auspices of the Diocesan Religious Instruction Association. The second meeting is that of the Sunday School teachers, which will be held at Kentisbeare on July 20th. The third meeting, that of the Girls' Friendly, takes place in connection with their annual excursion, which is fixed for the 8th July. This is always a very pleasant gathering. The locality to be visited this year is Dawlish.

Then, too, our annual School Treat comes off (D.V.) on July 21st, when we hope to take a trip to Teignmouth again. The cost is heavy, we think the parents of the children might well subscribe a small sum to help to cover the outlay, in these days when they have no school fees to burden them.

Mr. Miles has left us to go to a Cure in Essex. His short ministry has, I feel sure, been acceptable and profitable to us all. His genial piety commended the cause of Him whom he serves, and his kindliness made him a welcome visitor in the sick-room. Our good wishes will follow him in his new sphere of work.

The Rev. J. T. Childs will help me during July. He lacks the experience of Mr. Miles, but he will bring with him, I trust, the freshness and vigour of youth. I have still no permanent curate in view.

We propose to ask your contributions towards the Sunday School Treat, on Sunday, July 23rd.

On Sunday evening, July 30th, the sermon will be more especially addressed to "Young Women."

The report of the Diocesan Inspector on the examination of our Schools in Religious Knowledge has just arrived. All three departments are classed "excellent." A large number of children receive honourable mention.

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No 8. AUGUST, 1899.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,

There is a German Proverb which says "fore-sight is better than after-sight." I do not know whether we have the exact counterpart of the Proverb in our tongue. But, perhaps, our "Prevention is better than cure" conveys something of the same idea. We are none of us, I fear, as wise in foreseeing possible or probable perils, and providing against them, as we ought to be. We are apt to think that to-morrow will be as yesterday and to-day, and that things will run on just as they have done. And we do not trouble ourselves to enquire very closely whether the old waggon that has carried us and our goods safely for these years past is not getting rusty in its iron and rotten in its woodwork. It may be our driver does tell us it wants a bit of repair. But we think little of the warning. It will cost money to make the repair. Besides, it has lasted so long, it will doubtless last for another year. But some day the old waggon suddenly breaks down with a crash; the poor driver is half killed; the goods it carried are damaged, if not destroyed. And we say "Who'd a thought it?" Well the new law will give the driver swinging damages against his employer if I read it aright. But it won't mend his broken leg. And a new waggon will cost a bit more than the timely mending of the old one. "Foresight is better than aftersight." To be penny wise is often to be pound foolish. "The ship," as the sailors say, "is lost for want of a penn'orth of tar." The slates on the roof have never been looked at for years. To be sure there is a trickle of rain comes through: but it's nothing. Perhaps there's a slate off, we'll have it put on *some day*. A thunderstorm comes on, the house is deluged, our best paper and drawing-room furniture are ruined; and as we look ruefully at the damage it may be it occurs to us that foresight is better than aftersight. Or, we have erected fine new premises on an advantageous site, but it turns out that there is a serious flaw in our title-deed to the land on which we have built. We took it for granted it was all perfectly right, and did not care to pay a lawyer to examine it. But when we came to pay the expenses of the lawsuit arising out of our oversight we probably inclined to think that foresight is better than aftersight. We have a feeling that we ought to insure against fire, but we haven't [illegible] have escaped "scot free" thus far. We won't be at the bother or expense of insuring. Next week fire breaks out, or lightning strikes our house and sets it ablaze, and we scratch our heads and say "La! isn't that strange?" and maybe it dawns upon us that foresight may after all be better than aftersight. Well, all this is matter of daily experience; but somehow we don't profit very much by the lessons taught us in the very costly school of experience. But the worst is that we carry this lack of foresight into matters infinitely more important than those of worldly loss. Just Lot chooses to live in Sodom; he doesn't consider that whilst he is increasing his pelf he is risking the moral and spiritual ruin of himself and his daughters. When he gets up to Zoar and looks back upon the blazing city, the blackened glebe, and reflects that he has lost all his property and his wife to boot, I don't think his reflections are very pleasant. If he had only foreseen such results he would have thought twice whether he would have selected Sodom as his domicile. I wonder whether the parents who rejoice at what they regard as the good fortune of their boy or girl in getting that post, so well-paid, ever come to think that foresight would have been better than aftersight, when they discover that the "post" was one in which the influences on their child's character were all bad, and that they had been thrown into temptations which had proved their ruin. A little previous enquiry would have ascertained this beforehand. But it is in respect to the "great salvation" that this proverb I have quoted is seen to be so vividly true. We all know that death and judgment await us. We all are aware that "now is the accepted time, and now the day of salvation," and we all of us, I imagine, wish and hope to secure the heavenly heritage, but we do not all "give diligence to make our calling and election sure." No, many are just acting with respect to this momentous work of soul-insurance with like lack of foresight to that we have described. They mean "some day" to prepare to meet their God. But ere that "some day" comes they are stricken down by the hand of death. Ah, it is not surprising that there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the world of woe. It must be a ceaseless source of bitterest regret that, though forewarned, warning was unheeded, and the opportunity allowed to pass by, which, had it but been seized, would have secured an eternity of joy and glory. Alas, for the "after-sight," when the door is closed and the great gulf fixed! My readers, remember the saying "fore-sight is better than after-sight." Forget not the words of wisdom—"A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished."

Ever yours affectionately,

PAROCHIAL NOTES & NOTICES.

JULY—AUGUST.

July, like June, has been, with us, a month of many meetings and of excursions. The most important of these from our parochial point of view was our Sunday School treat. We were favoured with a splendid day, the heat being tempered by welcome clouds. Some 300 took train for Teignmouth, where we arrived at 10.30, leaving us a long day to spend by the sea-side. The young folk seemed never to tire of paddling in the tide, or of digging in the nice soft sands. Some adventured themselves in boats; but under the charge of boatmen, the sea being calm. The tea, in the Town-hall, was scarcely up to the mark. But good appetites managed to assuage hunger and thirst. The home journey, in the cool of evening, was very pleasant. Thank God, all came back safe and sound. It is a serious and troublous undertaking, this school excursion, and very costly to boot. We owe a debt of gratitude to those who arranged matters for us, and to those who kindly interested themselves in the children. We have to thank our excellent station-master, Mr. Abraham, for doing his utmost to secure us more favourable terms from the G.W.R. We could have wished the Company had been a little more liberal. Its charges are all but deterrent. We are still largely "out of pocket" in respect to the treat, and shall be very grateful for further contributions.

The infants had their treat in the Vicarage grounds on July 13th. I fancy they enjoyed it every whit as well as if they had been taken to Teignmouth. Probably, vastly better. At least, they seemed in high glee, and played away vigorously. Nor did they fail to make an impression upon the cake and other good things provided. Whilst their happiness reached its climax, when each became the proud possessor of some toy of wondrous construction and the accompanying bag of sweets. Several of the teachers and other kind friends ministered to their amusement, and we were pleased to number among our interested visitors Miss Hill, of High-street, whose memory of olden times at the Vicarage seemed very vivid. Where, I wonder, are the merry children that played here in those days?

A meeting of a different character, but, to us at least, not less enjoyable, was that of the members of the Young Men's Bible Class, who met in the Vicarage grounds on July 23rd, at 6 o'clock; and, after a substantial meat tea, rested quietly in the cool of the evening and enjoyed an open-air concert, varied by recitations, until the moonlight began to dispel the dusk. The presence and performance of the Volunteer Band added much to the pleasure of

photograph taken of the whole assembled members. It will be, we trust, a pleasing memorial of the meeting. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Krüger was the crowning enjoyment of the evening.

Mr. Childs closed his short ministry amongst us on Sunday, July 30th. He has not done pastoral work, for it was understood that he came to spend his holiday at the Vicarage, not to act as curate, in visiting from house to house. I should have deemed myself fortunate had I found a fellow labourer as earnest and capable as Mr. Childs. I trust he will return to his heavy work in London refreshed, and carry with him your prayers for his ministerial success. We look forward to the coming of Mr. Procter, who will kindly help me during his sojourn with us.

We were honoured by a brief visit from Dr. Barlow, Vicar of Islington, who kindly preached on Sunday morning, July 16th. None who heard his sermon can forget it.

Our National Schools broke up for their holidays on Thursday, July 20th.

The thunderstorm, on the evening of Saturday, July 22nd, was of exceptional severity. Our beautiful tower narrowly escaped destruction. The lightning struck and damaged one of the pinnacles, loosened other stones, smashed two windows in the turret, melted some of the lead, and, it is feared, has injured other parts of the stone and wood-work less visible to the eye. It is a mercy no life was lost.

On Sunday, August 20th, sermons will be preached by the Rev. W. Prideaux, Vicar of Leusden, Ashburton, on behalf of the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews.

BAPTISM.

July 5th, Polly Read Richards.

MARRIAGE.

July 8th, Henry John Stone and Louisa Flay.

BURIALS.

May 30th, Anna Leyman, aged 30.

July 12th, Eila Burnard, aged 52.

July 13th, Frederick Hawkins, aged 79.

July 23rd, Mary Ann Wellington, aged 49.

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No 9. SEPTEMBER, 1899.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,—

I think it well to occupy this letter with explanation of some small matters, connected with our Church services, which, possibly, some of you may not understand, and so may misinterpret. You are, I think, all only too well aware that great complaint has been made of late, of the lawlessness of the clergy, especially of that section of them that is charged with re-introducing the false doctrines and superstitous ritual of the Church of Rome, discarded by our Protestant Church at the Reformation. Whether the steps being taken by our Archbishops and Bishops to restrain such lawlessness will have the desired effect, remains to be seen: I earnestly trust that it will prove so. But, it is complained by those who are thus called upon to submit to the laws of the Church, that the evangelical clergy break these laws also and do not obey the rules of the Church nor the expressed wishes of their Bishops; and that therefore *they* have no right to cast stones at *them* nor to call for the enforcement of the laws against them. Now there is a measure of truth in this statement. The evangelical clergy amongst whom I count myself—do not strictly obey the rubrics of the Prayer-book, which are the rules laid down for our guidance in the conduct of the services. We omit to do several things which we ought by right to do, and we do several things which we have no right to do. Our Bishops have often expressed their wish that we should conform more strictly to the rules than we do. I feel that it is my duty to obey my Bishops, as I have promised to do, and to observe the rules of the Prayer-book, as I have sworn to do; so far, that is, as it is practicaable to do so. It becomes us to set an example of obedience. Therefore is it that I have made one or two small changes, which, I have no doubt, many have noticed. For instance I have read the "offertory sentences" during the time of collection of the alms at the *morning* service, because the law says they are to be read. It has been the practice in your Church, as in many others, to sing a hymn during such collection. But this is contrary to the law. In the *evening* there is no direction as to the reading of the sentences, and so we may lawfully sing the hymn—though strictly speaking, hymns are only made allowable by the sanction of the Bishop and by long usage. The only place where such singing is recognised is after the third collect. A little reflection will convince any thinking man, that the reading of the offertory sentences is really the more fitting course. Because they all bear upon the subject of almsgiving, and are most appropriate in their teaching, reminding us of the duty of giving, of the motives which should prompt us to give, and of the spirit in which we ought to make our offerings. To sing a hymn during the

I have followed the practice—a very untimely act. At the moment when we might have our minds wholly engaged in the exercise of praise and in pondering the words we sing, a box is thrust under your nose, you fumble in your pockets for a coin—that is if you mean to contribute—and drop it into the box aforesaid. How is it possible to keep the mind engaged in these two different acts at once? We are all conscious that for the moment, anyway, we are not attending to the singing of God's praise. Use has accustomed us to this practice, but it is a bad practice, however old. Well, hymn or sentences, let us hope that we shall all give according to our several abilities. Certainly if we don't, the sentences will be sentences of condemnation. The other small matter, in which alteration has been introduced, is in the saying of the words to each communicant, on giving of the bread or wine, instead of to the whole of the communicants kneeling at the "Rail." This, also, I have done because it is the rule laid down, and which we have no right to disobey: I know the reason why I and others have disobeyed it, is because it avoids frequent repitition and shortens the ceremony. But it is one of the things, which our ritualistic brethren cast in our teeth as evidence of our lawlessness, and I think it well to give them no occasion thus to convict us of disobeying the law.

I feel that the safest and wisest course for us evangelical clergy, in the present crisis of the church, is as far as possible to obey the rules, which we are legally called upon to obey, and which our Bishops urge us to obey. The laity are, many of them, profoundly ignorant of the laws of the Church, often never having even read the laws laid down in the Prayer-book. And they regard any deviation from what they have been accustomed to as necessarily wrong, although what they have been accustomed to has itself been wrong. And the minister who makes the alteration is subjected to adverse criticism and uncharitable suspicions. This is wholly unreasonable and unworthy of intelligent and rightminded men, who ought to approve of their clergyman acting according to his conscience and the laws by which he is bound. Were your servants to disobey your directions, I warrant you would soon be down upon them. And why then should you wish us to disobey our rulers? I trust what I have said will set you, my readers thinking, and that your thinking will lead you to see that it is not because a thing is new it is necessarily wrong, nor, because it is old it is necessarily right. Common sense is a grand thing to have and use in all matters, sacred or secular; it will save both parson and people from many mistakes. God grant more of this great grace to us all.

Yours ever affectionately,

PAROCHAIL NOTES AND NOTICES.

August—September.

August has not been a very eventful month in our parochial history. It brought to our town, however, not a few visitors amongst whom the happy children, home for their holidays, were not the least pleasant to behold. Glorious harvest weather calls for grateful thanks. I have heard one farmer admit that he has had a good harvest. Let us hope many more can say the same.

Mr. Proctor's brief ministry was I trust, appreciated. His personal cheeriness is a commendation of Christianity; and a pleasant medicine to counteract the melancholy of the "miserable sinner" piety. The Rev. R. Prideaux' sermons for the Jews' Society were, doubtless, also duly valued. Any of our friends, who were not present can yet send in any contributions to the cause.

You may be interested to know that I have offered the curacy to Mr. Guy Fitzmaurice, B.A., of Cambridge, who has accepted it, and will (D.V.) begin his ministry amongst us at Advent. He has taken a high degree at the University, and has the very best credentials from those competent to speak of his character and capabilities. I look forward with hopeful pleasure to association with him in Christian work. He is, moreover, something of an athlete, and likely to take special interest in our young men, being young himself and genial. I bespeak your prayers for him, that he may come to us in "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ."

Our HarvestFestival Services will be held, I hope, on Sunday, September 10th. I am not as yet able to announce the preacher or preachers. We shall gratefully welcome gifts of fruit, flowers, &c., for decorative purposes, and, still more, volunteers to help to decorate our church. The thankofferings, as usual, will be given to the Winter Coal Fund. And I earnestly trust that they will be, as they assuredly ought to be, as generous as hearts grateful for the abundant harvest can make them.

We hope, at last, to open our New Room, St. Andrew's Parish Room, on September 21st, as at present arranged, the programme of the day will be as follows. Service in Church at 3.30 p.m., with sermon by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Crediton, who has most kindly consented to officiate. Tea, in the School Room, at 6 p.m. Opening ceremony in the New Room at 7 o'Clock, with short address by the Bishop, more especially to young men. Concert at 7.30. Further particulars will be given in the bills. We earnestly hope that all our readers will make a special effort to attend the afternoon service, as well as the other meetings. We shall be most grateful for any contributions towards the Building Fund, as a heavy debt has to be discharged. We once more give our heartiest thanks to all, who have already generously helped us. We hope they will rojoice in knowing they have had a hand in so excellent a work, and that they will like our New Room, which we think very bright and pretty. Come and see it.

BAPTISMS.

August 15th, Alice Maud Prigg.
„ 27th, Doris Ellen Taylor.
„ „ Archibald Albert Pring.
„ „ Frederick John Prigg.
„ „ Frederick Charles Skoines.
„ „ Violet Constance Greenslade.

MARRIAGES.

August 2nd, Charles Wolland and Catherine Maria Salter.

August 12th, William Godfrey and Alice Wyatt.

August 16th, John Adams and Elizabeth Mary Plumpton.

August 23rd, William Spurway and Alice Florence Soper.

BURIAL.

August 16th, Ann Osmond, aged 79.

COMMUNION ALMS, &c.

		£	s.	d.
August 6th	.. .. ..	1	1	2½
20th	(Jews' Society)	6	7	7½

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No 10. OCTOBER, 1899.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,—

To say that this our age is an age of *progress* is a mere commonplace. The pace of progress quickens year by year, at least in this our land. The address of the President of the "British Association," recently delivered at its annual meeting, giving a brief sketch of the progress of scientific discovery during the past century sufficed to show that the century has been, indeed and emphatically, an age of unparalleled advance. It needs no prophet to foresee that that advance will be infinitely greater in the next century. There are those who question whether the world grows better, as well as more learned and cultured. For myself, I am of opinion that it is vastly better in this nineteenth century than it has ever been. Though whether this particular nation or that is better may be open to dispute. As regards our own country I am convinced that, whilst no doubt "tares and wheat" both grow apace, the wheat has gained upon the tares. Our country was never so religious or so moral as it is in this year of grace, 1899. This, I know, is not the view of the pessimists, who, in every generation, think the world and the country are "going to the dogs." Some of them actually attribute this terrible calamity to the increase of education! The School Boards and technical classes, &c., are the wicked conspirators against the well-being of the nation. The golden age of England was when scarce a labouring man could read or write, and wages were seven shillings a week; when wheat sold at I know not how many shillings a bushel, and bread was from 9d. to 1s. a loaf. Well, whatever may be our individual opinions as to the effects of education on the progress of our people, one thing is certain that education itself is bound to progress. Here, in Cullompton, as everyone knows, educational agencies have multiplied, and are multiplying, each succeeding year. This coming winter the number and variety of classes, which will be commenced, and we hope successfully carried on, are enough to take the breath away from the slow steady-going folk who remember the days when a dame's school was deemed an ample academy for the instruction of the rising generation. We have changed all that. Our National School, under its able and energetic teachers, not only lays the foundation of a solid education, but what is of yet more importance, it is developing the intellects of the young, and giving both the capacity for receiving yet higher instruction, and a real taste for its acquisition. This is seen in the numbers who attend the "continuation classes" and the other classes now made accessible to them. In all this we do greatly rejoice, and feel it a privilege and pleasure to have any part in promoting this progress in intellectual attainment. At the same time we recognize the danger which lies in the developing the intellectual or physical powers to the neglect of the moral and spiritual. As the Archdeacon of Exeter, in his excellent address at the opening of our room, reminded us it is requisite that every side of our nature be duly cultivated would we make the best of ourselves and of our lives. I, therefore, cling to the hope that the numerous classes on secular subjects will not diminish the attendance at the Bible classes and other religious meetings. For, after all, it will avail little if we be very Solomons in all earthly wisdom if we have not the knowledge which "makes wise unto salvation." This one Book, "The Book" only can supply. Vainly we know all else if we know not Him, "Whom to know is life eternal." Therefore, would I say to you, my readers, get all the knowledge you can, develop body and brain by exercise; but, first and foremost, develop the faculties of your spiritual nature. "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." *That* is highest progress.

Ever yours, affectionately.

G. FORRESTER.

PAROCHIAL NOTES & NOTICES.

September—October.

The event of the month, as far as we church folk are concerned, was the opening of our new St. Andrew's parish room on September 21st. The original programme for the occasion included a service in church in the afternoon, but the inability of the Bishop of Crediton to come to us, as he had kindly promised, compelled us to abandon the service. At shortest notice the Archdeacon of Exeter consented to give an address at the opening meeting in the evening. An admirable address it was, full of wise counsel, more especially to the young. The room itself was completely filled, so far as the seats provided gave accommodation. The brightness and beauty of the interior surprised those who had only looked at its plain exterior. Great credit is due both to Mr. Warren, the Architect, and to Messrs. Labdon, the builders, for the efficient manner in which they severally carried out their work. The Vicar gave a brief sketch of the history of the room, and indicated some of the purposes to which, he hoped, it might be applied. The public tea, previously held in the schoolroom, was patronised by some 160 guests, whose wants were looked after by the ladies, who so kindly and generously provided the good things. The concert, held at 8 o'clock, attracted a large audience to the infants' schoolroom. They must have felt well repaid by the excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music so admirably executed. Space forbids our specifying the several items, or giving the names of the performers. But we cannot sufficiently thank the talented ladies and gentlemen, who so generously gave us their gratuitous services, some of them coming long distances at no little inconvenience to themselves. To our able organist, Mr. West, who got up the concert, sparing no pains to secure the best talent, and who, both as accompanist and performer, added so largely to its success, we owe and tender our very special acknowledgments.

The Rev. W. Martlew has left us. We are glad to know his too short ministry was highly appreciated. We are hoping to find some like-minded brother to assist us until Christmas.

On October 5th a lecture will be given in the St. Andrew's parish room by W. A. Limbrick, Esq., organising Secretary of the Protestant Reformation Society, on "The Glorious Reformation and what it did for England." The lecture will commence at 7.30. Admission free collection to defray expenses The lecture will be illustrated by 100 oxyhydrogen lime-light views.

On Monday, October 16th, the annual meeting of the Bible Society will be held in the infants' schoolroom at 7.30, when addresses will be given by The O'Shea and other speakers. We trust our readers will make a note of both these interesting meetings.

The Winter Session of the Young Women's Christian Association will re-open on Thursday, October 19th. There will be a free tea to members, and an address by Mrs. Elliott. All members' fees 1s. to be paid on that evening.

The Women's Bible Readings will recommence on Tuesday, October 24th, at 8 p.m.

We have to congratulate our esteemed schoolmaster, Mr. Sanders, on the further success of his pupils. Not long since P. Nex passed 10th in the Civil Service examination, among competitors securing an early appointment, and now we hear that Wm. Brown has passed in geometry, and was first in model and freehand drawing; and John Salway also passed in geometry, and got second class in model and freehand drawing. May others follow their example.

BAPTISMS.

September 12th, Kathleen Reynolds.

September 15th, William Wickham Reeder Crosse.

September 24, William Arthur Burrows.

MARRIAGE.

September 20th, Ernest George and Emily Knight.

BURIALS.

September 3rd, Mary Ann Quicke, aged 74.

September 15th, Evelyn Ewens, aged 13.

September 19th, Ethel Lane, aged 3.

COMMUNION ALMS, &c.

	£	s.	d.
September 3rd	1	4	4½
September 10th (harvest thanksgiving)	12	9	10
September 17th		8	9½

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No 11. NOVEMBER. 1899.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,—

The one subject that is foremost in all minds, at the present time, is the war, in which we are unhappily engaged. Into the question of the causes of the war I have no desire to enter. Those responsible for the government of the nation have judged that everything has been done to avert the resort to arms, and the action of the Boers in issuing their insolent "Ultimatum" has so forced us into the field, that, however deplorable the conflict may be, we must accept the inevitable, and pray that the contest may be short, and that ultimate good may come out of the terrible evil. Already our hearts must have bled for the brave men killed and wounded, and, even more, for those who mourn their loss. Desolate hearths and desolate hearts are in many a home. The wail of the widow and the tears of the orphan call for our sympathy. Whilst thousands of all ranks, high and low, rich and poor are, alike, filled with anxiety as they await the daily tidings from the seat of war. We must not fail to pray that God may comfort and support them. But there is the further duty devolving upon us of doing what we can to assist the wives and families of the soldiers, called from their homes to join the forces in the field. I refer more especially to the "reservists" as I think they are called. Several of these have been summoned from our own parish, more than one being fathers of families. The small sum paid by Government towards the support of these families, thus deprived of the bread-winner, though doubtless acceptable, seems to need augmentation. A fund has, I am aware, been opened in Exeter and elsewhere for providing further assistance to these families. But I think we might, as a parish, do something to help those within our own borders, who have so suddenly lost the main source of their support. I do not know whether our Parish Council can move in the matter. I can only say that it will give me great pleasure to co-operate in any movement, which may be made to meet the needs of these our parishioners, upon whom the war has cast so sore a burden. God grant that no trouble fall upon them. Our foes are no despicable enemies. The slaughter in our regiments has already been exceptionally severe, and I greatly fear that we have not yet seen by any means the worst of the fray. May those who have gone forth from our parish be mercifully spared to return. That they will play their part right manfully, as men of Devon are ever ready to do, we may rest assured. It will, however, add comfort and courage to their hearts to know that their wives and little ones are being kindly cared for, when they are fighting England's battles in the far-off land. Let us remember the Apostles' admonition—

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Heaven hasten the day when war shall be a thing of the past, and the "law of Christ," the law of love and brotherhood, shall rule the one family of Man.

Ever yours affectionately,

G. FORRESTER.

PAROCHIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

The Lecture on the Protestant Reformation given by Mr. Limbrick, drew a crowded audience, who listened with evident interest to the story of that glorious event, so graphically told by the able and eloquent lecturer. The excellent views presented by the powerful limelight lantern, added greatly to the illustration of the subject. We much admired the tone of the lecture, which was free from all bitterness of spirit, and impartial in the statement of facts. We have a half-promise of a further visit from Mr. Limbrick at no distant date.

The Bible Society's meeting, we regret to hear, was but thinly attended. We were ourselves absent, and our brother, Rev. J. Horne, was also away from home. We hear that the Rev. "The O'Shea" gave an excellent address, and that the Rev. J. Napier Milne also pleaded the Society's cause in an effective speech. It is singular that a Society, which is so broad in its basis, and appeals so strongly to all Christians, should have failed to attract to the meeting more than a mere fraction of the community. Are we to infer that it is only the spirit of party and sect that can arouse interest? God forbid.

On October 19th the members of the Y.W.C.A. opened their Winter Session with a social tea, at which 70 sat down. Some new members were admitted, raising the number to over 80. At the subsequent meeting an earnest and profitable address was given by Mrs. Elliott, of Totnes. The presence of Mrs. Krüger added to the pleasure of the gathering.

Mrs. Elliott also addressed the young men on Sunday afternoon, and the members of the Women's Bible Class on Tuesday evening, October 24th. We are deeply indebted to her for her valued help. Many have reason to remember her earnest labours among us during our Mission some years ago.

The Men's (Senior) Bible Class will be commenced (D.V.) on November 16th. The usual preliminary meeting has been omitted in consequence of the fortnight's mission, to be conducted by Mr. Narbeth, of the Church Army Mission Van, from Monday, October 30, to Monday, November 13th. We earnestly invite the attendance of our readers at the mission services, and ask the co-operation of all Christian friends in the endeavour to make the meetings the means of spiritual blessing to our parish. The "bills" will furnish details as to the several meetings.

The arrangements respecting the Young Men's Weeknight Bible Class are not yet settled; but they will be speedily announced. Probably, it will be conducted by the Clergyman who is coming to help, to whom reference is made in another paragraph.

The C.E.T.S. meeting has also been postponed for the same reason. Particulars will be announced on handbills.

The Band of Hope begins its meetings this month. New members should give in their names to Miss L. Potter, Church Street. There is every prospect of a very pleasant session.

We are hoping to have the help of the Rev. F. J. Prideaux, one of the assistant missioners of the Society of St. Peter, Exeter, until Christmas, when Mr. Fitzmaurice will (D.V.) commence his ministry among us.

We are thankful to Mr. and Mrs. Krüger for kindly consenting to exchange duties with us for three weeks. It will have been a pleasure both to them and to you to have renewed old friendships. We feel we have, in one respect at least, had "the best of the bargain," inasmuch as Jacobstowe is not so large a parish as Cullompton, nor the ministerial work so heavy. We have greatly enjoyed our sojourn in the snug Rectory, and the rides and rambles through the attractive neighbourhood. We hope that the exchange will send us all home the fitter for the coming winter's work.

We shall ask your contributions to the funds of the Diocesan Religious Instruction Society, on Sunday, November 12th. We hope you will give generously to this valuable Society. We should be most thankful if any friends would become subscribers to it, even of half-a-crown or one shilling. It is at present in great need of help.

The Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society will be held on Tuesday, November 14th, when the Rev. H. E. Ball, Missionary from Bombay, will be the chief speaker.

BAPTISMS.

October 22.—Francis Henry Alridge.
,, 22.—Louis Binford Snow.

BURIAL.

October 12.—James Lane, aged 60.

COMMUNION ALMS, &c.

		£	s.	d.
October 1	..		12	5
,, 8	..	5	1	0
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No 12. DECEMBER, 1899.

THE
St. Andrew's, Cullompton

PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE

A. McWilliams, Printer, &c., Cullompton.

My Dear Friends,

What is to be done to meet the religious indifference which exists among us? That there are some who seem to have wholly severed themselves from all religious bodies, and who are practically "living as without God in the world," is only too obvious to most of us. The efforts made from time to time by others, as well as by ourselves, appear to produce but little result. Missions serve a very valuable part in stirring up and reviving the religious life of those who *are* Christians, and, here and there, it may be, a godless man or woman is also wakened to a sense of sin and need of a Saviour. But the inert mass of indifferentism remains as ever it was. These attend no services of any kind. They seem totally careless whether they be lost or saved. Is it absolute Atheism that lies at the root of this indifference? Do these people believe in no God, and in no Book of God? That would explain the matter. And I expect it *is* the explanation in some instances. Irreligious life readily leads to scepticism and atheism. God dies out of the heart and out of the creed, side by side. That is to be expected. I have never known a man or woman become an atheist, who was in the habit of private communion with the Maker, and who was sincerely seeking to lead a godly life. But, with most, it is not Atheism in the head, but in the heart, that breeds the indifference of which I speak. There is spiritual death. God's Holy Spirit, whose voice speaks to conscience, speaks to these in vain, for their conscience has been seared by long neglect of the means of grace, if not by actual sin. The influence and example of others around them, as careless and indifferent as themselves, help, of course, to encourage them in their careless life; just as they, in turn, encourage others in the same heedlessness. And this mass of indifference acts on the Christian community very powerfully and very perniciously. An iceberg, floating on the ocean, chills the air for miles round. And these indifferents are the icebergs in our community, chilling the life of the whole Christian church. Why, even one man or woman in a family, who is irreligious, will keep the whole family from becoming religious, especially if that man or woman be the head of the household. It is a terrible truth, but truth it is. Oh, that they recognised and realized it! That they are putting a stumbling-block before their children, who, but for them, might become real Christians, glorifying God, doing good to their fellow-men, and gaining the heavenly heritage. Moral cowardice contributes to maintain this mass of indifference. A man who has left off religious habits and is leading a careless life, has a cowardly fear of being made the subject of remark, if he severs himself from his godless surroundings, and begin to lead a Christian life. He is too cowardly to establish prayer in his family, or even to be seen praying himself. Nor will he go to church, or chapel, or religious meeting, from the same craven fear. Thus it comes to pass that the man or woman is kept in this condition of indifferentism, and held fast. Did they come to the prayer-meeting, they would find their hearts being warmed by devotion. Did they attend the Holy Communion, they would come to feel the sense of fellowship with Christ and His people, which so largely tends to strengthen the soul's faith; whilst the commemoration of the dying love of their Saviour would keep their love to Him alive. Did they read God's Word, its warnings would waken them to earnest fleeing from the wrath to come, its precious promises, appropriated by faith, would speak peace, and bring that blessed sense of God's fatherhood, and their sonship and heirship, which is the portion of God's children. Thus religion would become to them what, God be thanked, it is to all true Christians, the source of their purest, deepest happiness. But, so long as this indifference keeps them away from all that could cure it, what possible chance is there of their ever shaking off the shackles of this slavery.

A cold man, who *will* keep out in the cold, and won't come to the fire, must remain cold. A sick man, who does not know he needs a doctor, and won't go near one, must remain sick, and will, probably, die in his sickness. And so these cold souls, these sick souls, absolutely refusing to come and be warmed and healed, remain cold and sick, and must perish at the last. God knows, it is a heart-break to the Christian minister to think of these souls, of whom Christ is saying "Ye *will* not come unto Me that ye might have life." It may be we are ourselves at fault. Not earnest and zealous as we should be. May grace be given to us, ministers and professing Christians, to arouse us and live, and to infuse something of the Spirit of sacred enthusiasm into others. And may the Spirit that "quickeneth" breathe upon the dry bones of the dead, that they may arise from the dead and Christ may give them light!

Ever yours affectionately,

G. FORRESTER.

COMMUNION, ALMS, &c.

	£	s.	d.
Nov. 5.—	1	1	0
Nov. 12.—Diocesan Religious Instruc- Fund	4	13	1¼
Nov. 19		10	8½
Nov. 29		10	2

PAROCHIAL NOTES & NOTICES.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

The fortnight's mission, conducted by Captain Narbeth and Cadet Bonney, of the Church Army Van No. 2, was, on the whole, highly successful, so far, at least, as the attendance at meetings was concerned, and the tone of the meetings themselves. We trust that some real fruit will remain as the result. The addresses of the Missioners were simple and unpretentious, but none the less they were earnest and impressive. Sacred statements of the essentials of the Gospel formed the staple of them, and the speakers sought by forcible illustration and affectionate faithful appeals, to reach our hearts and consciences. I trust, not in vain. The magic lantern lectures on our Lord's life were very reverently conducted, and from the incidents portrayed, lessons of practical Christian living were aptly drawn. The children's service was crowded, as were also the Sunday evening meetings. The Captain also addressed meetings of men at both of the tanneries, by kind permission of the proprietors, and held a special meeting for men at the St. Andrew's Parish Room, on Sunday afternoon. Indeed, the Missioners laboured most indefatigably, both in visiting from house to house, and in the multiplied services. At the closing service, the room was packed, and a considerable number present applied for the cards, given to those who believed that they had received a blessing at the Mission. I am sure our prayers and good wishes will follow our young brethren whose zeal and sincerity must have impressed us all.

We trust that the Mission held by our Wesleyan brethren has also left its blessing behind it.

Our Bible Classes and other organizations which were in abeyance during the Mission have been set in motion, and seem, I think, to have caught some fresh impulse from the Mission. The attendance at the Men's Senior Bible Class has, thus far, been very encouraging, and also at the Women's. The Y.M.C.A., too, has commenced its session with accession of new members. The Young Men's Weeknight Class has not yet had time to be formed, but Mr. Prideaux, my esteemed temporary helper, is taking steps to gather together the old members, and, I trust, not a few new ones will join. It will meet at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evenings, in the St. Andrew's Parish Room.

The Concert, given in connection with the Class, in the Infants' School, drew a crowded audience, who evidently appreciated the excellent selection of vocal and instrumental music, so efficiently rendered, and the recitations given with such spirit by Miss Matthews and Mr. Yendle. The platform was most tastefully decorated; a portrait of our beloved Queen formed a prominent object, and our national flags lent a martial air to the room. The recitation of Kipling's "Absent-minded beggar" stirred the patriotic feelings of the audience, and an impromptu collection for the Relief Fund produced, we believe, a substantial sum. We congratulate our young men on the success of their concert, and tender on their behalf, hearty thanks to those who helped to secure that success. Especially must our acknowledgments be given to Mrs. Sanders, who filled so efficiently the laborious post of accompanist.

The meeting in connection with the C.M.S., on November 14th, was not as fully attended as it should have been. Still, there was a fair attendance. The address given by the Rev. A. E. Ball was of exceptional interest, and was so beautifully delivered, that it was a treat to listen to it.

It gives me great pleasure to announce that that the Rev. W. H. Bothamley, Rector of St. Leonard's, Exeter, has kindly undertaken to preach in our Church, on the Wednesday evenings in Advent, commencing Wednesday, December 6th, at 7.30 o'clock. We very earnestly hope that our readers will make a point of attending these special services. We are sure they will be well rewarded.

I would remind you that Mr. Fitzmaurice, my destined fellow-worker, hopes to be ordained at Exeter, probably on St. Thomas's day. Let us not forget him in our prayers.

On Christmas Day, there will be service in the Church at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. In addition to the Christmas Anthem, we hope to hear some carols sung by the choir.

The usual service will be held on the last night of the year, commencing at 11.15.

BAPTISMS.

November 25th.—Irene Ethel Frost, Daisy Denner, Lily Kate Read, Dorothy Read.

BURIALS.

Nov. 11th.—Elizabeth Gatheridge, aged 79.

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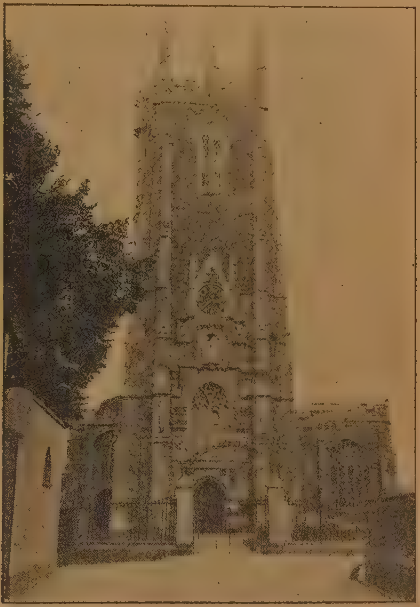
DECEMBER, 1905.



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Holy Baptisms.

"To be Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their lives' end."

12th Nov., 1905.—Albert Edward, son of William and Elizabeth Cross.
20th „ „ —Dorothy, daughter of George and Ellen Perry. (Private Baptism).
26th „ „ —Florence May, daughter of William Henry and Florence Hurley.

Church Offertories.

"God is not unrighteous that He will forget your work and labour of love."

			£	s.	d.
1st Nov., 1905.—	8 a.m.,	Sick and Poor ..		7	3
5th „ „	—10.30 a.m.,	Ringers' Fund ..	3	7	0
„ „ „	— 6.30 p.m.,	„ „ ..	2	3	0
12th „ „	— 8 a.m.,	Ch. Wardens Exs.		4	6
„ „ „	—10.30 a.m.,	„ „	1	18	6
„ „ „	— 6.30 p.m.,	„ „		18	5
19th „ „	— 8 a.m.,	„ „		2	6
„ „ „	—10.30 a.m.,	„ „	1	19	11
„ „ „	— 6.30 p.m.,	„ „	1	3	10
26th „ „	— 8 a.m.,	Ch. Missionary Society		3	0
„ „ „	—10.30 a.m.,	„ „ „	3	12	9
„ „ „	— 2.30 p.m.,	„ „ „		16	6
„ „ „	— 6.30 p.m.,	„ „ „	1	12	3

Holy Communion.

"This do in remembrance of Me."

1st Nov., „	— 8 a.m.	All Saints' Day Number present	10
5th „ „	—10.30 a.m.	.. „ „	35
12th „ „	— 8 a.m.	.. „ „	13
19th „ „	— 8 a.m.	.. „ „	5
19th „ „	— 6.30 p.m.	.. „ „	37
26th „ „	— 8 a.m.	.. „ „	7

THE VICARAGE,
27th November, 1905.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

By the time that this Magazine is in your hands we shall be on the eve of beginning another Christian Year. The Church's Year begins on Advent Sunday, and this falls on the 3rd December this year. Once more in our Church's appointed order we have had brought before us the great Christian truths of the Advent, the Birth, the Temptation and Fasting, the Passion, the Death, the Resurrection, and the Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. Once more we have followed the Special Collects and Lessons during the 52 Sundays of the year that has passed. Would it not now be well during these days before Advent Sunday comes again to think over the use we have made of our privileges and to ask ourselves how far we are ready for the Advent, the Second Coming, of our Lord Jesus Christ? Some years ago I asked a friend who is now the much honoured Vicar of a large and important parish in the South of England, what it was that led him to earnest decision for Christ. He replied that he was lying awake one Saturday night when there suddenly flashed across his mind this thought "To-morrow is Advent Sunday and you are not yet saved!" He said I immediately sprang out of bed and sought the Lord. From that day he has been an active worker in His Master's service. How should we stand if the Lord Jesus should suddenly come as He has solemnly told us He one day will? Are we ready for His appearing? If we have not yet received the testimony which God has given us in His Holy Word about His Son Jesus Christ, let us do so without delay, and begin forthwith to "live soberly, righteously, and Godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," Titus ii., 12, 13.

During this Advent I have arranged for two Special Courses of Addresses. The one on Tuesday afternoons at three o'clock, by the Rural Dean, the Rev. Prebendary Gregory, and the other on Thursday evenings at 7.30 by the Rev. George Litchfield, of All Saints', Sidmouth. I hope that my people will endeavour to keep these afternoons and evenings free. There will also be not only the usual daily Morning Prayer at 8 o'clock in Church but also each evening except Thursdays and Saturdays there will be a half-hours Evening Service at 7 o'clock, which will include a ten minutes address by Mr. Hyson or myself. May God give unto all His people in this place especial grace that we may set ourselves in view of the coming again of our Saviour, to seek His face by more earnest prayer, by more diligent and obedient attention to His word, and by a readier doing of all "those good works which He has prepared for us to walk in."

I am rejoiced to hear that the Tuesday evening Women's Bible Class in the Church Room is so great a success. The numbers have kept up well, but there is plenty of room for still more. This Class should have a powerful effect for good in many a home in Cullompton, and doubtless many a husband will be thankful to God that ever his wife joined this Class. If any woman reading this would like to join the Class all that she has to do is to come on Tuesday evenings at seven o'clock to the Church Room, where Mrs. Hyson will give her a warm welcome. Do not be shy, there are plenty of friendly faces who are only too glad to give a cheering smile to each new-comer.

This is also equally true of the Men's Sunday afternoon Bible Class, and Mr. Vodden, its teacher. I hope that during this winter this Class will so grow that there will be a difficulty in finding sitting room for all the members. At the same time we must remember that large numbers either at Church or Class do not constitute real success. That will be found only as hearts and lives are changed by faith in and obedience to the Son of God. There's many a man in Cullompton, I believe, who would give himself and his home a better chance of being happy, and what in his best moments he would like to be, if only he would start next Sunday afternoon by coming to the Men's Class at two and by coming with wife and elder children if possible to the hearty and happy service afterwards at half-past six in the evening. Perhaps some man who is reading these words will think this over for a minute and then say "Well I ought to be a different fellow, I know that well enough, I know it would not only make myself, but my home and family happy. I will accept the Vicar's kind words in the spirit in which he gives them, and at least I'll give myself a chance by being there next Advent Sunday." Get into the habit of spending Sunday profitably and it will make the week happier. Sir Matthew Hale, one of the Judges who lived nearly 300 years ago wrote this rhyme:

"A Sabbath well spent, bring a week of content
And health for the toils of the morrow,
But a Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

And could not some of my readers say from personal experience "That is quite true." So my friends let us all start this Advent Sunday and make the Sundays of this New Christian Year more full of profit and peace than perchance those of the year just ended have been.

The Working Parties are now getting in order. The Thursday afternoon one at half-past two promises to be exceptionally interesting and happy. All classes of congregation, rich and poor, gentle and simple, are coming together on this afternoon to work for the great Church Missionary Society on the one hand and for our own Parochial Needs on the other. And in so doing not only will God's cause both at home and abroad profit by their labours but all will I hope draw nearer to each other and find the great cause for which they are labouring a most real and happy bond of union. Everybody who can sew or knit will be welcome to this Working Party on Thursday at half-past two.

Another one for young people is being held at 6 o'clock on Thursday evenings for the same good objects at Mrs. Vodden's and Mrs. Sellwood's alternately. And yet a third one for young women who are not free till half-past seven in the evening is being contemplated. With such a hive of busy workers there should be an abundant supply of goods for the sale which will be held on the Vicarage Lawn in June or July, as well as for the sale in the November and December following.

I know that many people like to have their Parish Magazine bound at the end of the year. I see that that the volumes of previous years look quite handsome in their blue and gold covers. Will all those who wish to have their copies bound send the twelve months numbers *as soon as possible* to Mrs. Rawlins at Shortlands. Should any odd numbers be missing she may be able to supply them out of surplus back numbers at a penny each. Last year we found that each Magazine cost us for binding, including carriage, one shilling and five-pence. The charge this year will therefore be fifteen-pence. Please send the Magazines to Mrs. Rawlins without delay with the name affixed to each parcel, or take them to her at the Thursday Working Party, or leave them with Mrs. Hyson at the Tuesday Women's Class.

As Christmas this year falls on Monday we must set to work at the decorations on Saturday morning, December 23rd. Will all who so kindly helped to decorate the Church at the Harvest Festival please arrange to help again that we may every year make the Church if possible more beautiful and befitting this most joyous season than ever before. We shall be glad to receive any flowers, or evergreens, especially berried-holly at the Church on the Saturday morning by ten o'clock.

I earnestly hope that many of my people not only the young, but also those of more mature years who have not yet been confirmed will give this subject their serious thought. We shall arrange to begin the Classes early in the New Year, and Mr. Hyson and I will so try to plan the various times as to suit all. It is a rule of our Church that no person shall come to the Holy Table unless he be confirmed or ready to be confirmed. I should like to see all my people more earnest about this. Will those who have already been confirmed mention the matter to those of your friends who have not and ask them to attend the Classes, and hear what Confirmation really means. We do not ask any to give in their names to be confirmed, but we ask them to say that they will come and listen to the teaching given at the Classes, and then decide afterwards whether they will offer themselves for Confirmation. No one who is not yet confirmed is a full member of the Church of England. We should be glad to welcome at the Classes not only those who have not, but also those who have already been confirmed. We hope that the regular course of instruction on the elements of the Christian faith as held and taught by our Church will be really helpful in building up the spiritual life. I hope that there will be a large body of men and young men in the Parish who are not ashamed in this service to come forward and avouch themselves as loyal soldiers of the Captain of our Salvation to Lord Jesus Christ. Let us all think about this and begin to make it a special subject of prayer.

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